

MARRYING ROYALTY

So Carl Said When He Wedded the Queen of Cooks.

Mrs. Bliss came into the day nursery, her large rosy face glowing 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, childie!"

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 hampers were unloaded; James, the footman, built a fire and was then allowed to return home with the machines. They were to come for the picknickers 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 overtopped 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 picknickers 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 Bliss. 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.

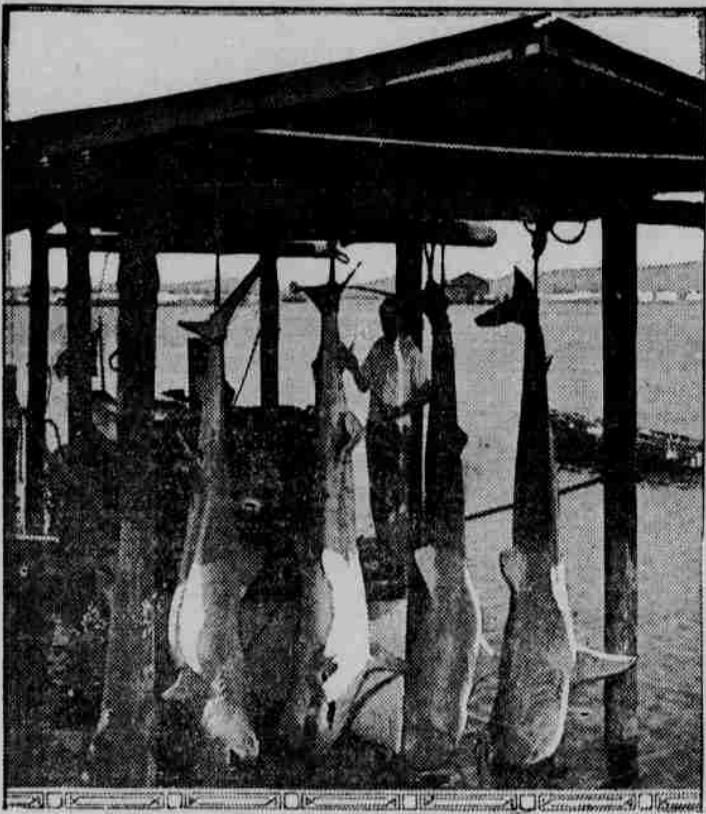
Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what is an underwriter?

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."

FISHING for MAN EATERS



ONE DAY'S CATCH

Those who live upon the islands of Samoa never let pass an opportunity to kill a shark. The waters which surround that little world are infested by them; and sometimes a native will be caught and killed by one of the terrible man-eating monsters—quite frequently enough, indeed, to give a savage a zest to the sport. It would be difficult to say whether even bird-catching occupies a higher place. The natives are wonderfully expert and courageous, and as the flesh of the shark is the principal dainty at their great feasts, parties of men are forever going in search of it.

The favorite time is when a storm has just blown itself out, for the sharks have been driven inshore, and may be found sheltering in great numbers under the black rocks that border the lagoons. The men, who have rowed out in a frail canoe, throw food overboard, piece by piece, and this serves the double purpose of attracting the sharks and gorging them so that they may be rendered easy of capture. The water around the boat quickly becomes alive with the brutes, and when the bait is devoured they retire to the shadowy waters where rocks overhang stretches of smooth sand, and there they lazily stretch themselves at full length, and sink into a half sleep.

Catch Them Asleep.

The natives in the canoe paddle slowly along, and presently discover one of these sharks in drowsy slumber. The leader of the fishers raises his hand in signal to the paddlers to stay the course of the boat, and one man—generally a young and active fellow—climbs over the side into the water, and with the noose of a strong rope of bark fiber in his hand, dives beneath the surface. Swimming quietly along under the water, he comes to a sleeping fish, and with a quick, deft movement slips the noose over its tail.

Then, as gently as he came, he returns to the canoe, and when he has clambered safely back into it the natives take hold of the rope and rouse the shark from its sleep with a mighty pull together. The shark is dragged through the water before it has time to reflect, and in spite of its sudden panic and frenzied struggles, it is gradually hauled toward the boat. By keeping its tail clear of the water the natives have made it practically helpless; and at last, by a peculiar movement, they jerk it into the canoe, and a tremendous blow with a club finishes its career.

Sometimes the shark has backed into a crevice or hole in the rocks before it has settled down to sleep, so that its head alone is accessible. In such a case the diver will swim up to it, and with the utmost coolness tap it gently but firmly on the head. Sleepy and gorged with food as it is, and annoyed by the interruption, without knowing exactly the cause of it, the shark turns round with a swish in a space barely large enough for it to lie in. As it does so it exposes its tail, and the diver cleverly drops the noose over it and returns to the boat in the customary manner. For the sake of variety, a baited hook is carried out by these natives and dropped in about 12 feet of water, the line being then brought back to land. When a shark seizes the bait, and is safely hooked, the natives shoulder the rope at the edge of the water, and, singing a rude, measured chant, dance inland, dragging the fish into the shallows, where it is speedily killed.

Sport Is Dangerous.

