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SOME THINGS THAT A GOOD MAN CAN DO IN SPARE TIME; INTERESTING SPORTING TALE

(Bob Harris in New York Sun)

Once upon a time (and this is a true tale) a mild-mannered young man residing in Manhattan picked up a magazine dealing with the great outdoors. The cover, done in four colors, revealed a gunner in the act of making a fancy double shot at a pair of mallard ducks. Both birds, hit fair, had crumpled in mid-air and were falling incontestably into the marsh. A Chesapeake retriever was bounding from the blind bent on bringing in the kill. To home people this picture would seem distressing. To others it would have the effect of imparting a thrill second only to actual participation. So it was with this mild-mannered young man.

With the primitive blood surging he made his preparations and the following week end dropped down on the Great South Bay all set for slaughter.

When he hove to at the swagger gun club he found a liberal swinging of New York sports sorting out duffle and making boasts concerning the execution that would ensue the following morning. He palled in with a bunch of hard-boiled eggs who soon discovered that the mild-mannered young man was a complete flop as a gunner. Thereupon a group of practical jokers laid plans and specifications for his absolute ruin. He was stuffed full of advice and duly primed for a duckless forenoon.

A guide was fixed to take him to the marsh at daybreak on a location two hundred yards off the flight line. To make the maneuver seem exciting three hundred shells were stacked about him. In conclusion he was bundled up in a light colored ulster and seated on a cracker box. Every detail calculated to terrify any duck coming within a mile of the mild-mannered young amateur was carefully worked out.

"Sit right there, young feller," advised the guide, "and when they come by sock it to 'em. All you got to do when you see the birds comin' is to sit still and wait for 'em. I'll be back about 10 o'clock with more shells."

It was the foulest job ever put up on an amateur gunner. By 9 o'clock the practical jokers with the law's limit were back at the clubhouse speculating on when the mild-mannered young man would have the sense to climb out of his blind and come in. About 11 o'clock he was seen floundering along the sedge banks lugging three hundred rounds of ammunition and a cold gun. He hadn't fired a shot. The kidders took him in hand and made merry with a round of rare pesting. The young man didn't turn a hair.

The rest of the dialogue, which I quote literally, looks good in dramatic form:

Young Man—Not a duck flew over me all morning. But lots of them passed on either side.

Old Sport—Plenty came my way. I had my limit by 9 o'clock.

Young Man—Why not? The birds kept flying over you. In my case they simply weren't there. It is no trouble to hit a duck with a shotgun. Three hundred nice little bullets in each shell; what chance has the duck got?

Another Gunner—I'll bet you five to one you're wrong. Not over two hundred "little bullets."

Young Man—I would risk twenty dollars at those odds and bet that the number is nearer three than two hundred.

Three Voices—We are all on, young fellow. Show your coin.

Young man (puts up his money)—And four or five wads and plenty of nice white powder to drive the load into the fleeing duck.

Old Sport (smothering a laugh)—How much on the white powder, kid? Young man—Same odds.

Clamorous Plungers—We want some of that also. Will you let us in?

Young Man—Why not? Nice white powder. I'll take four of you at five to one. Isn't it white?

Another Voice—I got ten to one that says it isn't.

Young Man—Isn't what?

Another Voice—(peeling his roll)—Isn't white.

Young Man—(after a moment of deliberation)—That suits me. Here's mine; twenty dollars, which calls for two hundred.

Old Sport—If the dough is all up, let's get busy and see who wins. Get out a shell, kid—one carrying a duck load—and we'll examine it. You are betting that there are at least two hundred and fifty what you call "nice little bullets" and that the powder is white. Is that right?

Young Man—Exactly. Would one of you gentlemen be so kind as to lend me a knife? Thanks.

Very carefully the young man cut a circle around the paper shell, broke it slowly in two and spilled a charge of N. 6 shot into the saucer. The count, under the eye of two tellers, totaled 283 pellets. "I collect on that score," said the young man, gathering his winnings from the astonished victims. "Now, as to the powder. If it is white . . . ?" He pulled three fat wads from the explosive charge and began to pour it into a teacup. "It's white. A creamy white," said he, lifting a few grains between the thumbs in index finger. "Years ago it used to be black. This seems to be a perfect day for me. I'll take the balance of my winnings if you please."

Disgusted Losers—Would you mind telling us where you got your dope on shotgun shells?

Innocent Young Man—Out there in the marsh. When I found that I was marooned I cut open some shells, counted the shot and examined the powder. Not a bad day when a sucker wearing a white coat and sitting on a cracker box can pick up \$780 in loose change without firing a shot. Where do we go from here?

She Coughed Night and Day Could Not Sleep

Mrs. Leonard Haywood, Victoria Corner, N.B., writes:—"Last fall I took an awful cold which I caught while driving in an open car on a cold day."

