

MARRYING ROYALTY

So Carl Said When He Wedded the Queen of Cooks.

Mrs. Bliss came into the day nursery, her large rosy face growing a deeper pink with the exertion of climbing the stairs to the third floor.

"Good morning, Miss Newton," she smiled at the little nursery governess who was sitting with Bobby in the window seat. "I wonder if you and Bobby wouldn't like to play today? We are going to picnic at the pine grove and—"

"Oh, mother-honey!" Bobby flung his sturdy self at his parent. "Will there be lemonade and chicken sandwiches? And can I wear my new white Tommy Tucker suit?"

"Yes, to everything," laughed Mrs. Bliss, kissing him and moving toward the door. "Can you be ready in 15 minutes, Miss Newton?"

"Of course we can, Mrs. Bliss! We wouldn't miss a picnic for the world, would we, Bobby?" She jumped up and put away books and toys. "Come, child!"

They danced down the corridor to Bobby's room where nurse quickly put him into the much-admired suit. In the meantime Beth Newton brushed her red-brown hair and slipped into a dainty pale blue gingham frock, then the girl and the little boy went sedately downstairs to the front veranda where three motor cars were waiting for the merry house party that had filled the Bliss country home for ten days.

Some of the girls and women came up and spoke to Bobby and nodded kindly to the little governess; one of them, Miss Nugent, tall, graceful, and carefully kind in her manner, introduced Beth right and left, until presently the girl found herself in timid conversation with Mr. Carl Bellew, so many times a millionaire that no one troubled to remember exactly how many dollars there were and only recalled that he was just as nice as if he didn't have a penny.

At last they were off, Beth and Bobby tucked away in the tonneau of the last car with Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, the footman and the lunch baskets which overflowed on to the running boards and the luggage carriers.

"This is jolly!" cried Bobby enthusiastically as they swept out of the driveway and turned up the road that led to the Pine Mountain.

Beth smiled absently. Perhaps she was thinking that it might have been pleasanter if she had been in one of the other large cars among that merry crowd of girls and young men. But she chided herself sharply for the momentary discontent and was soon her own accustomed happy self, enjoying the unexpected holiday to the utmost.

At the pine grove the picnic hamper was unloaded; James, the footman, built a fire and was then allowed to return home with the machines. They were to come for the picnickers at sundown. "One can't have a jolly picnic with servants around," Mrs. Bliss had decided.

Leaving the fire to take care of itself the party trooped through the pines to the glade where a waterfall tumbled among the brown rocks. An acrid smell of burning brought them running to the campfire.

The fire had overcrept the boundaries of its encircling stones and had licked its way among the pine needles until it reached the four large hampers.

There was nothing left of the food save blackened remnants, and of the hampers there remained only charred splinters. As the picnickers reached the scene the last soda water bottle exploded with a sickening report.

"Seven miles from anywhere!" groaned Mrs. Bliss.

"And not a thing to eat!" added Mitchell blankly.

"Or to drink," mourned Mr. Mitchell as he grubbed among the ruins of the hampers.

There was a murmur of discontent among the young people. Some of the men volunteered to walk back to the house and bring something to eat but the question was quickly decided when a few heavy drops of rain fell.

"Where is the nearest shelter?" asked Carl Bellew.

"It must be old Ned Blake's shanty," replied Mrs. Bliss. "At least it will keep us dry for awhile. Come, everybody!"

Someone laughed a spirit of adventure into the party and so they hastened down the slope until under the shoulder of the mountain they reached a long, weather-beaten shanty built against a great rock that formed its rear wall.

Ned Blake was a hermit who gained a living by gathering herbs and berries in season.

Repeated knocks upon the door brought no response. "The latch-string is out," suggested Beth Newton.

Carl Bellew pulled the latch-string and pushed open the weather-beaten door. The poor furnishings were spotlessly clean and neat but the hermit was absent.

"We must find something to eat and we can pay Ned when he returns," said Mrs. Bliss as she sank down in a cushioned Boston rocker, while the young people found seats on the rag-carpeted floor before the open fireplace.

