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The Saving Hate

By MARGARET BJORNSON PEDROSE.

PART I.

With an awakening sigh that was half a shudder; Virginia Boardman opened her eyes; then, as a sense of her surroundings penetrated her consciousness, she bolted to a sitting position on her bed, grasped the neck of her negligee, and looked around her.

She was in a large log cabin, the clay-chinked walls of which were adorned with mounted deer heads and the dried pelts of raccoon and other small game. The cabin had no ceiling, and to the rough-hewn rafters were attached bundles of dried marsh grass. The bed, the only piece of furniture in the room, was built of rough planks, covered with a thin mattress of grass, a pair of duck sheets and a robe of gray wolf pelts. A partition, which reached to the eaves of the building, separated the bedroom from the main room of the cabin, and through the wide, uncurtained doorway of this she could see a high stone fireplace, winged by neat rows of kettles and other cooking utensils that hung on hooks along the wall.

The woman was startled out of a tense contemplation of her surroundings by the dull thump of a footfall on the ground outside. The wooden latch on the front door of the cabin was shot back, there was a groan of reluctant hinges, and a gust of wintry wind smote the bundles of bed grass hanging from the rafters and rustled them eerily.

"Virginia!" said a man's voice.

The woman's pretty face hardened resentfully. Her thin lips set in an obstinate line.

"Virginia!" repeated the voice, louder, "are you awake?"

A tremor shook the woman's body. "Ye-es," she answered, grudgingly.

"Get up, please, and make dinner. I'm going up in the timber for a load of wood. I'll be back in half an hour."

The door closed and the man strode away, his footfalls muffled by snow and accompanied by a creaking of the runners of a sled he dragged behind him.

Open rebellion now showed in the woman's face. Her refined, aristocratic features became almost ugly. She swung her feet out of bed and down to the floor.

A low cry of pain accompanied the movement. For a moment she sat irresolute, then in sudden fury tore the lace-edged gown from about her slim shoulders and soft, rounded arms and stared, astounded, at the exposed parts.

In a number of places between her shoulders and wrists her thin, almost transparent white skin was marred by unsightly finger marks.

Next her gaze went to her right knee, which the negligee, in parting, had revealed. She drew in her breath with a sharp gasp.

The knee was disfigured by a four-inch-long, diagonal, crimson welt.

Slowly she raised her eyes to the wall and for a long moment stared at it, her face waxen, her hands clenching and unclenching. Then suddenly she flung herself back full length upon the bed, buried her face in her arms and gave way to convulsive sobs.

When Tom Boardman, one of Alaska's newest millionaires, returned to the states after a sojourn of twelve years in the northern wilds, New York was to him a veritable realm of enchantment. He had been compelled to leave college in his senior year, owing to the death of his parents and a discovery that the paternal estate consisted of more liabilities than assets, and he had gone West and then North, to land, finally, a raw chechako, in the trackless wilderness below Dawson, on the Yukon. There, season after season, Dame Fortune alternately smiled and frowned upon the young prospector, testing his strength and endurance and slowly tempering him. Often he felt the pinch of starvation; at other times success seemed within his grasp, then, sardonically, would flit away again. But perseverance won in the end; he made a "strike," triumphed after a long-drawn legal battle with a group of dissolute claim-jumpers, and made good a vow to return home with a fortune to redeem the family name if ever he came back at all.

The old social circle of the Boardmans accepted Tom with open hearts. But those who had known him intimately found in him a different man from the twenty-year-old blade who had gone to seek a fortune on a far northern frontier. He seemed to have assimilated some of the philosophy of the bleak North, where life, of a necessity, is in the promitive. He had fared forth a carefree stripling; he had returned a man tempered by self-denial and adversity. He readjusted himself to the conventions of civilization and was, to all outward appearances, no different than any other city-bred man; but beneath the surface there lurked another being, virile, red-blooded.

Virginia Peyton was twenty-two when she met the young millionaire. Her mother, a far-seeing dowager with a small income and social ambitions, had arranged the meeting. The butterfly felt the flame and played with it.

Envious matrons with eligible daughters of their own declared Virginia saw only the pots at the end of the rainbow. Others who knew her better believed her sincere. She had wit, beauty of form and grace of carriage. She could handle a horse or drive a car and her accomplishments won the admiration of Tom oBardman. Their acquaintance became friendship, which, in turn, matured quickly. Tom Boardman, like many big men, fell in love in a big way; and Virginia, who rebounded from the enthusiasm of her mother to alight breathlessly in the exciting field of Tom's virile lovemaking, was like a dove fluttering in ecstasy in and out of a sunny cote.

