



"PEACH OF A PUNCH."

Synopsis.—With his grandfather, small Ramsey Milholland is watching the "Decorated Day Parade" in the home town. The old gentleman, a veteran of the Civil war, endeavors to impress the youngster with the significance of the great conflict, and many years afterward, Ramsey is not distinguished for remarkable ability, though his pronounced dislikes are arithmetic, "Recitations" and German. In sharp contrast to Ramsey's backwardness is the precocity of little Dora Yocum, a young lady whom in his bitterness he denominated "Teacher's Pet." In high school, where he and Dora are classmates, Ramsey continues to feel that the girl delights to manifest her superiority, and the vindictiveness he generates becomes alarming, culminating in the resolution that some day he will "show" her. At a class picnic Ramsey is captured bag and baggage by Milia Rust, the class beauty, and endures the agonies of his first love. Ramsey's parents object to Milia and wish he'd taken up with Dora Yocum. Ramsey kisses Milia. She marries. Ramsey enters the state university and there is Dora Yocum again. Ramsey meets Dora in a World War debate and is indignantly vanquished.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

He was so right, in regard to his own performance, at least, that thereupon drying up utterly, he proceeded to stand, a speechless figure in the midst of a multitudinous silence, for an eternity lasting forty-five seconds. He made a racking effort, and at the end of this epoch found words again. "In making my argument in this debate, I would state that—"

"Two minutes!" said the chairman. "Refutation by the negative. Miss D. Yocum. Two minutes."

"I waive them," said Dora, primly. "I submit that the affirmative has not refuted the argument of the negative."

"Very well." With his gavel the chairman sharply tapped the desk before him. "The question is now before the house. 'Resolved, that Germany is both morally and legally justified in her invasion of Belgium.' All those in favor of the—"

But here there was an interruption of a kind never before witnessed during any proceedings of the Lumen society. It came from neither of the debaters, who still remained standing at their desks until the vote settling their comparative merits in argument should be taken. The interruption was from the rear row of seats along the wall, where sat new members of the society, freshmen not upon the program of the evening. A loud nasal voice was heard from this quarter, a loud but nasal voice, shrill as well as nasal, and full of a strange hot passion. "Mr. Chairman!" it cried. "Look-a-here, Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman, I demand to be heard! You gotta gimme my say, Mr. Chairman! I'm a-gonna have my say! You look-a-here, Mr. Chairman!"

Shocked by such a breach of order, and by the unseemly violence of the speaker, not only the chairman but everyone else looked there. A short, strong figure was on its feet, gestulating fiercely; and the head belonging to it was a large one with too much curly black hair, a flat swarthy face, shiny and not immaculately shaven; there was an impression of ill-chosen clothes, too much fat red lip, too much tooth, too much eyeball. Fred Mitchell recognized this violent interrupter as one Linski, a fellow freshman who sat next him in one of his classes. "What's that cuss up to?" Fred wondered, and so did others. Linski showed them.

He pressed forward, shoving himself through the two rows in front of him till he emerged upon the green carpet of the open space, and as he came, he was cyclonic with words.

"You don't put no such stuff as this over, I tell you!" he shouted in his hot, nasal voice. "This here's a free country, and you call yourself a debating society, do you? Lemme tell you I belong to a debating society in Chicago, where I come from, and them fellas up there, they'd think they'd oughta be shot for a fake like what you people are tryin' to put over, here, tonight. I come down here to get some more education, and pay for it, too, in good hard money I've made sweatin' in a machine shop up there in Chicago; but if this is the kind of education I'm a-gonna get, I better go on back there. You call this a square debate, do you?"

