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Brother Sinner
by Harry Iving Greene

JOHN HARDING was not a mild man, neither was he inclined to be superstitious. As a rule he had small belief in signs, presentiments or hunches, but just now all this was different. For he had seen certain signs that one of his shirts had been stolen; had a presentiment that a certain unworthy known as "Shiftless Joe" had done the foul deed, and possessed a hunch that he was about to horsewhip Joe until he squealed any pig critter that was ever lifted over a fence on a moonless night. So, being a man of deeds as well as thoughts, he took down his trusty bull whip and started swampward towards the abode of his victim to be.

Now Shiftless Joe was not reckoned among the 400 of John Harding's community, and when one is told that there were but 400 people in that district he will understand that the statement has a well-defined meaning. He lived alone at the edge of the big swamp, fishing in summer when it was not too hot; trapping in winter when it was not too cold; sleeping and loafing the year around, he was avoided by the entire hard-working, hard-praying settlement.

It was a long tramp from the home of Harding to the miserable cabin of the trapper, and by the time the former had arrived there his righteous wrath against the slothful sinful being whom he sought was grim and unrelenting. "My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves," he quoted sternly. Then he raised his fist and smote upon the wretched door such a blow as Moses of old might have struck when he split the rock and bade the waters gush forth. From within a squeaky rattle-like voice bade him enter, and through the narrow doorway he crowded.

He glanced around the cluttered place. From one corner a thin, weasel-like figure arose and stood cringing before the mighty one, fear thickly spreading his face as he noted the formidable whip tightly clutched in the equally formidable hand. "Good morning, Mr. Harding. Happy New Year," he said, fawningly.

"It is a bad morning for you, and it is going to be an unhappy beginning of the New Year," he retorted. "Steal my goat, will you?" The smaller man threw up his hands with a protesting gesture as quick denial leaped to his lips. But Harding silenced him with a roar.

"Don't add lying to your thievery, you sheep-killing cur. One false word from your lips and your punishment shall be doubled. You thought you were cunning, but in several places I found the mark of that club foot of yours while you were making off with my good pork. Now what have you to say?"

"Nothing, except that I did not steal—"

"As a bear strikes, so did the heavy arm of the invader shoot out, the hand gripping the thin shoulder like a trap. "I warned you if you lied your punishment should be doubled. Has not the good Lord commanded 'Thou shalt not steal'?" Thank your stars that you did not live in those days, for you would have been stoned to death. Rather, bless your luck that you have fallen into the hands of a compassionate man." With a hiss the lash fell and a shuddering scream burst from the lips of the cringing one. But from then on no sound escaped them until, at last released from the iron grip, Joe fell limply upon the frozen ground. Sternly gazing down upon his victim for a moment, Harding turned away. "It was the just punishment of a rogue by a just man," he muttered to his conscience.

From a shapeless, writhing heap the fallen one arose, his small eyes glinting with the deadly glare of a prodded serpent. "Whip me, you black devil—you usurer—you forecloser of widow's mortgages—you dodger of taxes—you—"

"By the Eternal, I'll kill you for that—yes, murder you in cold blood." Then the first



"I'll Kill You for That, Yes." wild outburst of passion passed and into the red eyes a look of cunning crept, the cunning that outwitted wary wild beasts and took them in his snares. He passed rapidly through the brush until he came to a hollow log, from which he drew an ancient gun which he had stolen and hidden there years before. None knew that he possessed it, and he chuckled at his own cunning as he plotted his details. He knew that Harding's family was away and that John would attend church that night and return home alone after services. Nothing would be easier

than to raise a window of his foe's house during his absence, and upon his return kill him at his own threshold and, leaving the weapon behind him, flee. Joe was known to never carry a weapon, and the leaving of this firearm behind, together with the forcible entry of the place, would throw the crime upon mysterious throps or burglars. As darkness fell he prowled forth, assured himself that Harding had gone, then, prying open the window, entered and sat waiting by the low burning lamp until the sound of distant wheels reached his ears. He had not loaded his weapon yet, having reasoned that should he be caught before the act with an unloaded gun he would be deemed guilty of a far less offense than should it be loaded. But now the time had come.