Soon Carl Bellew had a fire of hickory logs blazing on the hearth while Lillian Nugent and Beth New-

ton explored the pantry. Miss Nugent returned to the living room.

"There isn't a bit of cooked food in the place—not even bread!" she announced. "There are flour and sugar and eggs and potatoes and some canned things—what can we do? Do any of you girls know how to cook eggs?"

Miss Taylor confessed that she had made creamed eggs in a chafing dish at home—but she shrugged her shoulders.

The other women were silent. Beth Newton stood in the kitchen doorway, her face pink with shyness; she looked distractingly pretty at that moment.

"If you don't mind waiting a half hour I believe I could prepare something fit to eat," she announced timidly.

They applauded her enthusiastically and offered to help. She accepted Miss Taylor for an assistant in the kitchen, and Lillian Nugent opened the tiny cupboard and prepared to set the table for a dozen people from the hermit's scanty store of crockery.

Beth lighted a fire in the cracked old cookstove, Carl Bellew and Andy Smith carried firewood, and opened the cans of vegetables.

Bobby danced in and out reporting progress. "Baked potatoes! Hot biscuits—um! Bacon—mother, they're cooking bacon and eggs out there!"

They were doing all those things, while outside of the frail shelter a summer rain drummed on the shingles and made the fire and the coziness more desirable.

At last they sat down at two tables. They gave Beth a seat of honor, and no one told her of the dab of flour on her hair or the smudge of soot that became a beauty spot near her lively eye. With her flushed cheeks, her ruffled brown hair, her pale blue sleeves pushed up above her rounded elbows, Beth Newton was radiant.

They were all so good to her, too! She smiled happily, too tired to eat. Her eyes met Carl Bellew's and something in the man's gaze brought a hot flush to her cheek. After that her eyes did not wander far from her plate.

As a delightful surprise Beth produced a steaming apple pudding with maple syrup, and in token of their gratitude Andy Smith hastily plucked a bunch of herbs from the rafters and solemnly crowned her with a wreath of catnip, the queen of cooks.

By the time the dishes were washed and put away the sun was shining outside. The invaders had restored the house to order and Carl Bellew had pinned a note on the table cover. Inside of that envelope were folded crackling banknotes of such large denomination that old Ned Blake would never cease to marvel over the accession of riches that made his declining days more comfortable.

They returned to the scene of the campfire, and all too soon the three motor cars arrived. Somehow Mrs. Bliss managed to smuggle Beth and Bobby into the same car with herself and Carl Bellew, and that night when she went to bed the girl assured herself that she had rounded out her perfect day.

A few days later the party had broken up and the picnic was forgotten by all save Beth Newton and Bobby—and, perhaps, Carl Bellew. His place was not very far away and he found many excuses for calling on the Blisses. When kindly Mrs. Bliss realized that it was her little nursery governess whom Carl Bellew wanted to see, she remembered her own days of wooing, and entered wholeheartedly into matchmaking.

"Dear," said Carl Bellew one October day when he had received Beth's answer. "I've loved you from the beginning, but when I tasted your cooking—"

Beth's hand pressed his lips in silence. She looked up at her splendid, gallant lover.

"Ah, Carl," she murmured. "I am such a humble little thing—so unworthy of you! You might marry a princess—or a queen!"

Carl threw back his head and laughed. Then he gathered her closer in his arms.

"I am going to marry a queen," he protested, "the queen of cooks!"

Her Oversight.

"That last cook you sent me did not suit at all."

"What was the matter?"

"She couldn't cook."

"Oh, why didn't you say you wanted one that could cook?"

And No Insurance.

Bookkeeper—The old man's getting to be quite an incendiary.

Cashier—What's the answer?

Bookkeeper—He fired two more men today.

After Marriage.

"Tell me, Vanessa, does your music help you make your home happy?"

"Not much. A sonata is of little interest to a man when he wants a boiled dinner."

She Knew Father.

"All the world loves a lover, you know," said the young man.

"You'll find out your mistake when you speak to father," replied the sweet young thing.

Paw Knew the Answer.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what is an underwriter?

Paw—An underwriter, son, is a woman who always adds a postscript to her letters.