He advanced toward the chairman's platform, shaking a frantic fist. "Well, if you do, you got another think comin', my capitalists' friend! You went right and give out the question whether it's right for Cholimun to go through Belgium; and what do you fer the Cholimun side? You pick out this here big stuff!" he waved his passionate hand at the paralyzed Ramsey—"you pick out a boob like that gets the Cholimun side, a poor fish that fits stage-fright so bad he don't know whether he's talkin' or dead; or else he fakes it; because he's a speaker so him it looks more to me like he was faking. You git this big stuff to fake the Cholimun side, and then you go and stick up a goat agin' him that's got brains and makes a pacifist' argument that wins the case agin' the Cholimuns like cuttin' through hog haw! But you ain't a-gonna git away with it, mister. Lemme tell you right here and now, I may be a mix blood, but I

got some Cholimun in me with the rest what I got, and before you vote on this here question you gotta hear a few words from somebody that can talk! This whole war is a capitalists' war, Belgium as much as Cholimun, and the United States is sellin' its soul to the capitalists' right now, I tell you, takin' sides agin' Cholimun. Orders fer explosives and ammunition and guns and Red Cross supplies is comin' into this country by the millions, and the capitalists' United States is fat already on the blood of the workers of Europe! Yes, it is, and I'll have my say, you boobjaw faker, and you can hammer your ole gavel to pieces at me!"

He had begun to shriek; moisture fell from his brow and his mouth; the scandalized society was on its feet, moving nervously into groups. Evidently the meeting was about to disintegrate. "I'll have my say!" the frenzied Linski screamed. "You try to put up this capitalists' trick and work a fake to carry over this debate agin' Cholimun, but you can't work it on me, lemme tell you! I'll have my say!"

The outraged chairman was wholly at a loss how to deal with the "unprecedented situation"—so he defined it, quite truthfully; and he continued to pound upon the desk, while other clamors began to rival Linski's; shouts of "Put him out!" "Order!" "Shut up, Freshman!" "Turn him over to the sophomores!"

"This meeting is adjourned!" bel-

lowed the chairman, and there was a thronging toward the doors, while the



"I'll Have My Say!" the Frenzied Linski Screamed.

Frothing Linski asserted: "I'm a-gonna git my say, I tell you! I'll have my say! I'll have my say!"

He had more than that, before the hour was over. A moment after he emerged from the building and came out, still hot, found himself the center of a group of his own classmates whom he at first mistook for sophomores, such was their manner.

As this group broke up a few minutes later, a youth running to join it, scenting somewhat of interest, detained one of those who were departing.

"What's up? What was that squealing?"

"Oh, nothing. We just touched that Linski. Nobody else touched him, but Ramsey Milholland gave him a peach of a punch on the snoot."

"Whoopee!"

Ramsey was laconic in response to inquiries upon this subject. When some one remarked: "You served him right for calling you a boob and a poor fish and so on before all the society, girls and all," Ramsey only said: "That wasn't what I hit him for." He declined to explain further.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The way I look at it, Ramsey," Fred Mitchell said, when they reached their apartment, whither a benevolent senior, Colburn, accompanied them, "the way I look at it, this Linski kind of paid you a compliment, after all, when he called you a fake. He must have thought you anyway looked as if you could make a better speech than you did. Oh, golly!"

And as Ramsey grinned, the jovial

IS UNIVERSAL FOOD IN TROPICS

Many Varieties of the Bread Fruit Tree Are Scattered Throughout Southern Lands.

It is of interest to note the flour and biscuit of the tropics. There are a dozen different bread fruit trees scattered throughout tropical regions. One of the flours, made from the bread fruit tree of tropical America known as the yuca, is a regular article of commerce in the New York market. It is only sold in cartons at elite groceries, is quite a pure article, of a dingy, grayish-white color, and a slightly alkaline and hardly agreeable taste. In cooking that alkalinity and acidity are mostly driven out. In its fresh form it is in shape elongated

Mitchell gave himself up to the divan and the mirth. "Oh, oh, oh, golly!" he spluttered.

