

Love and Art

It was but a short time after Lorimer built his bungalow until his popularity was established in our neighborhood of orange groves and magnolia trees. His studio was a place for sight-seers, as well as a pleasant resort for friends and neighbors.

Others succumbed to Lorimer's influence because they found him responsive and congenial, but I imagined that he attracted me because he was my contrast. It was he, himself, who discovered that our natures, beneath the surface, were positive and not negative, and with that discovery he swept away all imagined barriers between us, placing me at once in the heart of the company that haunted his bungalow.

He said to me one day as he looped a Persian drapery behind his model's chair: "Tisdale, you have the depth of artist-instinct, but I imagined that he attracted me because he was my contrast. It was he, himself, who discovered that our natures, beneath the surface, were positive and not negative, and with that discovery he swept away all imagined barriers between us, placing me at once in the heart of the company that haunted his bungalow.

His tone to me was like a velvet touch, and his eyes held a steel-blue gleam that made me love to look at him. I knew that he knew my inner self, and that whatever that self might be, it was valued by him.

I shall never forget the kindly sympathy that shone from his eyes when he realized one special day that I needed him to understand me. I had gone to him, troubled about my mother's orphaned cousin Lucy, who had come to us to live, having no other place to go. I wanted to befriend her, to make her happy, and I could not even tell her that she was welcome.

She was a little daisy maid, blossoming into womanhood almost in a day, under our soft skies and in our southern California breezes.

As I entered the studio, Lorimer's clean-shaven cheeks, his locks of dark hair thrown off his forehead, the friendly eyes under his heavy brows, made a fit crown to his tall form standing before the easel. I can see the very dab of ochre on his thumb. He was busy at one of his wonderful wood interiors, touching in the sunlight by hints of yellow on the lichen-covered trunks.

"Yes, Tisdale," Lorimer said, after I had looked for a long time over his shoulder without speaking. "I feel the joy of utterance. Why, man, think what a relief to weep in grief! That is what it is to paint, to sing, to be a poet."

"I can do none of these things," I answered slowly.

"No, but after all, perhaps within you may be artist or poet. Life has an intensity, a value, that this hasn't," said Lorimer lightly struck his canes.

A woman—it is always a woman that intrudes upon men's friendships. She is a sort of earth, trespassing upon a kind of heaven. This time, it was, of course, the daisy maid, and it is difficult to know whether she made earth heaven, or brought heaven to earth.

Lorimer and I suddenly awoke to the knowledge of a mutual love for my modest cousin. Why could not he have chosen one of the beautiful women that haunted his studio? From the crowds I met in cars and shops, why could not I have taken another woman and been satisfied?

My very silence was confession after his avowal of love for Lucy, and then he admonished gravely, "Tisdale, remember we are her courtiers, and the courtiers stand aside when the queen passes, choosing whom she will."

Oh! but it was hard to give another man fair play; hard for us both. Lorimer's face grew thin under the strain, and a river of fire seemed to flow in and out of my heart.

At last, Lucy consented to sit for her portrait. One day, hidden in sport behind some studio trumpery, we watched her enter. Lorimer's hand was on my shoulder. As fortune had decreed, my handkerchief lay on the floor. Her own hand had so embroidered the square of linen that it seemed too dainty for the pocket of my shaggy coat; but when I carried the sheet and pretty thing, she seemed close. Now, Lucy looked hastily to right and left, then, believing herself alone, she caught up the handkerchief and pressed it to her lips; then she thrust it into her gown, and as she went away, she covered the place with her hand, as though a bird had flown into her bosom.

Lorimer gripped my shoulder, but the blood leaped to my face for joy, and then ran back in a tide of shame, because I was so poor a creature. I felt my short and sturdy figure grow more plebeian in contrast to my friend; I saw my unruly shock of sandy hair; my features—my limbs; my hands and feet; all that the world calls man.

We were silent, for I know not how long, listening to the clock that Lorimer timed his hours by. Finally, it was he that spoke:

"Don't fear for me, Tisdale; what you live, I can paint. Mine is a lesser gift than yours, yet still a joy. God be with you! I see before you, wife, home, children; for me, a cold thing—art!"