"I coughed night and day, could not sleep at night, and my eyes ran water so that I could hardly see a thing."

"My husband got me a bottle of

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Of Interest to the Women

APRICOT SPONGE CAKE.

Melt piece of butter size of an egg and one cup brown sugar in large iron frying pan. Drain can of apricots of their syrup and place them face down in the syrup formed in large frying pan. Place pan on back of stove while preparing batter. Beat yolks of three eggs until light. Add one cup sugar and pinch of salt. Beat until fine. Add one half cup hot water and then one cup flour with one teaspoon baking powder stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Pour batter over apricots and bake in medium oven one half hour. Remove from pan, having apricots on top and serve with sweetened whipped cream.

RICE FRUIT PUDDING.

Boil one half cup rice twenty minutes in plenty of salted water. Dash with cold water and drain. Add one half cup milk, one fourth cup sugar one tablespoon butter and one tablespoon lemon juice. Beat one egg and add. Put in a baking dish and cover top closely with well drained peach halves. Fill cavities and spaces between peaches with raisins and sprinkle confectioner's sugar over all brown quickly in hot oven.

PEAR PUDDING.

Mix one fourth cup cornstarch, one eighth cup sugar, one eighth teaspoon salt and one fourth cup of cold milk. Scald two cups milk in double boiler and add cornstarch mixture, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and afterward stir occasionally, cook fifteen minutes. Add one fourth teaspoon almond flavoring and the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Fold in one cup of cubed pears and chill in individual molds.

APRICOT CUSTARD.

Scald one quart milk. Mix two tablespoons cornstarch, three-fourths cup sugar, one fourth teaspoon salt. Pour on gradually scalded milk and cook in double boiler ten minutes. Add three egg yolks slightly beaten and cook three minutes. While this is cooking, one cup of canned apricots cut into small pieces should be draining. Now put them in a double boiler, add one fourth cup apricot syrup, one fourth cup sugar and one tablespoon lemon juice. Combine the mixtures and cool in molds.

FRUIT WHIP.

Made with almost any canned fruit which has been allowed to drain thoroughly and has then been rubbed through a sieve or run through a potato ricer. To make it beat on a platter the whites of three eggs until stiff (using a wire whisk) add gradually three-fourths cup of the pulp and continue beating. Pile in glass dessert dishes. Pieces of the fruit may be placed around the whip as garnish.

SEEMED QUIET.

Carl Sandburg who goes about the country strumming a guitar and singing folk songs likes to tell stories while developing a vamp (musical term, not social). Two Chicago men says Carl died recently and met in the Great Beyond.

"Well, Jim" said one of them, "heaven is a pretty nice place after all."

"Yes" said Jim "but this isn't heaven."

Lucile—Fred has never spoken a cross word at me since we've been married.

Louise—Oh, my dear! You folks really ought to play bridge you'd get so much enjoyment out of it.

WISE WOMEN SEE MEN ARE LEG WEARY

(New York Sun)

One of the best known American designers of smart clothes for women is a bold man, indeed. He makes the prediction that skirts will come down—below the knee, and well below—within a year, and here is the way he reasons:

"Women are the strangest animals upon the face of the earth. As a rule, they are utterly inexplicable. Once they prided themselves upon their individuality in hats. Now every woman wears exactly the same kind of a hat—a helmet—all alike as peas. Once they concealed with every sort of subtle art their physical deficiencies. Now, in a craze for comfort and freedom (they display knock-knees, bowlegs and bony knees. All of this was done in a wild wave of liberty, so to speak.

But essentially women are very intelligent. They are noting that men are getting very weary of the knee display. They see men's eyes turning away in weariness, instead of furtively studying the exhibit. They are hearing that not one woman in ten has pretty knees or straight legs. The idea is seeping through the feminine intelligence that a little covering up is in order. And mark me, you will see the result in less than a year.

"A great deal of nonsense is spoken and written about woman's disregard of masculine opinion. Man's her best audience and spectator. The

minute she comprehends that he is getting fed up with ugly knees and queer-shaped legs, she will go to the right about. Within twelve months we will be back to an era of graceful skirts—leaving something, heaven knows, to the imagination!"

"Oh, stranger 'neath this sod there lies

A clumsy lout named Henry Crane Who passed from this life P. D. Q. When he stepped on a lady's train."

—Sam Hill in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Just why Sam picked that epitaph is certainly a mystery

For what constituents, thinks he Now care for ancient history?



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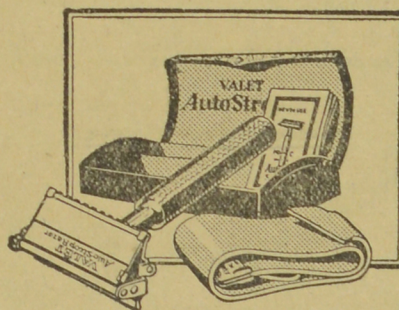
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