"Never you mind, Brother Milholland," Colburn said gently. "The Lumen is used to nervous beginners. I've seen dozens in my time, just like you; and some of 'em got to be first rate before they quit. Besides, this crazy Linski is all that anybody'll ever remember about tonight's meeting anyhow. There never was any such outbreak as that in my time, and I guess there never was in the whole history of the society. We'll probably suspend him until he apologizes to the society—I'm on the board, and I'm in favor of it. Who is the bird, anyhow? He's in your class."

"I never saw him before," Ramsey responded from the deep chair, where he had moodily thrown himself; and, returning to his brooding upon his oratory, "Oh, murder!" he moaned.

"Well," said the senior, "you'll know him when you see him again. You put your mark on him where you can see it, all right!" He chuckled. "I suppose I really ought to have interfered in that, but I decided to do a little astronomical observation, about fifty feet away, for a few minutes. I'm 'way behind in my astronomy, anyhow. Do you know this Linski, Brother Mitchell?"

"I've talked to him a couple o' times on the campus," said Fred. "He's in one of my classes. He's about the oldest in our class, I guess—a lot older than us, anyhow. He's kind of an anarchist or something; can't talk more'n five minutes any time without gettin' off some bug stuff about 'capitalism.' He said the course in political economy was all 'capitalism' and the prof was bought by Wall Street."

"Poor old Prof. Craig!" Colburn laughed. "He gets fifteen hundred a year."

"Yes; I'd heard that myself, and I told Linski, and he said he had an uncle workin' in a steel mill got twice that much, but it didn't make any difference, ole Craig was bought by Wall Street. He said 'capitalism' better look out; he and the foreign-born workmen were goin' to take this country some day, and that was one of the reasons he was after an education. He talked pretty strong pro-German, too—about the war in Europe—but I sort of thought that was more because he'd be pro-anything that he thought would help upset the United States than because he cared much about Germany."

"Yes," said Colburn, "that's how he sounded tonight. I guess there's plenty more like him in the cities, too. That reminds me: I'd better arrange a debate on immigration for the Lumen. We'll put Brother Milholland for the negative, this time."

Ramsey started violently. "See here—"

But the senior reassured him. "Just wanted to see you jump," he explained. "Don't fear; you've done your share."

"I should think I have!" Ramsey growled.

"Yes; you won't be called on again this term. By the way," said Colburn, thoughtfully, "that was a clever girl you had against you tonight. I don't believe in pacifism much, myself, but she used it very niftily for her argument. Isn't she from your town, this Miss Yocum?"

Fred nodded.

"Well, she's a clever young thing," said the senior, still thoughtful. And he added: "Graceful girl, she is."

At this, the roommates looked at him with startled attention. Ramsey was so roused as to forget his troubles and sit forward in his chair.

"Yes," said the musing Colburn. "She's a mighty pretty girl."

"What?"

This exclamation was a simultaneous one; the astounded pair stared at him in blank incredulity.

"Why, don't you think so?" Colburn mildly inquired. "She seems to me very unusual looking."

"Well, yes," Fred assented, emphatically. "We're with you there!"

"Extraordinary eyes," continued Colburn. "Lovely figure, too; altogether a strikingly pretty girl. Handsome, I should say, perhaps. Yes, 'handsome' rather than 'pretty.' He looked up from a brief reverie. "You fellows know her long?"

"You bet!" said Ramsey.

"She made a splendid impression on the Lumen," Colburn went on. "I don't remember that I ever saw a first appearance there that quite equalled it. She'll probably have a brilliant career in the society, and in the university, too. She must be a very fine sort of a person."

He deliberated within himself a few moments longer, then, realizing that his hosts and brethren did not respond with any heartiness—or with anything at all—to the theme, he changed it, and asked them what they thought about the war in Europe.

They talked of the war drowsily for a while; it was an interesting but not an exciting topic; the thing they spoke of was so far away. After a few moments of fervor, the conversation languished, and Brother Colburn rose to go.

"To go over and help hang their d-d kaiser!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A new automobile windshield protector is equipped with gutters to carry rain off at each side.