Closely following the betrothal came the wedding. A six months' honeymoon to Hawaii followed.

The hotel that the pair put up at in the islands offered many attractions There were luxurious verandahs for the stay-at-homes, hiking and riding tours for the near-adventurous and surf-boating and big-game fishing for the full blooded and strong.

The white-crested combers that volleyed in over the coral reefs called compellingly to Tom; but Virginia preferred to loll in the shade of the verandah palms, langorously watching the games of the more strenuous guests and chiding her husband for his restlessness of spirit. All about her she could see other girls striving to become proficient at men's games and win the esteem of the other sex; as for herself—she had won her mate and could rest on her laurels, she opined.

Tom and Virginia returned to New York in August. The young husband seemed to have lost much of his former geniality; at times he was almost morose. He chafed in the effete environment that he had come to learn his wife loved, and the pair had already drifted so far apart in their affections that an ominous gulf was becoming apparent to him. Virginia, however, did not sense the situation. Her domestic relations were no different than those of a dozen other women she could point to in her set; many husbands and wives to her knowledge lived apart although under a common roof.

On the fifteenth of October Tom Boardman suddenly announced that he was going up to the Maine woods for an extended hunting trip, and forthwith packed his things. Virginia offered her cheek to him for a caress when he came to her boudoir to say good-bye, and wished him a good outing. He left the house with a glint in his eyes.

Each week, regularly, a letter came from the absent man. Sometimes Virginia answered with a noncommittal note; often she did not answer at all. Once Tom sent a snapshot taken of himself on snowshoes as he had come in to a backwoods town over twenty miles of trail for supplies. Virginia viewed the photograph with conflicting emotions. She did not show it to her friends for fear they would remark Tom's resemblance to some unwashed tramp, so rough did he look in fur-trimmed parka, corduroys, lumberman's socks and moccasins. She loved her husband, she told herself, but she could not help wishing she had married a man who could not so easily doff the earmarks of culture.

On the last day of November a telegram came from the absent man. It was short and peremptory. "Come at once," it said. Virginia was perplexed. That her husband had injured himself she was positive. Clearly it was her duty to go to him. She had her maid pack two bags, instructed the girl to be prepared to follow soon, and boarded the first train for Maine.

The journey had become painfully wearying by the time she reached the station from which the telegram had been sent, a terminal point far up in the north woods. A rustic youth was there to meet her with two saddle ponies. To her petulant inquiries regarding her husband's welfare, the boy vouchsafed but one reply—"I don't know nothin' about him." Luckily she had had the forethought to bring along her riding togs, although she had not worn them for several months. She changed into them in a bleak, empty shack beside the railroad track. Then her escort bundled her and her bags onto one of the ponies, mounted his own horse, and despite her whispered complaints, led the way at a trot into the snowy woods.

(To be continued next issue.)

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Massacres Caused by Iron Shutters.

Iron shutters have probably caused more riots, massacres and pogroms in the Levant than political agitators, says a despatch from Constantinople. All shops in the Near East are provided with rolling iron shutters, which work in iron grooves. When they are banged down they make as much noise as a machine gun. Every time there is rumor of any sort of trouble some timid merchant slams down his shutters to protect his plate glass. Without investigating the cause other merchants follow instantly with such a clatter that the public becomes panicky and rushes about trying to discover the cause of the flurry.

At such moments excited crowds will credit any rumor which is put into circulation. Pickpockets avail themselves of such opportunities. Soapbox orators, street fakirs and magicians gather crowds by this device. In any Turkish city the circulation of a rumor that a movement is to be started against Christians will cause all Armenian and Greek shops to close within a few minutes, and frequently the noisy closing of the shops fans the religious hatred of the Moslems into action.

A Little Red Road.

There's a little white road that leads
down to the sea,
Where a boat on the shingle lies waiting for me,
Where the salt wind goes whistling
through many a cave,
And the young seagull rocks on the
crest of the wave.
Little road, you are sweeter than sunlight on spray,
For your white finger beckons me:
"Out and away!"

