

A Camp Honeymoon

By IZOLA FORRESTER

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Well, it's seven miles from No-where, sure enough," Dell declared with a sigh, after they had climbed the trail for three hours, and still the camp on Mirror lake lay far ahead of them. "I don't care, though. The farther the better, and I hope we'll never see a white man all the time we're here."

Wah-tonah, the guide, heard, and never changed his expression. If the white women who camped on the lake chose to think nobody else cared to camp there likewise, it was not his fault, nor his duty to instruct them. Two weeks before he had climbed the same trail with the three men who wanted to be where there were no women. One had been very ill. One was his brother and helped him over the rough places along the trail. The other sang much. His voice rang out in the wilds like some clear-toned bird call. The guide remembered, too, that he had been like the old hero hunter to look upon, tall and slim and strong, and he had laughed much and cheered the other two.

There was no fear that they would meet unless the curling smoke of the camp fires betrayed them to each other, but Wah-tonah felt his conscience was perfectly clear in the matter. They each had a whole side of the lake to themselves. If they would stay on their own sides there would be no trouble. And here he had a happy thought. Gravely he looked at the three; the one too fat, the one too thin, the one with the hair like sunlight and eyes like deep water in shadow. He did not know their names, but this one he liked best, so he addressed her. "Too much bear on lake," he told her. "Not where you go. All good there. Too much bear other side lake."

"We'll stay right on our own side, thanks, Wah-tonah," Beth said promptly. "Anyway, we're all pretty good shots."

But she remembered what he had said. After the second week at the camp one day she had swung out into the woods to pick berries, and there came a suspicious crackling in the underbrush. Watching keenly, she heard the slow, heavy movements of a body pushing its way through, and before she thought twice she had slung her rifle to her shoulder and sent a good shot straight at the moving bushes. Almost instantly there came a good, heavy broadside of strong language, and Beth sat tight on a log, longing to laugh and only glad the shot had not taken effect.

Out from the woods came her "big game," six feet two, dressed in khaki, and frankly furious. At sight of her he stopped short, stared and then laughed with her.

"Well, you did clip my hat," he said ruefully, showing the two neat holes through the peaked crown. "Do I look like a bear?"

"You acted just like one," said Beth. "How was I to know. Wah-tonah, our guide, told me there wasn't a soul up here but us, and there were bears on the other side of the lake."

"The cheerful liar!" exclaimed the intruder. "He took our whole outfit up there a month ago, and knew we were going to stay, and he's been up with supplies twice since, and never told us anybody was here but ourselves."

"We've got a dandy camp down on the shore in that little curve where the pine grove is. Probably he didn't tell us about you because—well, my aunt's with us, and Dell, that's her daughter; Dell's just had a really terrible experience. She is completely disillusioned, and the engagement's broken, and we came up here to try and make her forget. She had heard of the lake from him, and always wanted to come, I believe."

"Isn't that too bad?" Stanley settled himself beside her sympathetically. "May I help pick berries, too? Maybe we can fix up a truce whereby I'll trade fresh fish with you for huckleberry pies; how's that? I'm dying for a whole pie. We're not much on cooking any of us. There's Frank Carter—maybe you've heard of him, awfully clever fellow, scientist at Columbia—and his brother, Hal. I roomed with Carter during our post-grad years and when he had to come up here with Hal, I told him I'd stand by. He's been pretty sick; nervous breakdown and worry."

"Halbert Carter?" queried Beth, eagerly. "Why, he's the man you know." "The man?"

"Yes, the one Dell was engaged to, and they were to be married this fall, and she went to visit a girl friend, Madeline Collier, and she found out he'd been engaged to her, too."

"Well?" Stanley tried to look serious. "But he had told Dell she was the only girl he had ever loved." "Didn't that prove it, when he'd found out the other was a mistake?" "I don't know." Beth looked away from him over at the waters of the lake. "I suppose to men engagements are just happenings, but perhaps they don't realize there are girls who are different, who really do believe in—"

"What?"

"Why, in romance, don't you know," She flushed a little, but went on, feeling she was pleading Dell's cause against one who was an infidel in the faith of loving. "It was an awful

shock to her to find out he had been all through a real engagement before. Madeline told her she had even started her trousseau."

"It may do her good to tell her"—his tone took on a quick sternness as he stood up—"that Hal's absolutely smashed up over her silly nonsense. He loved her completely. He made us bring him up here because it seemed they had planned to spend their honeymoon here in camp—"

"That's what Dell told me. I must get back, or they'll miss me."

"Let's try and tie up these ends of romance again, you and I," he said. "And don't think me an infidel. I believe, too, in love at first sight."