From his pocket he drew some powder and poured it into the yawning muzzle, laying the bullet upon the table. Next, he must have some paper wadding for both powder and ball, and a book lay close at hand. Without looking at its cover he tore forth a handful of leaves and, selecting one laid the others aside as he raised the first piece preparatory to crumpling it up and ramming it home upon the powder. As he did so the words upon the leaf caught his eye, and slowly he read:

"Thou shalt not kill." His hand trembled and his face grew gray. Then in the night without he heard the beat of hoofs before the barn, coupled with the loud clumnd to "whoa," and with a gasp he clutched another sheet. Before his eyes swam the words:

"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Slowly the gun slipped from his hand, his form relaxed and he sank into a chair, his head falling upon the table.

Five minutes later John Harding fresh from unharassing his team throwing open the door, started back in fear and amazement. Then softly he approached the man who was now shuddering as he had beneath the whip, laid the gun aside and gazed at the mutilated Bible. Upon the floor he saw the dropped pages, gathered them up, read them, then slowly understood.

For the second time that day Harding's hand fell upon the shoulder of the other, but this time it was with a parent's gentleness.

"Brother sinner," he whispered huskily.

The New Year Presents.
The French "etrennes," both in name and in date, preserve historical continuity with a clearness that our Christmas box has lost. According to the ancient Roman legend the custom went back to the rape of the Sabine, or, rather, to the reconciliation of the two peoples afterward, when Romulus cut green branches from a grove of the goddess Strenua and presented them to Tatius. Thereafter Romans gave each other branches for luck January 1, together with figs, dates, honey and a small coin—such luck gifts being termed "strenae." Even emperors were powerless to put down a custom that in time became burdensome and the church similarly fated and was driven to Christianizing the practice.

Birds in Panama Canal Zone.
The bird resources of the canal zone evidently are of much importance. Possibly if they are properly conserved they will become one of the valuable assets of the United States. Having permitted so much reckless bird slaughter in this country that insect pests are increasing at an alarming rate it would be well to take care of the birds that have been added to our national possessions by reason of the acquisition of a section of Panama.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

METHOD OF USING LINENS

Housewives have Different Ideas. But Both of These Are Equally Good.

What is your plan for using your linens? There are two ways. One is to select a certain proportion of the articles and give them constant use, leaving the others untouched until the first lot wears out, thus rendering it sure that you will always have some perfect articles on hand. When the first supply begins to show signs of hard usage new ones can be taken into service.

The other plan is to use your linens evenly, keeping them all in service, and employing them in rotation. In order to do this with the least trouble you may either put the fresh linen which comes from the wash at the bottom of the pile or you may each week take the articles you need from the lowermost layer, placing the clean pieces on the top. This insures even wear for the whole stock. If you take your towels, for instance, from the bottom of the heap, you are sure to get those which were not last used, and each towel has its share of service.—Christian Science Monitor.

THREE EXTRA GOOD SALADS

Considered by Chefs of the Respective Countries to Be Among the Best Possible.

Mexican Salad.—Cut one alligator pear in half, remove the pit and pare it. Fill it with heavy mayonnaise, to which plenty of chopped walnuts have been added to make it thick. Lay on white lettuce leaves and garnish with segments of grape fruit and heap some mayonnaise in the center.

German Salad.—Boil and dice potatoes for salad in the usual way, add two tablespoonfuls of minced onion and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Make a boiled salad dressing and, when cool, add the juice of an onion and a small cucumber seeded and chopped fine. Boil hard and cut in slice six eggs. Mix the salad, line the bowl with lettuce leaves, put in salad and garnish the edge with the eggs that have been dipped in some of the dressing. Put an olive ring on each.

French Salad.—Stuff stalks of endive with Roquefort cheese, let marinate in French dressing 20 minutes, slip a red pepper ring around each stalk and lay on green lettuce leaves. Add a little of the French dressing before serving.

USES OF SALT

Salt is a splendid cleanser. Freely used in the kitchen, it keeps sinks and vessels clear from grease and smell.

The best place in the pantry for an egg is in the salt jar.

Salt cleanses and brightens carpets. Sprinkle salt on an ostrich feather before recurling it before the fire with a knife.

When a fruit or wine stain is made on the white tablecloth, cover it immediately with salt.

Wash wickerwork in salt and water. Stand the stalks of flowers in warm and salted water to revive the blossoms.

Put salt on the stove when grease has been spilled and raises a disagreeable smell; on the sink if vegetable water has been poured down.