There's a little white road that leads
up from the sea
To the cot on the hill where a light
shines for me,
Where my welcome is sure as the
turn of the tide,
And the love that's within shuts all
sorrow outside.
Little road, you are fairer than moonlight on foam,
For your winding white ribbon says,
"Follow me home!"

A Crowded Ten Minutes.

"A friend who had heard that I suffered from insomnia," said Blinkby, "told me of a sure cure. 'eat a couple of bananas and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed,' said he, 'and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour.'

"I did as he suggested and went to sleep soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in the air.

"While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain-side the conductor came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

" 'We passed your station two hundred years ago,' he said, calmly folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket. At this juncture I awoke and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes."

Canal boats form the homes of more than 25,000 people in England.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians

Can Corn and Tomatoes by These Methods.

Corn seems to give the average home canner more trouble than any other product. Therefore, extreme care should be used and directions should be carefully followed. Much depends upon the age and condition of the corn.

Select fresh, tender, juicy corn which has not reached the starchy stage. A little experience in selecting the ears and the ability to recognize corn that is just between the milky and dough stage are important.

Have the utensils ready before starting. The jars (already tested for leaks) and the tops should be boiled fifteen minutes an then left in the hot water until ready for use. The rubbers should be placed in a hot soda solution made with one tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda and one quart of boiling water. If a hot-water bath canner is used, either home-made or commercial, have the water heating in it before starting to cut the corn from the cob.

A steam-pressure canner is recommended for use in canning corn. If used, the water in it should be started to heating beforehand. A container of boiling water should be in readiness in which to blanch the corn.

Remove husks and silk, boil the corn from one to five minutes on the cob, then dip for an instant into cold water. After the cold bath, cut the corn immediately off the cob with a sharp, thin-bladed knife.

Speed is requisite in successful canning of corn. The best results can be obtained when one person cuts the corn from the cob and another fills the containers. Pack the corn to within one inch of the top. Add one level teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of sugar to each quart of corn. Fill the jars with boiling water. Put rubbers and tops into position on the jars. When using jars with glass tops which have wire bails the top bail only should be put in place.

Place the filled jars on a false bottom of wood in the water-bath canner, or into the steam-pressure canner. With the hot-water bath canner have the water above the tops of the cans.

When one period of processing is used, boil steadily for three hours, starting to count time after the water is boiling vigorously. If the intermittent processing is used, boil one and one-half hours the first day and one hour on the two succeeding days, allowing only from twelve to eighteen hours between the first and second processing periods. Tighten the jar tops after each boiling and loosen just before starting the successive boiling.

Only one period of processing is necessary with the steam-pressure cooker. When one period is used, process corn eighty minutes under fifteen pounds pressure at a temperature of 250 degrees F.

When the jars are removed from the canner, tighten the tops immediately. Cool in a place away from drafts, test the seal, and store in a cool, dark, dry place.

Select only sound and ripe tomatoes for canning. Dip them into boiling water for about one and one-half minutes, or until the skins loosen. Remove skins and, with a slender-pointed knife, cut out the core without cutting into the seed cells. Have in readiness jars which have been boiled fifteen minutes.

Pack the whole tomatoes, as rapidly as they are peeled, into the jars. Add a level teaspoonful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt to each quart. Put on cleansed rubber which has been dipped into a hot solution of bicarbonate of soda—one tablespoonful to one quart of boiling water—and put on the top which has been boiled fifteen minutes. Half tighten the top.

If a hot-water bath canner, other commercial or home-made, is used, place the jar on a false bottom with sufficient water to process the jars. Boil thirty minutes, beginning to count time when the water starts boiling vigorously. Remove jars, tighten tops, invert to test for leaks and store in a cool, dark, dry place.

This sauce is made by cooking the small or broken tomatoes until tender. The seeds are then removed by rubbing the tomatoes through a coarse sieve and the pulp is concentrated by boiling to about the consistency of catsup. Process quart jars for thirty minutes. If desired, all of the tomatoes may be cooked to a pulp and a more economical utilization of space within the jar will be obtained.

Money from a "Scrap Shop."

They called her "Scrappy" when she was a small girl, because of her ability to make something out of nothing. As quickly as her brain could devise and her stubby fingers execute, she made finery—dolls' dresses, hats, parasol covers, featherstitched pincushions, pillow tops, caps, ruffles and trimmings—out of the pickings from her mother's scrap bag.

