

A Roselit Romance

By JESSIE ETHEL SHERWIN

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"Dear little girl," spoke Roland Yorke almost tenderly, "what a comfort you have been to me these long, lonely weeks!"

"And what a friend you have been to us, Mr. Yorke," quickly responded the lissome, loyal maid at his side. "Why, if you hadn't come along where would father and I be? He had lost his position and he says, now that you are going to leave us, we will have to move out to Dakota where his brother has a farm. And you're nearly well, aren't you?" prattled on the pretty lass joyously. "Father says it's the fresh clear air out here."

"And the cooking, Rhoda," supplemented Yorke with a smile. "Why, you are a regular little housewife. Between you and I, I have been cured."

"I am so glad I could cry, almost!" declared Rhoda. "And you're going away, and her lips quivered, "and we may never see you again, and you'll forget us."

He took the little brown hand in his own and his kindly eyes expressed a benison from a true man.

"Never that, Rhoda! This has been the sweetest month in all my life. I was ill, worn out. Now—"

"You'll go back to the city and paint beautiful pictures, and some lovely princess will buy them, and you'll get married and have a bride all in silks and satins, and—I hope you do. Oh! I hope you are the happiest man in the world, just as you are the very best!" And here, bursting into tears, the mountain madcap, as this dear child of nature was popularly designated, ran for the nearest thicket and vanished.

"I declare!" uttered Roland, thoughtfully—more than that, with a sudden thrill. An unsuccessful artist in a money way, he had taken a vacation of necessity. The Burton home was small and rude. It had no luxury, yet he blessed the hour he discovered it. The roses everywhere, the pine groves, the pleasant shade, the home vegetables and cooking seemed to sing health to him.

And Rhoda—she was a breath of vivacity. As though he were some cher-



There Were Nibbles and Catches.

ished elder brother she hovered about him, guiding him to the rarest beauties of the landscape, rowing him on the river, watching him in silent rapture when he painted. She even coaxed the soul-tempered Axel Burton to a smile with her winsome ways and won him from brooding over his loss of a position.

Just now Roland Yorke woke to the realization of a salient fact. He had met a being who liked him for himself alone. There was no mistaking that rapt little face of interest, that outburst of tears.

"I wonder!" breathed the artist to himself.

He wondered if his reluctance to leave this fair sylvan scene and its little queen was born of a deeper feeling than he had suspected. He wondered if in later years, no matter what success came to him, he would not weny of hollow fame and long for the wild free life of this lovely paradise. And then he mentally counted cash and prospects and shook his head slowly and dubiously.

"You're coming, aren't you?" propounded Rhoda eagerly early the next morning. "See—I've got father's best fishing pole, and he says this is biting day for every fish in the stream. It's down near the Hermitage where the best catches are. You can walk two miles, can't you?"

"Twenty, after that famous breakfast of yours!" asserted Roland.

"And I've put up a fine lunch, and we'll have a fine fry for supper," ran on Rhoda.

It was at the end of a two mile stroll that they came to where the banks of the pretty stream formed a kind of natural wharf.

"Here's where father used to love to fish," explained Rhoda—"in the old days, before his trouble, before Judge Wharton over there turned us away."

She indicated the towers of a mansion lifting from a grove half a mile distant.

"Father was keeper there. The judge and his family were away," narrated Rhoda. "One evening the housekeeper was taken suddenly sick and father ran all the way to the village to fetch a doctor. While he was gone someone broke into the library and stole a lot of the judge's papers and some jewelry and money. They got away across the river in a skiff. When the judge got back he blamed father for disobeying orders and leaving the place unguarded, though the doctor said the housekeeper might have died if he had not come quick. Well, the judge discharged father from a position he had faithfully filled for over ten years and we were adrift."

"Was much of value taken?"

"The judge says he didn't care for the money and jewelry, but there was a little tin box filled with records and papers of no use to others, but of immense value to him. He has had detectives out and has offered five thousand dollars for the return of the papers, but he has never heard from them."