The world has since made a rapture of Lorimer's genius, but in my still moments I can hear his sigh across the continent. He was right: the devotion of a life is a soul's expression. The life speaks!

In Fly Time.

Judge J. M. Johnson, in the court of appeals of Kansas City, said recently that if a man made a drudge of his wife she was entitled to a divorce. "There's a type of man that marries a woman cause he loves her," Judge Johnson said the other evening at a banquet, "and then he proceeds to make her a slave. These honeyed words of love, followed by this slavery, call to my mind a little Kansas City girl. She stood before a window, watching a fly that buzzed on the pane. 'Fly,' she said, 'does 'oo love heaven?' And impersonating the insect, she answered the question with a whispered 'Ess.' 'Fly, would 'oo like to go to heaven?' A pause, and another whispered 'Ess.' Then—Bang! The poor fly was crushed on the pane, and the little girl said triumphantly: 'Now 'oo's there!'

Pretty Girls Play Fair.

Because homely girls were not treated as well as the pretty girls when the work was given out in the white goods factory of B. Apotheker, 120 of the pretty girls went on strike and soon won it. A member of the executive board of the White Goods Makers' union said: "The pretty girls got the 20-cent work and the homely girls the 15-cent work. The pretty girls did not have much to say about this, but when the homely girls complained to the pretty girls, the pretty girls sympathized with them. The homely girls and the pretty girls decided they would stand by each other. They took the case to the union, and a strike was ordered."—New York Dispatch to the Philadelphia Record.

Near Bow Bells.

"Arnold Bennett dined with me at Maria's," said a New York magazine editor, "during his American visit. While we were on the first course at Maria's Bennett told me a story about the cockney accent. 'The cockney accent, it seems, turns 'make haste' into 'mike 'iste;' and 'th' it turns into 'v' or 'f'—thus 'father' is 'faver' and 'thistle' is 'fisle' in cockney. A little boy in the New Cut—so, after that introduction, Bennett began—once said to a fishmonger: 'Gimme a baddie.' 'Finnan?' the dealer asked. At this, the little boy laughed knowingly, with the air of one determined not to be cheated. 'Fin un?' he said. 'No, not likely. Flick un!'"

The Old-Time Apprentice.

Negro slavery existed to some extent in England and all her American colonies, but a system of apprenticeship of white and Indian boys and girls was common in New England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

These apprentices practically became members of the family, eating at the same table, attending the same church, and cared for "in sickness and in health," as well as the average farmer's boy of that era. The work was quite hard but not exhausting, and until well into the nineteenth century the scythe, cradle, sickle, hoe, hand-rake and flail were relied upon to the almost total exclusion of farm machinery of any kind.—National Magazine.

His Good Name.

William Dean Howells enjoys the public confidence in an unusual degree. It was doubtless on this account that a New York promoter recently offered Mr. Howells the presidency of a new mining company at a salary of \$25,000 a year. "But, sir," Mr. Howells protested, "I know nothing about mining or finance." "Oh, that makes no difference," the promoter replied. "We only want you to do any work. We only want to use your name, you know." But Mr. Howells shook his head. "No," he said, "no, I must decline. If my name is so well worth using, it must be equally well worth protecting."

First Fingerless Gloves.

How early did mankind think of the convenience of the fingerless glove? Little was said of gloves in ancient times, but in most cases it is obvious that they had fingers. Those worn by the secretary of the younger Pliny, used when he visited Vesuvius, so that he might keep on jotting down notes in spite of the cold, must have been fingered, no less than those of the glutton in Antheneaus, who wore gloves at table so that he might handle the meat while hot and get in advance of his bare-handed fellow diners.

Speed Parting Bride.

Those who still cling to the time-honored custom of throwing rice after the bride may fancy the idea of having the rice provided for them in tiny paper slippers and passed on a silver salver after the bride has retired to make ready for her wedding journey. This is a new idea and quite novel and pretty. One that is still newer is to have the florist provide a supply of flower petals to toss after the departing bride and an idea borrowed from the English is to cast after her tiny silver paper horseshoes.