The sport is exceedingly dangerous, as can be imagined, but the Samoans are taught to be as much at home in the water as are the sharks, so that an astonishing indifference is displayed toward them. In some parts of the islands shark-fishing is regarded as being as much a trade as a sport, and the operation are carried out by a different method from those described above. The boats

are a rope 15 or 20 feet long around a small barrel that has been well plugged up and made water-tight. To the end of the barrel is fastened a large steel hook, baited with dried fish. Several of these barrels, with rope and hook attached, are put on board a yacht and a start is made for the noted shark grounds just outside the harbor. On their arrival at the shark ground the casks and lines are thrown overboard about 100 yards apart, and the yacht cruises round, awaiting developments.

Presently one of the barrels commences to rock up and down and dance at a great rate, sometimes disappearing under the water and reappearing at a distance. Then a boat is lowered and its occupants row as rapidly as possible toward the floating barrel. Backward and forward, in circles and winding lines, the elusive cask is pursued, and only after a long period of hard rowing, sometimes for hours, is it captured and towed to the yacht, the hooked fish dragging after it as a matter of course.

The tactics pursued at night are different. A line of great strength, 300 feet long, is employed with the usual hook and chain attached and baited as described above. One end of the rope is tied to the wharf and the well-baited hook is thrown a few yards away into a shallow pool in the middle of a patch of moonlit sand. Very soon a dark object is seen gliding like a shadow from the deep water across the sand toward the pool and halting a few feet from the bait, the fishermen, of course, all sitting as still as statues a little distance away.

When the fish has made a meal it starts off back to the deep water again, and the rasping of the rope signifies that the hook is in its mouth. Then—and not until then—the men jump for the rope and run with it in the opposite direction. The shallow water is now cut into foam as the taut line is pulled through it, and the shark splashes with great fierceness and fights strongly for its life. The tugging men away rapidly to and fro until their efforts are at last triumphant, and the shark is hauled up on the sand.

American "Royalty."

The American Bonapartes, one of whom was married a short time ago in New York, are descendants of the Emperor's youngest and most troublesome brother, Jerome, from whom Prince Victor Napoleon, the present head of the house, also traces his descent.

Jerome married Miss Elizabeth Patterson in Baltimore in 1803, but his brother refused to recognize the marriage and in 1806 annulled it, married him to Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, and made him King of Westphalia.

The American Bonapartes derive from the Patterson marriage and the European family from that with the German princess. The American family have been generally undistinguished, but one of its members, Charles Joseph, was secretary of the American navy from 1905 to 1908.

Preserving a Famous Flag.

Work on the restoration of the original Star Spangled Banner which floated from the flagstaff at Fort Mifflin when Key wrote the national anthem, was started recently at the Smithsonian institution, says Baltimore Sun. The work will be in charge of Mrs. Fowler of Boston, who is the most widely known expert in this line, having had charge of the restoration of the seventy-five trophy flags of the war of 1812, now at the naval academy, for which work congress appropriated \$30,000.

The matter of a souvenir program for the national Star Spangled Bicentennial celebration in September was finally decided upon at a meeting of the managing directors. It was agreed to issue an artistic publication entirely free of advertising.

BOY'S PLEASURE AND PROFIT

No Part of Farming More Fascinating to Average Youth Than the Care of Poultry Flock.

(By KATHARINE ATHERTON GRIMES.)

There is no part of farming more fascinating to the average boy than the care of poultry. At the same time, there is no branch that offers him a better chance of success. Even a very small boy can manage a small flock of chickens successfully.

It does not cost much to get started—another item in favor of the poultry business. The equipment need not cost much, and, in fact, most of the needed coops and fixtures can be built by almost any ambitious boy with very little expenditure outside of his own work. Then a small outlay for eggs, or a trifle larger one for stock, and he is ready for business.

There are several ways of starting a flock. The best plan is the one that best suits the pocket, the circumstances and the time of year. The



A Breakfast Beggar—Children and Chickens Are Always Good Friends, Provided the Former Are Taught to Be Kind and Considerate.

cheapest way is, of course, to begin with a sitting of eggs, or perhaps two or three, and work up gradually from that.

It is a common saying that "there is more in the feed than in the breed." This is very true, for any breed, properly fed and cared for, will be sure to give good returns, if the strain is good. And right here is where the caution should come in. In buying fowls for the flock, do not be satisfied with anything but pure-blooded fowls.

Nearly everyone has some preference, either of size, color or other qualities, and there are none of the standard breeds but what have much to recommend them. So if you wish to keep Brown Leghorns, or Buff Orpingtons, or Black Minorcas, you will be perfectly safe in doing so, no matter what someone else may say in favor of other breeds. But when you have adopted a particular kind, stick to it.

When you are selecting your fowls, insist on having nothing but good, young birds. Throw out all the old hens; they have seen their best days.

Before you try to pick out your fowls, study up well on the characteristics of the breed you have chosen. If the hens are to weigh five pounds, standard weight, see that yours come pretty near to that weight.

Read everything on the poultry question that you can get hold of. Do not be afraid of being called a "chicken crank" or a "hen granny." When people want good stock, they always go to some "chicken crank" to get it. It is a good advertisement for your business to show that you are wholly interested in it.