Baked Apple and Rice Pudding.
Two cupfuls of rice, a pint of milk, lemon, a small piece of cinnamon, butter, brown sugar and three or four apples will be needed. Boil the rice in the milk with the cinnamon and when it is quite soft stir in a small piece of butter and enough sugar to sweeten and remove the cinnamon. Have ready some stewed apples, sweetened and flavored with the lemon rind, butter a pie dish, scatter some sugar over it, and then fill with alternate layers of rice and apple, beginning and ending with the rice. Put a few pieces of butter on top and bake the pudding in a fairly quick oven until it is highly browned. Serve hot or cold. If cold, turn out the pudding and put one-half pint of thick custard around it.

Rice With Tomatoes.
One coffee-cupful of rice, tablespoonful bacon grease, one large onion, four large tomatoes, four green peppers, half a teaspoonful black pepper, salt to taste; soak the rice until it swells.

Put the bacon grease in a frying pan. Chop the tomatoes, onions, peppers and put all with the rice in a pan. Fry until nearly brown. Add one pint of water and cook for about thirty minutes.

To Cook a Meringue.
Remember that what makes a meringue fall is a sudden draft of cold air. Brown a meringue slowly and do not let it cook until it begins to blacken at the tips and points. Then pull it to the edge of the oven and leave it there, in the open door, for a minute or two. Then remove it to a warm spot in the kitchen and let it cool slowly and thoroughly. It can then be chilled in the refrigerator.

Baked Bean Soup.
Put in saucepan three cupfuls cold baked beans, three pints of water, two slices of onion, and two stalks of celery; bring this to the boiling point and simmer 30 minutes. Rub through a sieve, add one and a half cupfuls of stewed and strained tomatoes, a tablespoonful of Worcester or other sauce, season to taste with salt and pepper, and bind up with two tablespoonfuls flour cooked together.

German Hamburg Steak.
Take one pound of hamburger steak, half a loaf of stale bread which has been soaked in hot water and the water pressed out, two cold boiled potatoes which have been run through the meat chopper, one small minced onion, salt and pepper and two eggs. Mix all together, shake into small round cakes and fry in hot fat.—Mother's Magazine.

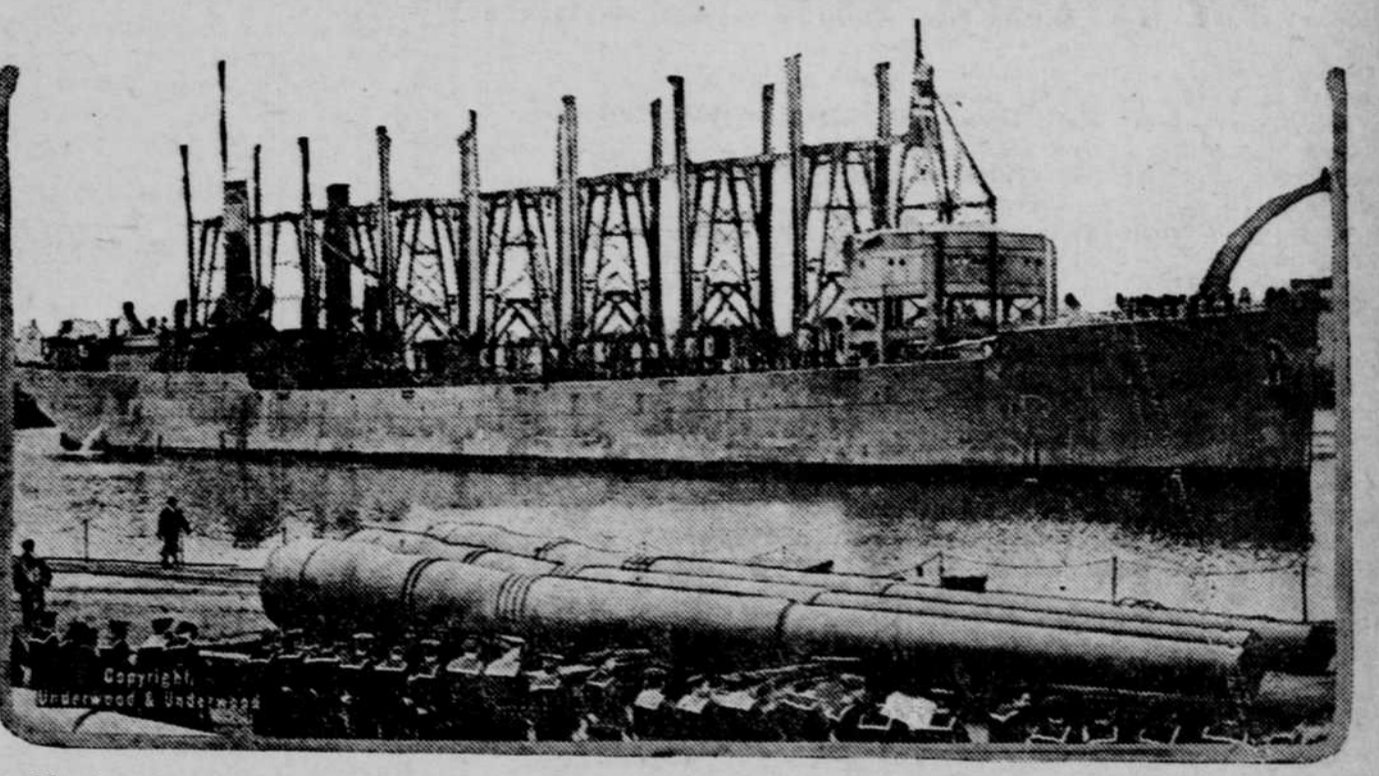
To Prevent Milk Scorching.
Before heating milk in saucepan always rinse the pan with water. It prevents the milk from scorching afterwards.