There was a lapse of silence, for Rhoda had dragged a log to the shore as a seat for Roland and had arranged pole, line and bait with sportsmanlike expertness for her novice guest.

There were nibbles and catches and at the end of two hours the fish basket was pretty well filled. Suddenly, as Roland pulled hard on his line, Rhoda exclaimed:

"Oh, you must have a big one!" and as the rod bent, amid her excitement she put out her hand to aid him.

"Why, what is it I have fished up, anyway?" queried Roland.

Slowly, attached to the hook, dangling and swaying, a small metal box came into view, the hook looped its wire handle. There it was suspended, swinging shorewards, landed.

"Oh, it's the box!" almost shrieked Rhoda, wild with excitement.

"What box?" asked Roland.

"Oh, I know it is! I've seen it before," fluttered Rhoda. "It's the one that was stolen from the judge, the one I told you about."

"You don't mean the one they offer that big reward for?"

"Yes, I do! See," and Rhoda, detaching the box from the hook, showed where its lock was broken. "The thieves probably saw no value to the papers and dropped the box in the river. Yes, the papers are inside," continued Rhoda, "and oh, Mr. Yorke, just think! you'll get that five thousand dollar reward!"

"Why should I?" challenged Roland.

"You brought me here, you helped pull it in."

"And father may get his position back, now the papers are found!" exclaimed Rhoda. "Oh, you've brought nothing but good luck to us!"

The gratitude, the artlessness, the devotion of the sweet girl overcame Roland. He took her hand and kissed it like some knight paying his devours to a noble lady. Rhoda flushed and quivered.

"I shall not go away tomorrow, Rhoda," spoke the artist.

"I am so glad."

"And I think I had better see this Judge Wharton about the papers at once."

"What did the judge say?" eagerly inquired Rhoda, when Roland rejoined her an hour later.

"He says that your father can return to his life position—he insists on dividing the reward between you and myself. Rhoda, darling," and Roland took her hand and drew her towards him, "I love the roses here, and the pretty brooks, and the grand old trees, and—you, Rhoda, most of all! Shall I stay?"

No verbal reply was needed. She had nestled down into his brave, strong arms, joy, devotion, happiness in her lovely face.

Feminism.

Feminism is the first attempt since the days of chivalry to think clearly and talk straight on this woman's business, to call things by names that shall square with the facts and not with the appearance of the facts. It is woman suffrage with the bark off, for while woman suffrage wants us to change our ways of doing toward women, feminism demands that we change our ways of thinking about women.

Feminism is the first crust on the loaf of man's daily bread, and the loofer who knows on which side his bread is buttered will eat crust with crumb. It is the lemon on the peach tree in the garden of love, and wise is the man who has sense enough to give that lemon-ade. It is the lantern of Diogenes to search out and find an honest man, even under his wife's wash-tub.

Feminism is the acid test of man's chivalry and of woman's sincerity.—I. Brooke, in Pictorial Review.

Where is Grub Street?