Watch your flock. Experience is what counts. Get acquainted with your hens. They will soon learn to know you, and there are no finer pets, or more profitable ones, than ten or a dozen handsome hens.

A well-kept flock of hens means a steady income—enough to keep you in spending money while you are waiting for your crops to grow. That one thing is enough to recommend poultry keeping as a suitable "side line" for the boy farmer.

ORIGIN OF OUR FAIRY TALES

Bluebeard and Cinderella Are Translations From French—"Babes in Wood" Is English.

Some of the most popular of the fairy tales told us in childhood—"Bluebeard" and "Cinderella," for instance—are translations from the French. "Puss in Boots" came from Italy. "Jack and the Beanstalk" is German. "Jack the Giant Killer" originated with the old Norwegian sagas while "Aladdin" and "Sinbad" came from the "Arabian Nights."

"The Babes in the Wood," however, is a purely English story, being in fact, a popular perversion of the murder of the young princes in the tower. "Little Red Riding Hood," too, is English, though its exact origin is uncertain.

Whisper in the Heart.

One of the sweet rewards of right-doing is the consciousness of being pleased with oneself. That is not the same thing as the cheap complacency which stifles aspiration, and checks achievement. Perhaps it is the whisper of God to the heart saying, "Well done."—Girl's Companion.

Vulgar Fractions.

Teacher—Tommy, if a hen and a half lays two and a half eggs in three and a half days, what will four and a half hens lay in five and a half days? Tommy—Please, miss, an omelet.

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M.D.

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CANCER AND THE RADIANT RAYS.

It is exceedingly difficult for most of us to grasp offhand a clear understanding of anything we cannot see with our own eyes, hold in our hands, touch, taste, smell or hear; but with a very little effort we can achieve the seemingly impossible and secure an understanding of phenomena beyond the reach of our personal senses. And this is well worth while because a comprehension of natural forces enables us to live sane, wholesome and therefore happy lives.

An emanation is anything flowing or radiating out from something. For example, we speak of light emanating or radiating from the sun. In the evolution of our modern views of the constitution of matter the study of the radiations has furnished some of the most significant clues in connection with both the undulatory or wave radiations of which light is the characteristic example, and also of the corpuscular radiations, which are proved beyond all question to consist of particles of matter or electricity. These particles are proved to be traveling at speeds varying from one millimeter a second to approximately the velocity of light, which is as we all know, 186,000 miles a second.

When ordinary bodies are heated to about 500 degrees Centigrade (932 degrees Fahrenheit) they begin to emit visible light, no matter what the substance may be, and the radiations appear to be due to this definite temperature and are referred to as temperature radiations. But in certain cases light is found to be emitted at a temperature far below that at which temperature radiations set in, and these phenomena we know as luminescence, phosphorescence and the like—light without heat, we call it. But one and all are due to the interchange of some form of energy and most of it is beyond the border line of our ability to perceive without external assistance to our limited senses.

We have noted the effects of direct sunlight in a general way and now come to the matter of indirect sunlight, for we should not for a minute forget that all forms of energy on this earth are but converted sun energy. But before considering the subject of radiations in general perhaps it would be best to survey very briefly the field of their application to our needs in order to get the connection and show that the matter is worth considering.

Shortly after the X-rays were discovered it was found that they exerted a destructive influence on living tissues, which became more marked the longer animal structures were exposed to them, and immediately it was suggested that here we had the long hoped for remedy for the destruction of cancer. But soon it was learned that it was a very dangerous power.

In Germany a few careful, conscientious workers have very persistently developed the technique and apparatus, as all human experience proves must be done in every department, and have slowly evolved a method that is showing most encouraging results in cancerous conditions and in some forms of sepsis.

Kroenig's clinic at Freiburg is equipped with modern apparatus and with some 1,700 milligrams of mesothorium and radium. Mesothorium is some 300 times as concentrated as radium, but gives similar results in shorter time. At the clinic, where for cancer only a slight operation is required, the operation is performed and then the ray is used; where a severe operation ordinarily would be required the ray alone is employed. Natives who can be kept under long observation are never operated upon, but are merely subjected to the ray. Foreigners who can remain only a short time are often operated upon and then the ray is used on them. At this clinic the mesothorium and X-ray treatments are generally combined. The clinic reports 350 cases treated, with 100 per cent of cures.

Bumm in Berlin has 650 milligrams of mesothorium and his statistics show 96 per cent of cures.

This clinic also reports two cases of puerperal sepsis treated successfully. Beginning with a temperature of 103.2 Fahrenheit, one case 12 hours after treatment showed a temperature of 100.4 degrees, and 24 hours later the temperature was 98.6 degrees, or normal, where it stayed.

Results had in these cases were considered not due to any bactericidal action that the ray may possess, but rather to a change in the blood itself, which makes it untenable to these bacteria. It is considered to bear out the vaccination theory of the X ray, this being that there is a rapid manufacture of the antibodies. This theory and these results are exceedingly suggestive in connection with the results we have recently considered from the use of the direct rays of the sun in the matter of surgical tuberculosis cases and of heliotherapy in general.