She ran back down the overgrown path to the camp with his words ringing in her ears and a guilty load on her conscience. But the secret of the other campers was as safe with her as with Wah-tonah, and when she coaxed Dell to take a long hike with her she never betrayed the plan Stanley had laid out. He was to bring Halbert halfway round the lake, up to the rocky point where the pines were and leave him there to rest just when Dell would find her way up the narrow trail.

The two conspirators waited down at the base of the cliff. They had known each other now for two whole weeks, and when Dell and Mrs. Cameron had marveled at the fish Beth caught she only smiled happily. There was too much at stake to give the secret away.

"How long shall we leave them up there?" asked Beth, hopefully.

"Till they come down. If there had been any trouble she'd have come flying back the minute she saw him. It's all right. I'll bet a cookie they get married up here and chase us all away," he laughed up at her. "I've had a corking time, haven't you? I wonder if you still believe that?"

"What?"

"Love at first sight." Above them there came a whistle, then a hall from Hal. "Don't answer yet," he began. "They won't miss us a bit. Didn't you know the first day we met that—"

"They're coming down," said Beth. "I know it's all right." He took her two hands in his and forced her to turn to him. "I've never even asked a girl to marry me before," he said, "and here you won't even listen to me. I'll throw you over my shoulder and carry you back to camp if you don't answer me."

She laughed up at him teasingly as Dell and Halbert came in sight together.

"I'd love a honeymoon in camp, too," she said.

BIRD SAVED LOST BATTALION

And for That Reason "President Wilson" Has Been Cited for the D. S. C.

The carrier pigeon that saved the "Lost Battalion" was a visitor here the other day with the third assistant secretary of war.

This winged messenger, named President Wilson, is the sole survivor of a basket of signal corps pigeons that attempted to carry messages from the "Lost Battalion" to headquarters. For this service the war department has cited it for the Distinguished Service Cross. In action it had its left leg shot away.

The official citation of President Wilson follows:

"During the operations of the tanks in the St. Mihiel offensive, one big blue bird, known to his trainer as President Wilson, working from the tanks, carried messages of importance with such rapidity of flight as to call forth commendations from the signal officer of the first corps. Transferred to the Meuse-Argonne sector, with station at Cuisy, President Wilson again proved his mettle. It was on the morning of November 5, the big blue, with his leg shot off, arrived at his loft. His flight, the second on this front, was made in 21 minutes, over a distance of 20 kilometers. Particularly creditable was the performance of President Wilson because of the fact that he homed in a heavy rain and fog. A powerful bird, of wonderful vitality, the big blue recovered quickly, and today graces the Hall of Honor of the American pigeon service. President Wilson is officially designated as U. S. A. 18, 16374, b. c.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Noted Chinese Engineer.

Jeme Tien-yu, better known among Chinese as Chan Tien-yu, died recently at Hankow. He was the builder of the Peking-Kalgan railway, the only purely Chinese railway, and has held many important posts in connection with China's railways and the ministry of communications. In building the Kalgan road he made a record for efficiency and success in doing good work at small cost not yet equalled by an foreign engineer in China in any large undertaking. He was American-trained.—Far Eastern Bureau Bulletin.

Welcome Troops With Song.

In Frankford, Pa., the war camp community service has organized singing groups to welcome home the boys and to have the groups participate in the great peace celebration which is scheduled for May. The groups will be divided into adult community units, female industrial units and children's units, and will be so distributed about the town that the total number of voices will number about 10,000.

Seems So.

"You frequently see a doctor at the head of a South American republic."

"They are evidently experts at feeling the pulse."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

STRAW WITH VELVET LEAVES



This is a French Tilleul straw hat draped with pink satin ribbon and trimmed with a wreath of velvet-chestnut flowers.

MATERIAL FOR RACE COATS

Waterproof Satin One of the Novelties of the Moment; Dominating Cape Mantle.

A novelty of the moment is black waterproofed satin, which is prepared especially for race coats. To accompany such a coat there might be a draped toque or tam-o'-shanter of the satin, and then the wearer could take her pleasure regardless of the warnings of the weather glass.

As the season advances one realizes, more and more clearly how great is the attraction of the cape mantle; how firm a hold it has taken upon our affections. There are several things to be said in favor of the garment, which takes so many different forms while always remaining picturesque, but its most potent charm lies half hidden in the fact that it is suitable for everyone. It can be and is worn by women of all ages and sizes; it is not—as are so many of the present-day fashions—obviously intended for youthful, slender figures.

Simple chemise robes, made of jersey cloth, are still fashionable. Fine hand embroideries are almost always introduced on the front of the corsage and, more often than not, on the sash ends and short sleeves.