JAMES M. COX IS HONORED GUEST

FORMER DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE SPEAKS IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

PRAISES WOODROW WILSON

House is Packed With Enthusiastic Audience That Heartily Applauds Two Addresses.

Columbia.—Before an audience that packed the floor of the hall of the house of representatives to the walls, that filled the gallery and overflowed into the aisles and windows, James M. Cox, democratic candidate for President in the last election, called upon his fellow democrats to remain true to their principles, to follow the straight path, to refrain from temporizing, promising them that as a reward for such a policy "we will win as sure as the coming of the day."

The sight that met the eyes of former Governor Cox when he mounted the speaker's stand at the house of representatives was a most inspiring one. In the flag bedecked hall, from the walls of which looked down the portraits of many of the distinguished sons of South Carolina, had assembled an audience that must have reminded the speaker of stirring days of his campaign—with one striking exception. Everybody in reach of his voice was a friend to Jimmie Cox, gave him an ovation when he entered, cheered his eloquent periods, yelled like mad when he mentioned Woodrow Wilson and gave him an attentive and sympathetic hearing—no man on a political campaign ever had so kind of an audience—an audience so lacking in hostile elements. And the distinguished visitor sensed it and responded warmly to it—and quit speaking, not when he had finished, but a striking clock reminded him that the hour was late.

In both his public addresses Governor Cox paid glowing tributes to the services which Woodrow Wilson has rendered his country. "The principles of Woodrow Wilson are our treasured heritage," he said at the theater, "and I shall contend for them as long as I have life. Wilson has contributed as much for our country as has Thomas Jefferson or Andrew Jackson and we all hope he shall live to see the vindication of his position." In his speech at the State House he referred to him as "that constructive statesman." His references to Mr. Wilson were greeted with outbursts of applause.

Sumter Building Roads.

Sumter.—At the monthly meeting of the county board of commissioners \$75,000 was authorized to be borrowed to retire a note for that amount to be due April 14.

The chairman of the commissioners was given power to act in the matter of installing new lighting apparatus in the court room, the present lights being inadequate.

County Engineer Jeffords reported that the main road gang was engaged in the construction in the second road in the Concord section and the laying of three sand beds on the Sumter-Manning road. Work during the month had been very much handicapped by bad weather. The main gang was soon transferred to maintenance work on county roads. The jail gang was engaged in work on bridges and culverts and on roads leading out of the city. The Pinewood and Shiloh gangs were engaged as usual in those sections.

Search For Stephens.

Greenwood.—Search has been renewed by members of the family of John D. Stephens, Greenwood merchant, who disappeared mysteriously on December 26. Mr. McPiedries states that the disappearance of his stepfather is still shrouded in mystery and has asked anyone having heard of him to notify him.

Stephens disappeared on the afternoon following Christmas Day. The next morning the safe of his store was found unlocked and about \$500 and a pistol missing.

Still Costs Two Lives.

Walterboro.—As a result of a still and barrel of mash, two negroes are dead and one is in jail charged with murder. Levi Brown was shot by Durant Thompson at Williams, in upper Colleton, two pistol shot wounds having been inflicted at close range. It is reported that Brown and Thompson joined left hands and agreed to "shoot it out," using their right hands. Several shots were fired but Thompson escaped unscathed, while Brown got two bullet wounds from which he died at the Clara EsDorn infirmary.

Bottlers Re-elect Patterson.

Columbia.—Ravenel Patterson of Columbia was re-elected president of the South Carolina Bottlers' association for his fifth consecutive term at the annual business session of the association held at the Jefferson hotel. Approximately 60 bottlers from every section of the state were in Columbia for the convention, the association's eighth annual meeting. Miss Jean Guelledge and R. E. Poole, both of Columbia, were re-elected secretary and treasurer of the association, respectively.

Man Found Dead in Culvert.