KAISER WILHELM DIRECTING MOVEMENT OF TROOPS



Kaiser Wilhelm, with hands behind his back, is here photographed while directing the movement of a body of troops at the front. General von Falkenhayn, the minister of war, stands at the emperor's left.

SANTA CLAUS SHIP AT PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND



The American Santa Claus ship Jason, loaded with millions of gifts for the war orphans of Europe, as she appeared when she dropped anchor at Plymouth, England. In the immediate foreground are some of the immense guns which Great Britain is mounting on her battleships.

HOW THE DUTCH GUARD THEIR NEUTRALITY



Dutch troopers examining passports at the frontier of Holland.

OFF ON A REAL TRIP OF ADVENTURE



For the first time in a quarter of a century an American sailing vessel has cleared for a trading trip to the coast of Africa. It is the schooner Adelle T. Carleton, shown in the illustration, which left New York a few days ago with a miscellaneous cargo, which is to be exchanged for ivory, coffee, etc. She has three captains aboard. Above, left to right, are J. J. Moran, who is going to Liberia; Capt. D. S. Kent, Capt. F. E. Lowry, Mrs. Lowry, official photographer, and Capt. N. W. Brown.

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE



Dr. Henry Van Dyke, American minister to the Netherlands, photographed as he was about to call at the White House for the purpose of conferring with President Wilson as to war conditions and possible peace proposals. He has just sailed again for Holland.

WAR DOGS THAT SAVE LIVES OF SOLDIERS

Paris.—Lovers of dogs will be gratified to know that so imposing an organization as the Institute of Zoological Psychology reports that the dogs that accompany French ambulances are behaving well under fire. The director of this institute testifies:

"All reports are most encouraging. Some of the details of their instructions may be open to question. It is probably bad that they should be taught to bring in the caps and hand-

kerchiefs of wounded soldiers, but our dogs of war are performing noteworthy service, and it is a pity that we have not many more of them." The leader of one section of the ambulance dogs says: "The best dog given to me at first pulled so hard on the leash that he tired me out; he would not always return on the first call, a trick that would be unfortunate under fire; he was terrified even by distant artillery, and it appeared as if he would be useless in action. But in a week that dog was valuable beyond words. I have today returned with him from recovering wounded soldiers almost in the enemy's trenches, with incessant din all around him. Tonight, just before the ambulances were to return, I took him out for one last inspection. In a half hour he found three soldiers who otherwise might have died of exposure. Moreover, he never touched one of them, but ran back and forth till I came up to him."

Polite.
Representative Bull Murray of Massachusetts, who gives up his seat in the house to become postmaster of Boston, and who was once the youngest member of the lower body, got up the other day to give his seat in a street car to a lady. Reminded of a story by his act, he said: "True politeness cannot be too highly praised, but it has always appeared to me to have its limits, which were exceeded in the case of a Boston woman whom I know. I have heard it said

of her that if she should meet the devil face to face on the street, she would walk right up, shake hands and remark: "Why, how do you do, Mr. Satan. What lovely red horns you have and what a pretty curl to your tail!"

Improved Electric Heater.
An electric heater for bathtubs that is said to heat a gallon of water a minute has its heating elements radiating from a central hub, like the spokes of a wheel.