Every bit of ribbon, silk, velvet, linen, elastic, braid, woolen and cotton fabrics of all kinds, trimming bits, and so forth, was saved and placed on her scrap shelf. Once she raised a missionary fund from a bazaar in her home that left her scrap cupboard bare.

Many of her women friends expressed a distaste for making over materials; but because of her "scrappy" hobby, they began to bring her pieces of cloth or parts of old clothing to be made over into useful articles. She made draperies from kimonos; wall pockets from discarded draperies; Red Ridinghood capes and hoods or skirts for schoolgirls out of old-style coats; boys' blouses from trousers; girls' middies, skirts, petticoats or gymnasium suits from grown-ups' cast-off cotton or woolen dresses, coats or overcoats.

From left-overs she cut out patches, holders of all kinds, leggings, work gloves, fancywork trinkets, fancy aprons, baby clothes, guimpes, draperies, wall pockets, bags, pillow tops, pincushions, morning caps, sleeves, cuffs, collars, pockets, dishcloths, dust and scrub cloths, strips for binding facings, trimmings and paddings. Rags she converted into rugs or sold to a rug weaver.

She makes her largest profits from buying remnants. Merchants not only sell her remnants at a reasonable price but ask her to demonstrate, from their counters, the uses to which they can be put; they send her remnants to be disposed of to the best advantage, on which they allow her one-half per cent. profit. Customers often furnish her with patterns of what they wish to have made from their scrap heaps. Usually, however, the instructions are, "Just get out of these what you can. They hang round like beggars that are finally sent away with few words and no money."

If an article is worthless except for rug, dust, scrub or kitchen cloths, it is saved for the ragman. The buttons that customers refuse to bother with are either utilized or placed on cards and sold collectively at the remnant sales or bazaars that she gives before Christmas and in midsummer.

She is paid by the hour, day, piece or number of articles made, according to her own terms. For cleaning, pressing and cutting she gets 30 cents an hour; for ripping, 20 cents an hour. Aid societies, clubs, charitable associations and individuals among the well-to-do engage her now to prepare material for bazaars or benefit rummage sales, in which she is assisted by seamstresses. Neither her storage room nor her pocketbook has ever been empty since her remnant resource began.

She gives usually two afternoons a week, from two o'clock until five, to her ripping. She reckons this as $1.20, for six hours at 20 cents an hour. It takes her 3 hours to rip a man's coat or a lady's dress or coat; 2 hours to rip a skirt with much trimming; 1 hour for a plain skirt, a waist, or a child's dress. Wednesday is cleaning and pressing day, when she works 8 hours at 30 cents an hour and nets $2.40. Thursday and Friday are cutting-out days, which, reckoned at 30 cents an hour for 8 hours, is $4.80 for 2 days, or a total of $8.40.

Sometimes she charges by the number of articles cut; that, if she cuts out 100 articles at 3 cents apiece, pays $3.00 a day. For cleaning and pressing a number of articles in a day, such as velvet sleeves, ribbons, trimmings, cushion tops or bottoms, gloves from which she makes babies' shoes, and so forth, she charges 3 to 5 cents an article, and averages $2.50 a day for 8 hours' work. Her average earnings a week are $10.00. She does not work on Saturday unless she has to.

Uses for Grape Juice.

Grape juice deserves a place on our table not only as a pleasurable beverage, but as a wholesome food. It is no new and startling fact that grape juice really has food value and carries minerals and salts that are salutary. Plain grape juice is acceptable at most times of the year, but especially so when the thermometer mounts upward. But if insomnia troubles you try grape juice, heated to the scalding point, with a clove and a small stick of cinnamon.

Many cooling summer drinks are improved by the addition of grape juice. Lemonade, lime and ginger ale all combine pleasantly, and iced tea is improved by a few tablespoonfuls of this beverage. A delicious grape juice sherbet can be made with scarcely any trouble, and the rich purple color is very attractive.

Have you ever baked ham in grape juice? If not, make haste and cut a slice of ham about two inches thick, place in a dripping pan and cover with grape juice diluted with about one-third as much water. Allow to cook about twenty minutes and then sprinkle with brown sugar and bread crumbs and brown well. Baked apples baked in the same pan with the ham form a delightful combination. The apples, as well as the ham, must be basted occasionally while baking. The grape juice may be thickened slightly and served with the ham.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Harry Lauder is a native of Larkhall, Lanarkshire, Scotland.