Better Halves.

If you think the expression of a man's better half as applied to his wife is a joke you are not a newspaper reader. For instance, the ladies at Eagle Rock the other day entertained representatives of 93 women's clubs and then they only scratched the surface of feminine culture in a limited district. You would have to take in all of California and half the governments of Arizona, Utah and Texas to get a corporal's guard of men from half that number of literary clubs.

The KITCHEN CABINET



WHATEVER our station in life may be, those of us who mean to fulfill our duty ought, first, to live on as little as we can, and secondly, to do all the wholesome work we can and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can. —Ruskin.

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES.

The number of household appliances which are on the market are growing in number daily. A good agent will make a susceptible housewife feel that life without his special article will be a barren waste and not worth living.

These household conveniences, so-called, are made mostly to sell and it is the wise woman who can quickly decide as to its usefulness. Is it a labor saver and a good investment?

It usually takes more skill to use an appliance for saving labor than it does to continue with the old-time methods.

Many of our helpful appliances are excellent helpers in a large family which, in a smaller one, would be only a nuisance. A turkey roaster to be used once or twice a year is a doubtful investment; its room is better than its company.

If a household appliance saves a housekeeper's time and strength, giving her time for rest and open air recreation, it is money well spent.

In how many farm houses where money is spent lavishly for farm machinery do we find a fireless cooker, a bread mixer, an up-to-date washing machine or a motor to run both the washer and the sewing machine? The farmer spends hundreds of dollars on his work where the wife has one. She must wait on and feed one or two hired men; he needs and must have help, while she cares for the children and often is asked to come out and help in the fields. Is it any wonder that our insane asylums are largely filled by farmers' wives?

It is better economy to buy a few labor-saving devices than to pay doctor bills. For a large family a steam cooker is a great saving of time and fuel, a whole dinner for a dozen may be cooked in it over one burner of a gasoline stove.

A gasoline or blue flame stove should be in every country home for use in hot weather where gas or electricity is not obtainable.

For a small family one of the small ovens which fit one burner are great fuel savers. For a large baking or general use they are not economical, but for one or two dishes, a tin of biscuit and a pie they are certainly worth the cost.

The vacuum cleaners now run by gasoline, which go from house to house, are a great boon to the over-worked house cleaner.

Nellie Maxwell.

The KITCHEN CABINET



ADREARY place would be this earth, were there no little people in it; the song of joy would lose its mirth were there no children to begin it. —Whittier.

SOME COOLING DRINKS.

Refreshing drinks are always acceptable, and the housewife who keeps her ice chest supplied with some of these is always a delight to her friends.

Almond Drink.—Blanch three dozen sweet almonds and pound to a pulp, boil them in two quarts of milk, adding a vanilla bean, which may be removed in a short time; sweeten with a half pound of sugar, cool and strain. Serve in lemonade glasses.

Barley Water.—Wash two ounces of pearl barley and add it to two quarts of cold water; heat slowly and boil until reduced to a quart. Add two ounces of loaf sugar and the juice of a lemon; strain and set aside to get cold.

Fruit Syrup.—Boil together a pint of fruit and a pint of water (any juicy fruit may be used), stirring from time to time, then strain and add sufficient sugar to sweeten—a pound and a half to this amount. Boil for ten minutes and then bottle to use, allowing a tablespoonful of the syrup to a tumblerful of water.

Tea Punch.—Make a strong infusion of English breakfast tea, a teaspoonful to a cup of boiling water. For a quart of tea add a half cup of sugar which has been cooked with a little water until it spins a thread. Remove and add to the strained tea with the juice of two or three lemons and an orange. A few slices of the fruit may be left in.

Mint Julep.—Boil a cup of sugar with a pint of water for twenty minutes. Crush six sprigs of mint and pour a cupful of boiling water over it. Allow it to stand ten minutes, strain and pour into the syrup. To this add strawberry, raspberry and lemon juice. Serve very cold.

