

The Wrong Rushville

By Marlon Warrington

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"I am tired of it all," spoke Myra Cloyd, and she sighed and really looked weary and discontented.

Mrs. Verner, her aunt, glanced at her quickly, shrewdly. She traced signs of worry in the fair guest who had entertained through a busy social season.

"You need a rest, a change, dear," she remarked soothingly.

"The change, perhaps, yes," admitted Myra. "Rest? Oh, just the reverse of that, dear aunt. I can never thank you for all the trouble you have had to give me the grand time of my life, but there is so much hollowness and insincerity to all the people I have met, that I am not only disappointed, but weary of it all."

"I am what they call a worldly woman," spoke Mrs. Verner gravely, "but down to my heart of hearts I commend your point of view. My thought has not been to merge you into the social whirl, but to give you the experience that will enable you to contrast the varied issues of life. I had hoped, though, that the philanthropic work would interest you."

"Aunt, dear," broke in Myra passionately, "it is there that I have seen the weakness of the system followed. I will not say that good results in the concrete are not attained, but so much expense, so much time wasted by impetuous members with a theory to exploit. Oh, aunt, if only I could go direct to the poor and suffering! I would give my services, the fortune dear dead father left to me to relieve them."

"You would be deceived, robbed on every hand," declared Mrs. Verner. "Good, kind soul that you are! spend a week or two with Aunt Martha at Rushville. It will quiet you and settle down your ideas after the turbulence of the past three months."

Myra had never been to Rushville, but she had twice received a visit from Aunt Martha when her father was alive. She recalled the plain-faced but charitable-hearted old lady, anticipating guidance and help in framing up her life work, for Myra felt that she had a call to assist in the great benevolence her fortune

would allow. She was tired and had a headache and longed only for a restful seat on the train, when she reached the big crowded Union depot.

"Rushville," she spoke, approaching one of the many ticket selling windows, received a bit of stamped cardboard, and was soon part of the iron guard gate and selecting a seat on the shady side of the car.

Myra let her mind drift. Then she must have dozed. It was quite dark and the car lamps were just being lighted when the train slowed up and the conductor sang out:

"Rushville."

Myra caught up her satchel and stepped out upon the platform of a little flag station. It was surrounded by freight trucks, there were no houses in sight, only a crippled flagman, whom she approached. This train had gone on.

"I must have made a mistake," she spoke flutteringly. "My ticket was for Rushville and the signboard on the little depot is 'Way 22.'"

"Yes," nodded the old man. "Rushville is a mile and a half west. They have no railroad there."

Myra looked dubiously across the level twilight stretch before her. There seemed to be no way of obtaining a vehicle, so she set out to walk the distance. She hastened her steps as the gloom of night began to develop the dreary landscape. She had nothing to go by except the broad direction from the flagman that Rushville was "west."

She was startled and affrighted as suddenly a vague form loomed up in her path. Myra came to an irresolute standstill as the figure confronted her. It was that of a haggard, attenuated man, whose eyes glanced balefully and who kept muttering incoherently. Almost involuntarily she breathed forth:

"I have lost my way. I wish to reach Rushville."

"Oh, easy, that!" cried the man with strange animation. "Come on, ma'am, I'll help you. Oh, yes, indeed, I will!"

He laughed in a queer, terrifying way, but Myra was willing to trust to any guidance to reach her aunt. The man kept ahead of her. Abruptly her course was blocked by a high stockade. The man lined this. At its end was a great gate which stood barely open. She pushed Myra through the aperture. She shrank back, but he seized her arm and quite forced her into one of many small buildings. There a light burned. Myra gazed about her in consternation. It held half a dozen cots and as many reclining

chairs. Each was filled with an invalid—the bloodless faces and languid poses told this much.

"Ah!" spoke a sudden brisk voice, "you come back," and Myra noticed the speaker as a professional looking young man, who at once called someone from outside. Two men appeared and bore her guide away against his will. The young man stared strangely at Myra.

"I cannot understand why you are here," he spoke, and trembling, fearful Myra explained. The young man looked serious and troubled.