Rat's-tail braiding is the rage of the moment. This work is easily achieved, and on navy-blue serge it gives superb results, with touches of black silk embroidery in the interstices.

Eyes of approval are once more turning on the demure chemisette of organdie muslin or tulle. Some of these "modesties" are fascinating beyond words; so dainty and yet—"so French!"

PEARLS STRUNG WITH CORAL

Clever Combination Made Possible by Bringing Out the Stowed-Away Necklaces.

A resourceful young woman who wanted a very smart, rather long string of beads to wear with a special frock, looked over her assortment of necklaces before faring forth to pay any money on an expensive neck ornament. Put away in one of her treasure boxes she found two old necklaces of previous years. One was a short but very good string of small pearl beads, laid aside because a short string of beads just encircling the throat was neither very smart nor very becoming with present-style costume. The other necklace was a short string of real coral beads, a left-over from childhood days. She discovered that the small pearl beads and the coral beads were exactly the same size and she hit upon the idea of stringing them together, a pearl bead alternating with a coral bead. Quite a long loop was achieved and the gold clasp from the original coral necklace finished off the new necklace beautifully.

FOR THE FANCY WAISTCOATS

Wide Black Silk Trimming Band, Richly Embroidered, Affords Splendid Fabric.

The demand for fabrics that can be easily converted into waistcoats continues. One fabric that meets the demand is the wide black silk trimming band, embroidered with gold and silver threads.

This trimming comes in two widths, one wide enough to make the waistcoat without piecing, the other only wide enough for half the waistcoat. This narrower silk must be pieced down the front, but this piecing is effected with smartness, under a pleat.

Some of the new silk sweaters have wide turn-back collars of contrasting color, that extend to form revers down the sides of the front. They are held back by the wide belt. The belt and revers collar on a cerise sweater are of gray, and on a purple sweater they are of soft old gold.

Swiss Negligees.

Some of the new dotted Swiss negligees are made on tailored lines, with no trimming but Irish crochet buttons and loops of cord to go over them. They have half length sleeves and are made with the waist line shirred in on cords. These, of course, wash easily. Perhaps more dainty are the Swiss negligees made with a binding of colored washable satin ribbon around sleeves and collar, and with perhaps a satin sash run through loops under the arms, or a string sash of the Swiss, ending in little satin balls.

Value of the Hands and Fingers Provided for by European Insurance Scale

In many cases surgeons have to estimate the chances of saving injured hands and the comparative value of hands and fingers. According to a scale of value furnished by the Miners' Union and Miners' Accident Insurance companies of a European country, the loss of both hands is valued at 100 per cent in the ability to earn a living. Losing the right hand depreciates the value of an individual as a worker 70 or 80 per cent, while the loss of the left hand represents from 60 to 70 per cent of the earnings of both hands. The thumb is reckoned to be worth from 20 to 30 per cent of the earnings. The first finger of the right hand is valued at from 14 to 18 per cent, that of the left hand at from 8 to 13½ per cent. The middle finger is worth from 10 to 16 per cent. The third finger stands least of all in value—although, like other useless members of the community, it is surrounded by riches, its value being only from 7 to 9 per cent. The little finger is worth from 9 to 12 per cent. The difference in the percentage is occasioned by the difference in the trade; the first finger being, for instance, more valuable to a writer than to a digger.

Bamboo Needle of the Phonograph—Process Wood Must Go Through

It was F. D. Hall of Chicago who discovered the bamboo needle of the phonograph. The Scientific American relates the many woods with which he experimented before he found the right one and describes the intricate processes that the bamboo goes through before becoming a needle.

The hard point of the needle is formed from the enameled cortical surface of the cane. The poles, 20 feet long and from 2¼ to 3¼ inches in diameter, carefully selected, are sawn into pieces about an inch long and split in two. Machines split these again into prism-shaped blanks for needles. To force out the sap and replace it with oil and wax in the myriad cells of the cane, the bits are put in drip kettles and lowered into vats laden with an oily mixture at 340 degrees Fahrenheit, where they remain 40 hours. Then they go into tumbling barrels containing hardwood sawdust, where they get cooled and polished.

Each needle is inserted by hand into a cutting machine that snips the point into the familiar triangular form at the rate of 30,000 needles a day.

Mother's Cook Book.

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong—How hard the battle goes—the day how long—Faint not! Fight on! Tomorrow comes the song. —M. D. Babcock.

Pies of Various Kinds.

Of all desserts, pastry seems to be the most favored.

Raisin Pie.