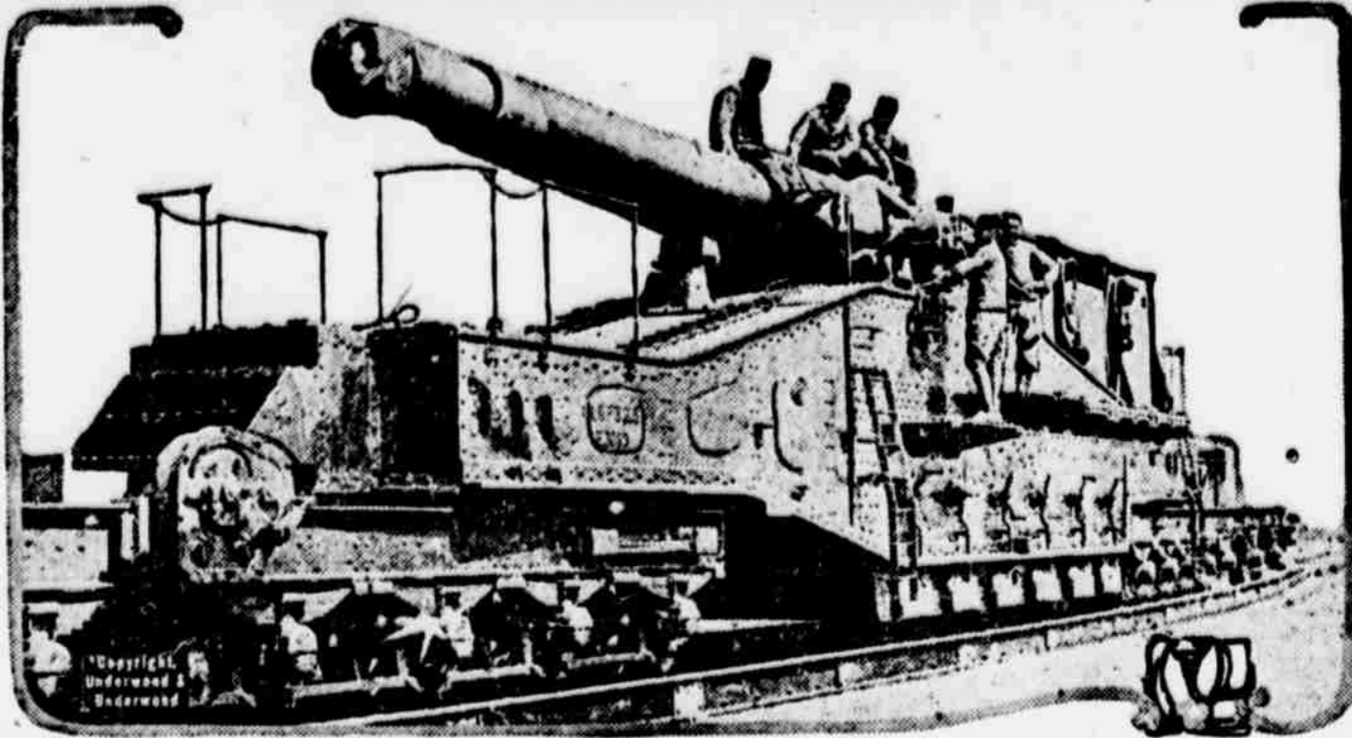
"Grub street," is nowadays a name for the general state of financial distress in which writers without the necessary ability—or "cheek"—usually find themselves. In the reign of George III Grub street was the home of those unfortunates who tempted fortune by writing histories and dictionaries and engaged in literary huckwag of all sorts. It is known now as Milton street, but the Grub street of today may exist wherever there is pen, ink and paper.

Paradoxical Condition.

"What is that guest flogging with the hotel clerk about?"

"I believe he is sour on his suite."

FRENCH USE MONSTER AMERICAN RIFLE



One of the great guns now being used by the French on the Somme front. This gigantic rifle is mounted on a specially constructed gun carisson, which rests on steel trucks and is easily moved from point to point. The gun is one of the many made in America and shipped to Europe for use against the Teuton powers.

USE NO BANDAGES IN NEW SURGERY

Latest Method of Healing Obstinate Wounds Proves Great Success.

ARE SPRAYED WITH OZONE

Stream of Gaseous Substance Flows into Deepest Recesses, Killing All Microbes—Horrors of Dressing Wounds Eliminated.

London.—Bandages are eliminated in the latest methods of healing obstinate wounds here. This is one of the marvelous developments of surgery to which the war has given impetus.

One of the horrors of hospitals is dressing wounds. Strong, brave men scream involuntarily with pain every day when the bandages are removed and the wounds treated.

At Queen Alexandra's military hospital today several patients were exhibited undergoing the new treatment. Two of these men were most severely wounded in September of last year, and for ten months had been treated in the customary way without any sign of healing. On August 2 they were brought to this hospital, the bandages were flung away, the wounds were subjected to repeated applications of a stream of ozone, being lightly covered with a loose layer of lint in the intervals, and in four days healing was in rapid progress.