Columbia.—A white man, who has not yet been identified, was found dead in a culvert on the Spartanburg division of the Southern railway, near Littleton, Fairfield county. J. B. Scott, Richland coroner, was notified and proceeded as far as Bookman, en route to the scene, where he discovered that the body had been discovered about a mile over the line in Fairfield county. Therefore, as the case was out of his jurisdiction, he returned to Columbia, asking Bookman people to notify the Fairfield authorities.

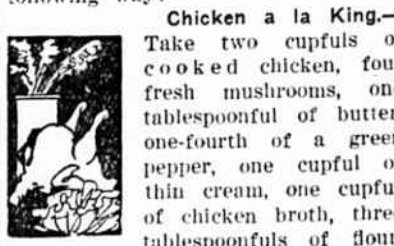
The Kitchen Cabinet

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Dear to me ever is the twilight hour, When shadows deepen and the day is spent; Then sorrow and care seem to lose their power And over my soul comes a sweet content.

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY

For variety serve chicken in the following way:



Chicken a la King.—Take two cupfuls of cooked chicken, four fresh mushrooms, one tablespoonful of butter, one-fourth of a green pepper, one cupful of thin cream, one cupful of chicken broth, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Cut the chicken into cubes, break the mushrooms caps and cut the stems; chop the green pepper; add the cream and chicken stock, and two egg yolks. Cook the mushrooms and pepper in the butter; add the flour, then combine with the other ingredients. Serve on toast garnished with parsley.

Jelly Omelet.—Separate the whites and yolks of two eggs; beat the whites until stiff, the yolks until creamy. Put a teaspoonful of butter in an omelet pan; when hot pour in the omelet after mixing the yolks with the whites, adding two tablespoonfuls of milk and a dash of cayenne and salt. Cook until the omelet is set; cover with a hot lid to dry out the top, or place in the oven. Spread one side with jelly and fold as usual. Serve hot on a hot platter.

Steamed Sliced Bread.—Butter stale bread and steam until well heated through; spread again with butter and spread with raspberry jam, or canned berries of any kind. Serve individually with cream and sugar.

A dessert which will keep and one that will be liked is prepared as follows: Take two eggs well beaten; add one-half cupful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one cupful of nut meats with one cupful of finely-cut dates. Bake in a sheet, cut in finger-sized pieces and put into a glass jar. Steam when wanted, sprinkle with lemon juice and serve with cream.

There are no more useful and easy to handle cleaning cloths than those made from knitted underwear or outing flannel garments.

The day is cold and dark and dreary, It rains, and the wind is never weary; The vine still clings to the mould'ring wall, And at every gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and dreary.

DAINTIES FOR THE FAMILY

With a few cans of choice pineapple in slices, crushed or grated, one has at hand a delicious base for any number of tasty dishes.

Pineapple Pudding.—Sprinkle one-half cupful sugar over a can of crushed pineapple and set away to become chilled. In an hour drain the juice from the pineapple and reserve it; to pour over layers of sponge cake; on each layer place a layer of the pineapple; repeat until all the juice and fruit is used. Make a meringue of the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread over the top and brown lightly in the oven. Serve cold with a cream or a thin custard using the two egg yolks, a pint of milk and sugar with flavoring to taste. Cook the custard until it coats the spoon and chill before using.

Cream Puffs With Chocolate Sauce.—Prepare the cream puffs by taking one cupful of boiling water, one-half cupful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, boil one minute, then add all at once one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour. Stir until smooth and the mixture leaves the sides of the pan. Then add five eggs, one at a time, beating between each egg. Drop from the tip of a tablespoon onto a buttered sheet, one and one-half inches apart; bake one-half hour in a hot oven or long enough to bake them, so that when lifted they feel very light and feathery. Fill when cool with sweetened whipped cream and just before serving pour over a hot chocolate sauce.