Soon in the Soup.

"Dinner's ready," thought the ladie.

"I suppose I'll soon be in the soup."

White Women Among Cannibals

IF YOU were a woman rich enough to live wherever you wanted to live, to go wherever you wanted to go and to do whatever you wanted to do, would you choose to go alone into Darkest Africa, and to strike up acquaintance with cannibals?

Yet this is what Mrs. Marguerite Roby did, because she loves adventure and was "inoculated" with the longing for traveling in strange places.

Maybe you might fancy some wild experiment if you had with you a white companion, man or woman. Or if you went into the jungle you might, if you were a woman, fancy the comfort of a native woman companion.

But Mrs. Roby chose for her guides and followers simply the black men of the trackless African country, and in departing had so won the affection of the natives that they wanted to have her as queen of the Congo.

Recovering from an attack of blackwater fever, the result of her recent explorations, Mrs. Roby talked entertainingly of her unusual voyages and some of the queer experiences she had in the course of an 8,000-mile tramp through the largely unexplored and mostly cannibal Kasal country in the lower Congo region of Africa, with only the natives for companions. Mrs. Roby was in New York for eight weeks on her way to the seashore.

"I suppose," she said, "it does take courage—mental as well as physical—to sit all night, as I have, back to back with the negro boy, each well armed with rifles, in an endeavor to quell a mutiny; to be days at a time without the sight of a white person; to travel through the districts infested with sleeping sickness—whole villages were practically wiped out with this dreadful scourge—to have your eating and drinking supplies stolen in the depths of the wilderness; to face the incredible loneliness of the jungle trail

tribes, and he acted as my interpreter throughout the trip.

"The responsibility of providing food depended largely upon me. Salt and beads, given the natives, would get us food occasionally, but as a rule I had to 'shoot' our supper. Fortunately there is a bountiful supply of game in Africa, which simplified our provisioning.

"My carriers deserted one day at a point between two warring villages, leaving me alone with my interpreter. The village we were making for was inhabited by cannibals, whose chief had a habit of either eating or making slaves of all the other natives who had the temerity to approach his balliwiek. As I approached I feigned not to see him, but kept my gaze on the sky, watching some birds winging by. Then picking up my gun, I fired, and the birds began dropping all around us. This had the desired effect of impressing him, as I hoped it would, and he became very friendly, promising me food for my followers and myself—a very special kind of meat. Imagine my horror when a few minutes later I saw two men carrying the leg of a black man they had killed the day previous and were then using for food.

Shoots Big Game.

"The greatest danger," continued Mrs. Roby, "is not from native treachery or even violence, but from the wild beasts, which infest the camps."

Big and little game she shot in profusion, and laughs at the assumption of hunters that any great prestige is attached to anything so simple as shooting big game.

"The attention I received in many of the villages was of a remarkable order. Many of the inhabitants had never seen a white woman before, and on my arrival they gathered around me, examined my dress, stroked my hair and patted my hands. I had to wear my hair in a plait down my back,



AN AFRICAN JUNGLE

without any white companions, and to have more than once just missed furnishing a meal for savage natives. But to me it was all a wonderful experience, one I would be glad to repeat—in parts.

Traveler Since Childhood.

"I was inoculated young with the desire to travel. As a very young girl I was sent to Australia from England for my health, and that trip developed into a round-the-world trip, which left me determined to see all there was in the world to see.

"As soon as I was old enough I proceeded to extend my horizons, until the unfrequented corners of India, Persia, Australia, China and Japan had little left to offer. Then came Africa, where all alone I explored the less known parts of the Congo land. The reported atrocities of the Congo so horrified me that I just had to go and see if they were true.

"I traveled from one rubber post to another, through country often unexplored, taking complete charge of the expedition myself, my native carriers averaging twenty-five or thirty in number. My path was frequently through villages of cannibal tribes. It was necessary at each post to get a fresh escort, on account of the different dialects used by the different tribes. I was fortunate, however, in having one who knew the languages of all the

because my boys would steal my pins and amuse themselves, and me very much more, by arranging their hair in all sorts of fantastic ways with my pins. I arrived in Elizabethville with three lone hairpins, all that was left of my goodly stock."