This treatment is simplicity itself. Oxygen passes from a reservoir into an electrical machine which converts it into ozone; the ozone flows out through a fine metal tube. The machine is wheeled close to the patient's bed, the wound uncovered, and a stream of the microbe-killing ozone flows into the deepest recesses. No painful dragging off of bandages, no rebandaging of the limb to hurt and exhaust the patient.

New Treatment a Success.

Here was seen a soldier who had lost his right foot, with a stump covered with skin so healthy and hard that he could walk upon it, a surgical marvel.

What might be called the open-air treatment of wounds has come to stay. At the Herbert hospital is a soldier with a bad compound fracture of the leg. The limb is not swathed in many yards of bandages as was the custom, but lies between sandbags to secure immobility and is covered only with a single layer of lint. The lint is kept constantly wet with peroxide of hydrogen. Surrounding the leg is a large cage covered with a sheet of thin buter muslin, so that the wound is continually refreshed by a free current of air. Extremely rapid healing and freedom from the agony of manipulation are the great gains from this mode of treatment.

The whirlpool bath is entirely a war invention, from which excellent results in cases of stiff joints have been obtained in France. It consists of a small oblong bath, filled with water which is kept in continuous movement by a miniature propeller revolved at a very high speed by means of an electric motor. A stiff arm or leg, hand or foot, placed in the bath and kept there for some time is much improved by the stimulus of the running water.

Marvelous examples of bone carpentry are to be seen, such as the transference of a large piece of bone from the leg to fill a gap in the arm bone or jaw.

Trench foot is being more or less successfully treated by massage, operation, and other methods.

After the Surgeon the Massur.

All sorts of joint injuries go to Hammersmith hospital, and there, as well as at other hospitals, is to be seen a collection of ingenious exercises for restoring mobility. When the surgeon has done all that he can the patient goes to the masseurs and the exercisers. If his wrist is stiff, he twists a bar with graduated resistance; if he cannot fully close his hand he grasps a thick bar and turns it, passing on to thinner and thinner bars as the hand

improves; the patient with a stiff knee is put to exercise on stationary bicycle; others, according to the nature and situation of the defect, practice rowing, climbing ladders, pulling on weighted ropes; and with these curative exercises is combined massage, with electric treatment, and other remedies.

In the laboratories of the Royal Army medical college vaccines are made to secure the men against typhoid fever, which used to be more fatal in war than the bayonet and the bullet combined; paratyphoid fever, so rare formerly, so common now in France; the cholera of Saloniki and Egypt; and pneumonia, one of the soldier's worst trench enemies in cold weather.

About ten million doses of these vaccines have been sent out from Millwall since the war began. Among them is a most valuable mixed vaccine which gives protection from both typhoid and the two forms of paratyphoid fever. This has been in use since January last. Quite new, since the war began, are the measures taken for discovering whether anyone who comes in contact with soldiers is carrying the infection of spotted fever at the back of his nose, for, although himself quite free from the disease, such a carrier might create an epidemic in a camp.

CROCODILES FOE, AFTER GERMANS

Irish Aviator, Shot Down in Africa, Tells of Remarkable Adventures.

THREE DAYS IN THE JUNGLE

Escapes From a Lion by Climbing a Tree—Three of His Ribs Broken When Machine is Brought Down.

London.—Tales of adventure from the jungles of South Africa, where General Smuts is operating against the Germans, are not uncommon, but it is seldom that the wild events encountered by Capt. A. T. O'Brien of the Royal Flying corps, told here, have been equaled.

The details of his adventures were contained in a letter from his wife to relatives in England and have just become public. It is probable that O'Brien will be decorated for his services to the British government and in recognition of his hardiness in surviving an ordeal that would have meant death to the average soldier.

He reported to General Smuts last April far down in German Africa below Konnoo Irangi. His work as an aerial scout ahead of the British troops operating against the Germans won him fame. Flying over the jungles and tangled brush country during the rainy season is difficult. When an army of vigilant enemies is added, the task becomes more than dangerous. The intrepid Irishman finally engaged on the losing side of an argument with enemy anti-aircraft guns.

His Machine Brought Down.

