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## His Name Was Preserved Fish

—BY RICHARD CONNELL.

### PART I.

A new baby lay in the old cradle. It was very red, very small, and very noisy, and in no way strikingly different from most two-day-old babies. Its mother, from the bright brass bed its father had given her as a silver wedding present, regarded it with interest, but without excitement. New babies were no treat to her; this was her ninth.

Her name was Mrs. Fish, and her husband's name was Mr. Walter Fish, and so, by the custom of the country, the new infant in the old cradle was also named Fish.

Mr. Walter Fish, who blew glass for a living, came home presently. He bestowed an affectionate smile, nod, and grunt on his wife, as was his wont, and poked his newest son meditatively with his forefinger.

"What'll we call 'im, Lulu?" he asked of his wife.

She smiled to herself, for she knew the question to be purely a rhetorical one, requiring no answer from her. Mr. Walter Fish knew perfectly well what he wanted to call the child. She remembered the brisk debates that had attended the choice of names for the other eight. However, with every appearance of finality, she said, "We'll call him 'Douglas'."

Mr. Walter Fish sneezed. "Douglas!" he ejaculated. "After an actor? And a picture actor at that? My son? Never!"

His rejection of "Douglas," as he drew himself up to his full height, five feet four inches, was dramatic if not even superb.

"We will call the child," he said in the tones he employed as past grand inside guard of his lodge, "Nathaniel. After my great-grandfather," he explained.

After Grandfather Nathaniel Beamish, who was arrested for stealing geese from Boston Common?" asked Mrs. Fish, with well-simulated innocence.

"No!" was Mr. Walter Fish's instant and indignant reply. "After Grandfather Nathaniel Babbitt, the undertaker and—"

"Never!" broke in Mrs. Fish. "Embalmers," finished Mr. Fish sternly. "Besides," he added, with a touch of persuasion, "Nathaniel is a good old Scripture name."

"But 'Douglas' is so pretty," insisted Mrs. Fish.

She was of the Romantic School, he of the Biblical. To avoid family strife, they had compromised by taking turns naming the successive Fishes. To Mrs. Fish's credit were Gwendolyn, Millicent, Dewey, and Galahad Fish. Mr. Fish was proudly responsible for Zacharias, Elihu, Dorcas, and Joshua Fish. The score was even. And now here was the ninth and, quite certainly, the last Fish. Both parents realized that the question of

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ISSUE No. 30-23.

## About the House

### LABOR-SAVERS WHEN FEEDING HUNGRY MEN.

The telephone bell rang out its imperative jingle as Mrs. Stanley was in the midst of her usual Wednesday morning bread-mixing act. As she began to hastily rid her fingers of the dough, Julia came in from the garden with a pail of big red strawberries.

"I'll answer it, mother. I think it is Jane calling about the picnic," she sang as she hurried to the telephone. But this is what Mrs. Stanley heard:

"Hello!"

"No, this is Julia."

A minute's pause.

"Yes, Mrs. Gray, I would be very glad to help you. When do you want me to come over?"

"Yes, I have the berries all picked and will be right over."

As Julia turned away from the telephone, there was a determined look in her expression.

"Mother, if Jane calls, tell her I can't go to the picnic," she said. "I am going over to help Mrs. Gray with the barn-raising."

The Stanleys had recently moved from the city and were new at the farming game. With plans to marry a young farmer of their community in the fall, Julia was anxious to grasp the opportunity to get some first-hand experience in feeding farm help on the farm. With this in view, the picnic did not enter into consideration.

And so, armed with an apron and a Ford, she was very soon in Mrs. Gray's kitchen assisting her in preparing the dinner for fifteen or more hungry men. It was all a wonderful revelation to Julia. She had lived the greater part of her nineteen summers in the city and small town, and to her the haying time, threshing time, and silo-filling time on a large farm was an enormous task, one greatly to be dreaded. But that afternoon as she returned home, it was with a much changed viewpoint, and she was eager to tell her mother of the new things she had learned.

She found her mother on the porch doing the mending and in answer

Mr. and Mrs. Fish exchanged quick, meaningful glances.

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Fish genially. "I never did know for sure."

"P." said the uncle solemnly, "stands for 'Preserved.'"

"What?"

"Preserved," repeated the uncle. "It's a fine old name, too. Comes down from the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth Rock, that name does."

"It's sort of odd," mused the mother, "and sort of romantic like."

"It's a Scripture name, ain't it?" asked the father.

"You're both right," the uncle replied amiably. "It's sort of romantic and it's sort of Scripture. Why, a child with a name like that is practically sure to go straight to the Promised Land. The Lord will preserve us, you know."

"We'll think about it," said the father, eyeing the walrus bag. "Can I help you upstairs with that grip?"

"Oh, no," said the uncle hastily. "Don't bother. I guess this old craft can carry a cargo yet a while."