Pineapple Marmalade.—Take one cupful of pineapple, three oranges sliced very thin, one lemon also thinly sliced, two cupfuls of sugar, five cupfuls of water. Cover the lemon and oranges with water and let them stand over night; cook for two hours in the morning, then add the sugar and cook an hour longer, adding the pineapple the last half hour. This recipe makes six jelly glasses or about two and one-half cupfuls.

Pineapple Sundae.—Line sherbet glasses with lady fingers, put a layer of ice cream, then two tablespoonfuls of crushed pineapple and top this with more cream and a cherry.

To can sausage, fry the slices, pack into two quart cans and fill up with the hot fat. Melt before removing when used and the cakes may be taken out without breaking.

Londoners Go to Bed Early.

How early we go to bed in London is shown by a census of underground passengers. The last trains in various directions carried respectively 45, 18, 19 and 25 passengers. So hard are our war habits to cast off. But, indeed, 10 o'clock was bedtime for a multitude of Londoners even before the war, and in that multitude were, and are, quite a number of prominent business men. Your professional man seems to sit up later, and fashion, naturally, rarely retires till dawn.—London Times Weekly.

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TRAPPINGS FOR CHILDREN; IN MOURNING MILLINERY

THERE is nothing to stand in the way of enterprising mothers or fond aunts who want to go ahead with the children's sewing right now and get it out of the way before spring is here. The materials they need are in the stores, and styles for spring have been determined upon; many of them are on exhibition. For school and play, cotton and wool fabrics are shown, most of them familiar to everyone, and in addition there are some novelty weaves that merit attention—as kasha cloth and heavy,

ored organdie with picot-edged ruffles and a few simple organdie posies set at the neck and on the sleeves. In recent years much is left to the discretion of the wearer—in the matter of mourning millinery. The trend has been toward inconspicuous, but consistent, mourning hats and frocks—and away from what is known as "deep mourning." Grenadine, and other sheer silk materials have been substituted for crape in veils, but crape, which is the insignia of mourning, is nevertheless used for making



White Dress of Dotted Swiss.

crepe cottons in several patterns. The little ones have about the same choice of materials for work and play frocks that their elders have.

For dress-up times and party frocks, their range is narrower. Crepe de chine, georgette and taffeta, in silks; organdie, dotted swiss, net, batiste and voiles in cottons, make a diversity equal to all needs of little folks. These materials are shown in white and colors. Styles in dresses are simple, with straight-line models favored,

hats or their trimmings, to be worn during the first period of mourning.

Other silks than crape are used for mourning hats and these are combined with crape—or not, with equal propriety. The group of hats pictured here is representative of styles in this class of millinery. The toque of crape at the upper left, with grenadine veil covering and falling from the crown, is made of crape laid in neat, interlacing folds about the coronet. This is suited to the widow or daughter



Latitude in Mourning Millinery.

especially for the smaller girls. Even when a sash or girde is counted in, it is worn loose and at a low waist-line.

A pretty white dress of dotted swiss, with narrow ruffles of organdie, as illustrated here, is a good example of approved styles in dainty dresses for the little miss. It is a straight-line frock with scalloped slashes at the bottom and three little tucks about the skirt. It achieves the effect of short sleeves by its width and fullness at the shoulder line and by the addition of ruffles to the armcye. This dress is very pretty in light-col-

who decides to wear deep mourning for a few months.

At the right a turban is shown covered with a dull black silk and having overlapping petals of crape about the brim edge. A dull jet pin finishes it. Another silk hat, covered with folds, has a crape ornament on the upturned brim, and a hat of georgette, with long veil of the same, is an example of deep mourning without introducing crape.

Little Black for Spring. That very little black will be favored for the early spring models is indicated. It is interesting to note the colors favored. Gray, sand and rose and red shades are particularly well liked. While some navy is seen, Copenhagen and French blue are in the minority.

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The newer dresses show skirts longer and longer, until the distance between the hem and the floor becomes less and less. "The simple frocks in semi-sport styles are not

surprisingly long, but the picturesque wide-skirted styles and the medieval modes go in for skirts that are ankle length and longer.

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