Nellie Maxwell.

THE DENISON REVIEW, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6, 1912.

Kemming Clothing Company



If you want a good guaranteed suit go to Kemming for it.

If you want the best suit for the money go to Kemming.

If you want a dandy swell swagger overcoat go to Kemming.

If you want the best assortment of overcoats for the least money go to Kemming.

If you want anything in furnishing goods try Kemming first. It pays.

SAVED BY FAITH, NOT NOW BY WORKS

"It Is Not of Yourselves; It Is the Gift of God."

Pastor Russell Points Out That Present Age Is the Faith Age—Next Age Will Be the Age of Works—Address to a Large Convention of Bible Students.

Halifax, N. S. Sept. 29.—Pastor Russell addressed a large Convention of Bible Students here. He received closest attention. We report one of the discourses from the text. "For by grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."—Ephesians ii, 8.

The speaker conceded that the subject of faith and its relation to salvation had been considerably confused in the minds of many for centuries. He held, however, that clearer views are now permeating Christian minds and hearts and that the conflict between salvation by faith and salvation by works is at an end. Both are now seen to be necessary.

Age of Faith—Age of Works. Pastor Russell declared the present Age the Age of faith and the on-coming period of Messiah's Kingdom the Age of works. He cautioned his hearers, nevertheless, that, in harmony with what he had already shown in the Scriptures, this does not mean that no works are now required nor that in the future Age no faith will be required. The standard or test now is faith and not works. The standard or test of the next Age will be works, not faith. The reason of this difference, he said, was manifest; because of the fallen condition of the entire race none could do perfect works now, and, if judged by works, all would be condemned afresh. Hence God now in dealing with the Church requires them to walk by faith and not by sight.

In the next Age, during Messiah's reign, he claimed that all the clouds and darkness, all the ignorance and superstition, will pass away before the rising Sun of Righteousness. As a result the next Age will be a very simple matter. Knowledge will be so great that faith will take second

part shall be counted in as though were a part of Jesus' sacrifice.

"That Not of Yourselves."

How shall we understand this statement? Surely God does not exercise faith for us and then consider it something on our part which He is willing to reward. The explanation is this: Faith is possible only where it has a basis of knowledge. In proportion as Divine providence grants us knowledge of Divine things it is possible for us to exercise faith proportionately. And our works in harmony with such faith demonstrate the sincerity of our faith.

The same principle continues throughout this Christian Age. Grace opens the way for knowledge. Knowledge paves the way for faith and begetting of the Holy Spirit. Then works to the extent of opportunity should demonstrate the degree and quantity and sincerity and loyalty of the faith. The present Age is peculiarly one of Divine Grace because the call of the Church and the great blessing she is to receive is the Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, because all those blessings will come from His having met the demands of Justice on man's behalf.

But the present Age is peculiarly one of Divine Grace because the call of the Church and the great blessing she is to receive is the Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, because all those blessings will come from His having met the demands of Justice on man's behalf.

The merit of Jesus applied to the Church now in response to faith and obedience justifies us in God's sight to the extent of permitting us to present our bodies living sacrifices. But Grace provides that this sacrificing on our part shall be counted in as though were a part of Jesus' sacrifice.

Enthusiasm is a vitalizing spark, without it a man is a mere automaton.

The philosopher bears the afflictions of others with remarkable fortitude.

Folks turn to gossip when they have nothing of importance to talk about.

Out of nothing comes nothing; the full head makes the able hand.

Panama Canal Opens for Traffic in the Fall of 1913

Washington, Sept. 17.—The Panama canal is to be opened to traffic in the fall of 1913. This statement was made officially at the navy department with an announcement that the Atlantic fleet would be assembled at Colon this winter before the water is turned in. The navy's estimate is based on engineers.

The date for the opening was originally set for Jan. 1, 1915, and engineers for some time had doubted if the engineering difficulties could be overcome to permit completion of the work by that date. The remaining work is said to offer few obstacles.