He rolled out of the room on his caster legs, puffing and wheezing beneath the weight of the bag.

When the visitors had gone, Mr. Fish turned to his wife.

"Praps it's gold," he said.

"Or precious jewels and gems," murmured the romantic Mrs. Fish. "He was to India once."

Mr. Fish poked his head out of the room and called, "Galley! Galley! You come here to poppa."

Galahad Fish, a tow-headed little demon of seven, came.

"Galley," said his father, "you go sneak up to Uncle P. Robinson's room and peek through the keyhole and see what he's got in that big black bag. Sneak like you was an Indian, Galley."

Galahad sneaked from the room with elaborate caution.

"His eye just reaches the keyhole," remarked the father with a touch of pride.

Galahad returned shortly, visibly excited.

"What's in the bag?" his father queried in a low voice.

"Moneys," cried Galahad.

"Sssh!" hissed the father. "Not so loud! What did you say? Money?"

"Moneys!" repeated Galahad. "Heaps an' heaps an' heaps an' heaps an' heaps—"

"For pity's sake, stop saying 'heaps.' What kind of moneys, Galley? Shiny moneys?"

"Nope, Poppa, paper moneys. Heaps an' heaps an' heaps—"

"What color?" his father interrupted, gripping his arm.

"Green an' yaller. Mostly yaller. There was heaps an' heaps an' heaps—"

"Are you sure it was yaller?" The father's grip on his offspring's arm tightened.

"Ouch!" cried Galahad. "Yes, yaller. Heaps an' heaps an' heaps—"

"Galley," said Mr. Fish sternly, "you go right straight to bed, and if you say a word about peeping into your uncle's keyhole, a single little word, I'll skin you alive, that I will."

When Galahad had gone, Mr. Fish turned to his wife.

"Well, that settles that," he said with a hearty, pleasurable sigh. "We needn't fuss about a name any longer."

"No," agreed Mrs. Fish, from out a doorway. "He said 'heaps an' heaps an' heaps, didn't he?'"

And so it came about that a small, red, noisy baby was christened Preserved Fish.

(To be continued.)

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to her mother's question as to what she had learned that afternoon, she sat out beside her to tell her all about it.

"Mrs. Gray is certainly a wonderful little housekeeper. With the three children on the farm, she gets along splendidly. She had planned a very simple but ample meal, and it seemed to appeal to every one of the hungry men. She served:

- Roast Beef
- Browned Potatoes
- Bread and Butter
- String Beans
- Cucumber Pickles
- Radishes
- Fresh Cherry Pie
- Lemonade

"The meat she had roasted yesterday, so it had only to be re-heated. I peeled the potatoes and got them ready while she prepared the string beans. I helped to make the cherry pie, too, and now I know how to keep them from running over. Just add about one and a half or two teaspoonfuls of flour mixed with sugar, and they will never run over a bit. Mrs. Gray also added about one-quarter teaspoon of soda to the sugar for each pie, and it didn't take only about three-quarters as much sugar, and the flavor was just as good."

SWEETEN LEMONADE WITH SUGAR.

"In making the lemonade, we used half oranges and half lemons, and sweetened it with syrup instead of the dry sugar, and this helped to beat Mr. Sugar Profiteer, too. Several of the men complimented her on how good it was, and said that in warm weather they preferred it to coffee."

"It was no trouble at all for us to arrange the dinner on the table, as Mrs. Gray has one of those handy little wheel trays, or tea carts. We could put so many things on it at once and wheel it right in beside the diningroom table. It was just made of one of those old-fashioned washstands like we have up in the back bedroom, painted in white, trimmed in buff and blue. But it saves a good many steps and the drawer is used for silverware."

"I am so glad you went," interposed Mrs. Stanley. "You have gained some good experience that will help you when you and Jerry start housekeeping on the farm."

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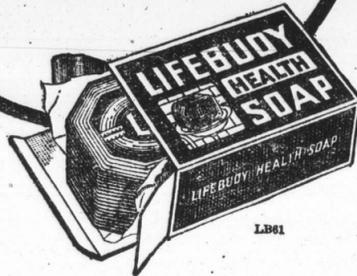
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At the mention of her future, a maidenly blush crept over Julia's cheeks.

"But," she continued, "the best part of it all is that there was no extra washing to do."

SAVE ON WASHING DAY.

"I don't see how she could eliminate that," said Julia's mother, "there must at least have been a few towels."

"No, not even any towels," declared Julia. "She had purchased a roll of paper toweling and the men never

complained about using them at all. She had also purchased a large paper tablecloth and napkins. When the table was cleared, all were chucked into the stove and there was no thought of extra washing on Monday."

"I have missed you to-day, daughter, with the canning," said her mother, "but I am so glad you went, for you certainly have come home with a pocket full of experience."

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