He was flying over jungle country when German guns located him. One of his wings collapsed and the machine side slipped into the trees, which partially broke the fall, then crashed to the ground. Had it not been for the trees both driver and machine would have been smashed to bits. As it was, three of O'Brien's ribs were crushed and for several hours he lay in a swamp unconscious.

Slowly he recovered his senses and took an inventory of his injuries. He could walk without difficulty, but when he swung his arms, the broken ribs hurt cruelly. Holding his arms tight to his sides, he scouted through the neighboring jungles, where he discovered unmistakable signs of the enemy. Later, he heard a column of infantry approaching, and fearing capture he set fire to the aeroplane and dashed off through the underbrush.

Hour after hour he maintained a fast pace with the pain in his side increasing with every step. When night fell he crawled high into a vine-covered tree. Sound sleep was impossible, but at intervals between fighting insects and making way for jungle creepers he managed to rest and in a rough way bandage up his injured side.

With dawn he started out again, and before noon had forded two rivers and swam a third. Toward nightfall of the second day he came to a river of considerable width, with a swift current and signs of crocodiles. By this time his hunger and thirst were beginning to sap his strength, but with-out thought of his condition or the danger he faced, he plunged into the brackish water.

At the first splash a score of huge "crocs" on a point of land down stream made for him. There followed a race between the man eaters and the quarry that nearly ended disastrously for the Irishman. The last few yards were heartbreaking, for as he glanced back over his shoulder he could see the yawning mouths and ridges of jagged teeth straining to reach him. As he scrambled up the muddy bank he heard a dozen vicious snaps.

Almost exhausted, he trudged through the tangled brush near the river. Gaining a point on some higher ground, he looked back at the scene of his escape. To his horror, he saw the shaggy mane of a lion, which was coming toward him with nose glued to his trail. The nearest place of safety was a tall tree, which he climbed, monkey fashion. The king of the forest nosed about the tree for some time, whining in disappointment over his lost meal, but eventually he went his way.

By this time O'Brien was well-nigh exhausted. His clothes were torn and his flesh lacerated by the brush. The pain of his wounds produced a high fever, and the brackish water which he was forced to drink made him ill. All night long he staggered on, but he remembers little after sundown of the second day.

Toward noon of the third day after his disappearance a sentry far out ahead of the British lines saw a movement in the brush and thought an animal had strayed near. He raised his gun to fire, when a human hand was raised above a cluster of brush. Amazed, the sentry went forward, and there found O'Brien half crazed with thirst, soaked with mud and covered with blood from scores of slight cuts.

His wife, to whom he had been married but a few weeks before he left for South Africa, had left England to join him before he was reported missing. When he recovered from the fever and opened his eyes for his first conscious look at his surroundings his wife was sitting by his side, having arrived in the meantime, and nursed him through the critical illness.

ONE BEETLE A GAS FIGHTER

It Seems Nature Discovered Value of Poison Fumes in War Before the Soldiers in Europe Did.

London.—The discovery of poisonous gas seems to have been anticipated in nature's laboratory. A little British beetle has been employing poison gas to defend itself for untold ages. One of the strongholds of the bombardier beetle (*Brachinus crepitans*) is along the shores of the Thames in the Gravesend district. Here it finds a home under the flat stones that are scattered by the river's bank.

The bombardier beetle is very liable to be attacked by some of the fierce ground beetles, or Carabidae, as they are properly called. As soon as the pursuer draws close a very remarkable thing happens. First of all the bombardier beetle ejects a peculiar liquid which, when it comes into contact with the atmosphere "bursts into a sort of pale blue-green flame, followed by a kind of smoke."

This is seen to have an astonishing effect upon the pursuing beetle. Instantly it seems to be overwhelmed and quite stupefied by the suddenness of the attack. The smoke appears to have a blinding and suffocating tendency, and the effect lasts for a minute or so. During this time the bombardier beetle is able to make good its escape.

Alabama ranks first among the southern states as a producer of migrants.

ECONOMY IN HOME

MANY WAYS IN WHICH MONEY MAY BE SAVED.