Take a cupful of chopped raisins, cover with one cupful of boiling water; mix one tablespoonful of flour with half a cupful of sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon, a little salt and a tablespoonful of butter. Beat the yolks of two eggs and stir into the mixture. Bake in one crust, cover with a meringue made from the two whites beaten stiff.

Lemon Pie.

Mix one tablespoonful of flour with one cupful of sugar, add one cupful of milk, the juice and rind of one lemon, the yolks of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix well and fold in the well-beaten whites just before filling the pastry shell. Bake in a hot oven at first, then more slowly to cook the filling.

Cream Pie.

Bake the pastry shell for this pie before filling. Beat the yolks of three eggs, add one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and two cupfuls of milk. Stir and cook until smooth and the starch is well cooked, then add a teaspoonful of butter and pour into the baked shell. Cover with a meringue using the two whites, brown and cool before serving.

Ripe Currant Pie.

Take one cupful of crushed fruit, one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water and one of flour, the yolks of two eggs. Cook and fill a baked shell, cover with a meringue of the whites, and brown. This pie may be more quickly made by putting the filling uncooked into an uncooked pastry shell and baking quickly at first to cook the pastry, then slowly to finish cooking the currants. Currants that have been canned fresh by crushing with equal parts of sugar, may be used in this recipe, using a pint can. Pie plant may be used in place of the currants for this pie, making a most dainty dessert.

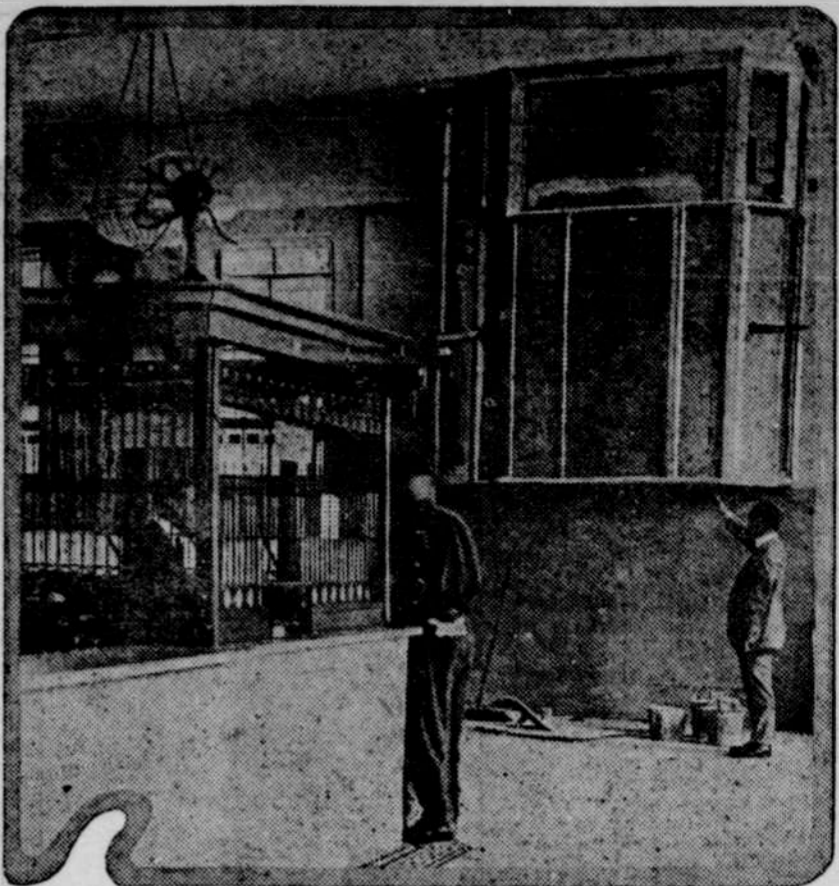
Blueberry Pie.

Line a deep pie plate with good pastry and fill with two and a half cupfuls of blueberries, mixed with half a cupful of sugar, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt and six green grapes with the seeds removed. Cover with a crust and bake nearly an hour. The berries should be dredged with flour.

Neer's Maxwell

Bank Prepared to Battle Bandits

Installs "Pill Box" Made of Steel, in Which Armed Guards Are Stationed Day and Night



Due to the great number of bank robberies in Chicago, the Pullman Trust and Savings bank has installed a "pill box," constructed of heavy steel, in which armed guards are stationed day and night to prevent robbers from looting the bank. The guards are equipped with high-powered rifles and shotguns and are prepared to protect the bank both from the interior and exterior. The "pill box" is built half inside and half outside the bank building, so that the occupants, through the portholes provided for the rifles, can have an unobstructed aim at would-be robbers, within or without the building.