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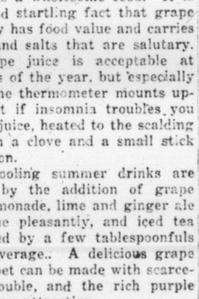

YOU would say that the man pictured here was well-to-do. His smart appearance gives an air of Prosperity that is a distinct asset in his business and social life.

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JEWS IN HOLY LAND HAIL BRITISH RULE

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL IS HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Ceremony on Mount of Olives —Even-Handed Justice to All Creeds.

The London Times correspondent in Jerusalem in describing the arrival of Sir Herbert Samuel, the High Commissioner of Palestine, says:

When a warship, gray and imposing, anchored a mile away from the port of Jaffa showing the British flag all felt that one of the greatest events in the history of Palestine had taken place, and when seventeen shots were fired at short intervals the Jews of Jaffa could hardly repress the joy which filled their hearts and showed by their looks the deep thankfulness felt toward Great Britain, its King, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George for the magnificent gift given to them in the shape of a home land for the Jewish people. A shot from the shore was heard and a boat containing his Excellency Sir Robert Samuel, accompanied by the Governor of Jerusalem, Sir Ronald Storrs, and the commander of the port, Major June, slid into the inner waters—the same waters which saw Herod's return from Rome.

Represents King George V.

Sir Herbert Samuel clad entirely in white, with gold leaves on his collar and sleeves, and a broad white helmet covering his head, stepped ashore. The High Commissioner ascended the few stairs of the old Turkish port to greet Gen. Shea and other high officers, and then proceeded along the lines of the guard of honor, a hundred strong, while the military band played "God Save the King." Entering a beautifully decorated tent, he was received by the heads of the Jaffa municipality, who spoke in Arabic and Hebrew and presented rolls in specially worked boxes.

Sir Herbert Samuel responded briefly, the substance of his words being that it will be his duty to rule over Palestine, in the name of the King, with even handed justice for all creeds and religions. Gov. Storrs then presented the Consuls, heads of committees, and prominent men among the Jews, Christians and Moslems.

The ceremony in Jerusalem was sober compared with that of Jaffa, apparently because until 11 o'clock the authorities thought that the High Commissioner would come by motorcar. Sir Herbert Samuel and the Governor drove by the main road to the Mount of Olives, a tremendous crowd of all creeds cheering them the whole way in the pleasant sunshine of a wonderful Palestine afternoon. On the Mount of Olives, Gen. Sir Louis Bols officially handed over to the High Commissioner the Government of the land before departing for Egypt.

The Acid Touch.

The grim, satirically witty and humorous professor is now an almost unknown figure in Scottish universities. At one time he was the most picturesque feature in academic life. His humor was sometimes bitter, always pawky and biting, and invariably wise and not unjust.

In a certain class-room there was an ignorant and very conceited young man. On an occasion when he had made a specially self-satisfied display of both these qualities, the Professor requested him to see him at the end of the hour. The young man called.

"You are Mr. So-and-so?" said the Professor.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a visiting card?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Your visiting card."

"Oh, yes," and he produced it.

"Mr. So-and-so," continued the Professor dryly, "write down on your visiting card all that you know, and bring it to me to-morrow."

The young man found his way out rather bewildered, with perhaps a glimmering of understanding.

One Way of Getting It.

"I'm awfully sorry, dad," said Bobby, "to think how much trouble I give mother."

"She hasn't complained, has she?"

"No, she's very patient. But she often sends me to the shops for things, and they are a good way off, and I know she gets cross waiting when she's in a hurry."

"Not often, I fancy."

"Oh, she's nearly always in a hurry. She gets everything ready for the baking, and finds at the last moment she has no yeast, or something, and then she's in an awful fright, and I can't run a long distance you know, and—I feel awfully sorry for poor mother."

"Humph! Well, what can we do about it?"

"I was thinking, dad, that perhaps you might get me a bicycle."

Butterfly Pest.

We are accustomed to admire the butterfly. It is even regarded as an emblem of the soul. For out of a seeming and temporary death it emerges winged and beautiful.

But every butterfly is to start with a caterpillar, and the caterpillars of some species do a great deal of damage to plants. They are like us. Before we can expect to acquire wings, we are bound to do a lot of mischief.