Mrs. Roby made a good deal of her journey by bicycle.

"It is difficult to blaze new trails in African territory," said Mrs. Roby, "for whenever a new chief comes to the fore the village or province is named after him or by a name of his selection. So the hopelessness of trying to follow a map of any kind is apparent, and mistakes must naturally follow on account of these inevitable errors in maps and charts.

"On my return trip I took many detours, because I heard that the natives had rebelled and were being cruelly massacred. I found them in revolt, it is true, but I saw no single instance of the intense cruelty pictured to me, and the natives were really happy, prosperous and contented. When the rains fall and there are no crops, starvation is the result, but then that is true of all the southern climates. India, for instance, and I assure you I left with sadness these strange people who, from a desire to 'bail me for soup' developed an affection so strong that I was asked to be queen of the Congo."

SINGING WAS WOMAN'S FORTUNE

Announcement That Miss Smith Would Sing "For All Eternity" Was Too Much for Drummer.

Her delusion was a belief in her ability to sing and she was giving a musicale. A violinist and a pianist were assisting the singer, who had arranged to sing 20 numbers, and in this way left very little room for the other performers.

A commercial traveler who had drifted into town, found interest centering upon the concert, and, having nothing else to do, bought a ticket and obtained a seat well to the front of the hall.

Promptly at eight the aspirant for vocal laurels began to sing, and she repeated the operation at short intervals for the best part of three hours, while admiring friends applauded. By eleven she had succeeded in singing a little over half of her numbers, numerous encores having delayed her somewhat.

The names of the songs were not printed on the program, so a tall youth with a nasal voice announced each selection. Finally, about half past eleven, the young man arose and said:

"Miss Smith will now sing 'For All Eternity.'"

"My Gawd!" exclaimed the drummer, springing to his feet and upsetting his chair. "I'm all in—let me out."

NOT OF THE NEW SCHOOL.



"Dobbins is an unnatural father."

"How so?"

"His baby threw his gold watch from the third-story window to the pavement and he didn't see anything cute in it."

Skeptical.

"I overheard a young fellow talking to his best girl on a trolley car yesterday."

"What did he say?"

"He told her he would never tire of hearing her voice, and when she asked, 'Not even in admonition?' he answered 'No.'"

"Well, what did you think about that?"

"I recalled David's saying that all men are liars."

No Science.

"Isn't it dreadful to see the way those boys are fighting?" exclaimed the agitated old lady.

"Tis so, madam," answered the man with sporting instincts, who was an interested observer of the combat. "Neither one of them seems to know the value of an uppercut."

Truth Will Prevail.

They met at the soiree.

"Permit me," he remarked, "to introduce my friend, Professor Spoof, author of 'Genius a Species of Insanity.'"

"Oh, I'm so glad," responded the fair young thing. "I am delighted to meet a genius."

His Thought.

Bacon—I see the best excelsior is made from basswood, or linden. Aspen and cottonwood, however, supply nearly half of the total amount manufactured.

Egbert—Is that so? I always thought excelsior was made from breakfast food.

Awful Medicine.

Church—A Danish nerve specialist places his convalescent patients on top of a piano that they may be benefited by the vibrations as it is played.

Gotham—That certainly ought to make 'em forget their nerve troubles.

Too Thin.

"I see wood is cut thin enough to be used as a substitute for wall paper," said the father behind his paper.

"Well," said the young son, feelingly, "mother seems to have some such idea when she's cutting the pie."

Grateful Acknowledgment.

"This show is intended to benefit the tired business man," explained the manager.

"It does the trick," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "It's the first two hours' sleep I've had in a long time."

Useless Equipment.

"Were your accomplishments as a linguist of value to you while you were in Europe?"

"Not much. I had studied five languages, but I was so scared I couldn't speak any."

Overheard in Street Car.

First Young Thing—Don't you just dote on Shakespeare.

Second Ditto—I adore him. Our club gave his "School Scandal" last month and it was perfectly lovely.