FOR POULTRY GROWERS

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

When open range is not available and hens must be confined, poultry specialists of the United States department of agriculture recommend the division of the hen yard into two lots, so that green stuff may be grown on one side while the other patch is being grazed. As soon as the green feed is two to three inches high the hens may be turned on it, while the other lot may be spaded up and sown again. This plan provides plenty of green feed throughout the year for the average back-yard flock.

The green crops should be suited to local conditions, those suggested below being adapted to moderate climatic conditions. For the extreme North or South the planting dates should be modified. Thickly sown crops furnish succulent feed and summer shade. From April 1 to July 1 on growing yard 1—oats, chard or lettuce, clover or vetch, sunflowers, cowpeas, rape may be grown. For feeding purposes on yard 2—winter rye, winter vetch, sweet clover may be grown, as well as crimson clover in the latitude of New Jersey and south.

From July 1 to October 1 the oats, chard and lettuce, clover or vetch, cowpeas and rape on yard 1 may be fed, while buckwheat, dwarf Essex rape and flat turnips are grown on yard 2. From October 1 to April 1 the growing crops on yard 1 should consist of oats, winter rye, winter vetch, sweet clover and crimson clover, while at the same time in feeding yard 2 buckwheat, dwarf Essex rape, flat turnips and soy beans are grown.

HERE AND THERE.

The man who likes to do a good job regardless of the pay he is getting is the man who will always be sure of a good job to do.

The man who loses his temper is apt to lose the argument too.

Charity begins at home and if the high cost of living keeps up it will have to get started there mighty soon.

Go to the sick if you want to learn to appreciate your health.

What Causes Colors in the Beautiful Rainbow

While it is true that the beautiful colors displayed by the rainbow are due to the passage of light through rain drops, the popular conception that the drops are directly in line between the sun and the bow is incorrect. The light enters the raindrop and is refracted and reflected back to form the bow. In this passage through the drop the different colors are produced which, blended, make our ordinary white light. Two persons standing side by side see two different bows, though they present the same appearance.

Electric Fans in India.

Electric fans have made it possible to keep churches and theaters in southern India open in summer months.

In 1699 They Smoked Big Cigars Made Just as They Are Made at Present Time.

The earliest known mention of cigars is in a book published in 1740 under the title of "Distresses and Adventures of John Cockburn." It appears that Cockburn was cast on a desert island in the Bay of Honduras, from which he swam to the mainland, and thence traveled afoot to Porto Bello, a distance of 2,600 miles. Here he met some friars who gave him some "seecags" to smoke. "These," he says, "are some leaves of tobacco rolled up in some manner that serves both as pipe and the tobacco itself." Though this is the earliest date at which cigars appear to be mentioned by that name, so far back as 1498 two soldiers sent by Columbus to explore Cuba told their companions on their return how the natives carried in their mouths a lighted firebrand made from the leaves of a certain herb, rolled up in maize leaves. The description of an Indian method of smoking given by Lionel Wafer, in his "Travels in the Isthmus of Darien," in 1699, shows that they then smoked cigars made just as they are made now. The manufacture and consumption of cigars in northern Europe only dates from the close of the seventeenth century.

LIFE'S LOVELINESS

Sometimes the abundant beauty of the world
Makes my heart tremble and ache.
Some autumn, when summer's banners are unfurled,
Or autumn's glory on the winds is tossed and whirled,
I think my heart will break.

For loveliness is often too great to bear.
Trees laced at twilight, how they lift me up
To the far heights of heaven! And winds that stir
At evening bid my soul with God confer.
I drink the beauty of the world as from a cup.

Why should I almost weep when I behold
The quiet moon, a ship blown down the night?
Over and over I watch the shadows fold,
Over and over I see the stars' clear gold,
But never yet have I lost the new delight.

I weep for gladness, as women weep when Love
Enters the heart, singing its age-old song.
And I weep that the cloud which sails that sea above
Will drift from my dreams and all the hopes thereof . . .
And I weep that life is short, when I thought it long.
—Charles Hanson Towne in Harper's Magazine.

Patent Medicines Drove "Yarbs" Out of Business

"Yarbs" are little known to the present generation. The patent medicines drove the "yarbs" out of business. The writer made his first acquaintance with one little "yarb," the goldthread, when as a boy he was given its wiry, yellow, bitter rootstocks to chew for canker in the mouth—truly not a delicious morsel.

The small, white flowers of this plant develop some interesting features. The outer divisions are the sepals, though they serve in the usual capacity of petals as well. Each real petal is small, club-shaped and terminated by a cuplike disk which, strangely enough, has been transformed into a nectary. The pistils are curiously hooked.—W. L. Beecroft in Boys' Life.