Substitutes for Expensive Meats and Other Table Furnishings Are Possible, and Health of the Family Will Be Improved.

By Nellie Maxwell, Department of Farmers' Institutes of the University of Wisconsin.

We all know, if we have given the subject any thought that the feeding of the family is the most expensive item in the list of household accounts.

Every housewife should keep a careful account of her income and outgo. Too many of us are like the young bride who was given a set of books in which to keep her accounts and when asked by her husband at the end of the month if her accounts balanced, showed him the book, on one page was written, "Received of John, sixty dollars," on the opposite page these words "spent it all."

Since the cost of living is constantly advancing it is vitally necessary that real concern be paid to reducing certain items of expenditure, and as meat is one of the most expensive of our foods, any economy in the purchase of it will make a noticeable reduction in the food bill.

By using meat substitutes of cheese, nuts, milk and eggs which are less expensive but fully as nutritious, the expenses may be reduced. Cheese has a food value of twice that of meat pound for pound, and can be used with much less waste. The use of cheese in combination with milk and eggs makes a most satisfactory substitute for meat.

The cheaper cuts of meat may be utilized more often and on the farm all kinds of meat may be salted, pickled, canned or dried for future use. So that in time of plenty prepare for the famine. Pork sausage, fried to sear both sides of small cakes, packed in large jars and covered with the boiling hot fat so that it makes a perfect seal over the sausage will keep to use in midsummer and is a constant source of satisfaction for it is so easy to get it ready for breakfast as it needs but little more cooking. Chicken may be canned when too much is cooked and set away for another time when an emergency calls for it.

The utilizing of left-overs in the planning of the meals is another important point for the housewife to consider. It goes without saying that she plans her menus days ahead in order to save expense and use these left-overs acceptably.

Fruits and vegetables lend themselves to all sorts of combinations as salads and soups, and make dishes that are tasty and wholesome.

The costly habit of eating more than we need is not only wasteful of material, bad on the complexion, but vastly more important, ruinous to the digestive organs. Preparing more food than is used, paring away vegetables and fruits, cooking vegetables in so much water that much of the food value is wasted, throwing away the trimmings and bones of meat, that would make good broths, stews or soups—these are some of the wastes that need to be watched. Constant vigilance is the price of success in expenditures as in other things.

Lemon Preserve.

Peel and cut one dozen lemons in slices and soak for a day in cold water. Then boil four pounds of sugar and a cupful of water for about twenty minutes and stir to keep from burning. Next add the lemons, some chopped raisins and almonds and let thicken slowly. This is a delicious and new filling for sandwiches to serve with iced tea or lemonade on a warm afternoon.

To keep lemons fresh, put a layer of fine dry sand at the bottom of a large earthen jar. Place on this a layer of lemons, stalk end downward, being careful that they do not touch one another. Cover these with a three-inch layer of sand. Add another layer of lemons, and so on until the jar is full. In a cool, dry place lemons packed like this will keep a year.

Some Favorite Potato Recipes.

Potatoes Fried Whole—When nearly boiled enough, put small potatoes into a saucepan with butter or beef drippings. Shake them about to prevent burning until they are brown and crisp. Drain them from the fat. It will be an improvement if they are floured, dipped in beaten egg and rolled in fine bread crumbs and then fried.

Potatoes for Breakfast—Cut cold boiled potatoes in slices lengthwise, dip them in beaten egg and put on a buttered plate in the oven. As soon as they are brown and hot, serve.

The Linen Press.

With regard to household linen, as a rule the middle of sheets wear out first; but by the old-fashioned plan of turning sides to middle you can give them a fresh lease of life. When past use for beds they serve as dust sheets and on ironing boards.

For Delicate Fabrics.

To clean fine muslin blouses, table centers, etc., dissolve a tablespoonful of borax in a gallon of water; put the muslins into this and let them remain for half an hour; then gently rub them out in fine white suds.

Washing Comforters.

When washing summer comforters do not wring them. Let them hang and drip from the line. Then before they are quite dry whip with a beater to make them fluffy and light.