DANUBE IN HISTORY

River Has Always Been Great Highway of Commerce.

Dardanelles Has Ever Been Looked Upon as the Real Mouth of the Great Waterway of Eastern Europe, With Reason.

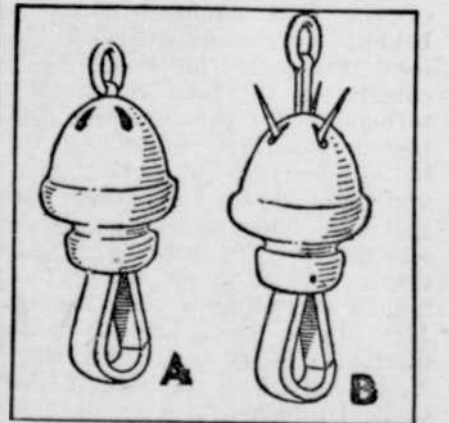
Probably most Americans know more about the Danube as the subject of a popular waltz than as a historic highway of commerce and a strategic frontier. Perhaps some of our readers were astonished to learn that the allied fleets are "opening the mouth of the Danube" by forcing the Dardanelles. They know that the Danube empties into the Black sea and cannot understand the statement. Technically, they are correct, but, the Philadelphia Inquirer says, from time immemorial the Dardanelles has been looked upon as the real mouth of the great river of eastern Europe, and for the best of reasons.

In his will Caesar Augustus expressed a wish that Roman conquests should never proceed north of the Danube. He had succeeded in making that river a strategic frontier by adding a chain of forts which extended to the Swiss Alps. Behind this barrier were unknown hordes of savages and barbarians who were certain at some time by economic pressure or by a restless spirit to assault the integrity of the empire, and Augustus foresaw that any extension beyond this frontier would be dangerous. Unhappily, his advice was not accepted, although the reasons for a forward movement seemed excellent at the time. The imperial legions crossed the Danube, and the name Roumania remains as a relic of their forward movement. It proved a fatal mistake, for pretty soon the Danube became the danger spot of the empire and the seat of the government was transferred to Byzantium, the modern Constantinople. Gradually the Roman empire divided and fell under the oncoming rush of Goths, but the struggle along the Danube has continued to this day. Hun and Turk entered Europe along this great highway and were with difficulty turned back at Vienna. Since that time the Balkan question, with its control of the great river, has been dominant in European politics, and never was more important than today.

TO FOIL THE PICKPOCKET

Barbed Guard is an Old Device, but It Is Guaranteed to Hold the Watch Secure.

Though patented so long ago that the patent has run out, the device for holding a watch secure from pickpockets, which is illustrated herewith, is so ingenious and so little known that it deserves to have attention called to it. It consists of a little acorn-shaped bulb between the hasp and the ring to which the chain is attached, and in this bulb three slender, sharp spikes that protrude the instant the chain is pulled. The spikes stick into the lining of the pocket, from which the watch cannot possibly be pulled. As soon as the pull is released the



A, the Watch as It Rests in the Pocket. B, the Same When the Chain Is Pulled.

spikes drop back into tiny holes. The owner of the watch has to take hold of its ring and not of its chain when he wants to take it out.

Would Leave Bullet in Body.

"The mere presence of a bullet inside the body will of itself do no harm at all. The old idea that it will cause infection died long ago. . . . We now know that, provided they are clean, we can introduce steel plates, silver wires, silver nets, into the body without causing any trouble at all, and a bullet is no worse than any of these. It is a matter in which the public are very largely to blame, for they consider that unless the bullet has been removed the surgeon has not done his job. Unless he has some specific reason for it, I know that the surgeon who removes a bullet does not know his work.

"It may be the mark of a Scottish ancestry, but if ever I get a bullet in my own anatomy, I shall keep it."—"A Surgeon in Belgium," by H. S. Souttar, F. R. C. S.

E Pluribus Unum.

Dribble—Hello, old boy! What are you doing now?

Scribble—Writing for the magazines.

Dribble—Don't you find it rather thankless sort of work?

Scribble—On the contrary, nearly everything I write is returned with thanks.