"There are two Rushvilles accessible from the city Union depot," he said, "on different railroad lines, and I fear you got a ticket to the wrong one. The Rushville just beyond here is a poor industrial town. Typhus has broken out and I am Doctor Willis, in charge of the hospital here. I am very sorry, miss, but you have been exposed to the disease through the folly of that escaped patient, and will have to be quarantined."

It came upon Myra with a shock, but never was physician more gentle and reassuring than her courteous, intelligent host. He explained to her that the law exacted her isolation for fourteen days. He assured her, however, that she should have a room in the house himself and his sisters occupied.

"I shall give you preventive medicine," he explained, "and from your general appearance I believe you will be immune from infection, as I am myself."

The sisters of the doctor were like warm-hearted sisters, indeed, to Myra. They gave her a room by herself. The next day she had recovered her natural poise and became interested in their helpful duties. They took care of their brother's dispensary, nursed the convalescents, and Myra felt really happy and contented as they gave her some cloth to make bandages of, and became a helper in good work of the stockade hospital.

"It is my first experience in actual work among the poor and sick," Myra told Dr. Willis one evening. "You are a blessed task."

She regarded him with genuine admiration. His tirelessness, patience and skill had made him a model in her eyes.

"You are free to leave us tomorrow," he spoke, and his tones were regretful. "It will cheer my sisters to hear from you occasionally."

"I will do more than that," replied Myra in her clear, truthful way. "They tell me that the typhus will be stamped out here within a month, and that you will take up a charitable work in the city. Let me assist you—oh, please!"

And from Myra's rough experience at the wrong Rushville grew the blessing of finding her life's true work—side by side with her noble husband.

NEW IDEA IN EXCAVATING

Hydraulic Mining Cartridge Is Said to Be the Most Powerful Yet Devised.

It is often hard, and sometimes dangerous, to use ordinary explosives for mining and excavating in confined spaces, a fact that has led to the development of the hydraulic mining cartridge as a safe and effective substitute.

The cartridge consists of a steel cylinder containing numerous small pistons that expand when water is injected into them with a hand pump. After drilling a deep enough hole, the workmen insert the cylinder, and then set to work at the hand pump. The tiny pistons expand until their free extremities bear against the mass of rock with constantly-increasing force, and the rock is gradually fractured under the tremendous pressure. The operation, it is said, is not only cheaper than the ordinary blast, but disintegrates a larger area of rock.

Chlorine.

Chlorine, which in its liquid form the Germans are said to be using in their poison bombs, owes its discovery as an element, as well as its name, to a British scientist, Humphrey Davy. It was in 1810 that he found the mysterious gas to be unchangeable into other elements. Should we decide to flatter the Germans by imitating them there would be no difficulty in finding the chlorine. The earth and the sea are full of it, in the form of salt. It would indeed be difficult not to find chlorine—in one or other of its combinations—wherever one tried, in earth, air or water; but it would be impossible to find it anywhere except in alliance with another element.

Why the Stars Twinkle.

Although the twinkling of the stars is commonly referred to, they do not twinkle at all. The stars are really suns that throw out light, just as our sun lights the earth.

When the rays of light from the stars strike the air which surrounds the earth they have to pierce many little particles which are always floating about in the atmosphere. It is this interference between us and the source of light which gives the appearance of twinkling.

On certain nights the light of the stars will appear so bright and clear as to attract particular attention. This is because the air is so clear there is less interference than usual with the rays of light in reaching the earth.

Its Kind.

"I got the agent to give that incoherent tenant with only three rooms to the disagreeable tenant next to us."

"That was what you might call a suite revenge."

Such ignorance.

"Ahem! That dancer is wearing only a few beads. Do you suppose she calls them clothes?"

"My dear fellow, certainly not! That's a costume."

A Woman's Discovery.

The wife of Congressman Taylor of Colorado says that the women of that state have found that "it does not take as long to vote as it does to match a piece of silk!"

THE SANDMAN'S STORY

By Mrs. F. A. Walker

MR. FOX VISITS JACK RABBIT.

Jack Rabbit had just the kind of an experience that Mr. Fox told him he would. In trying to grow a long tail by wetting himself in the brook and drying himself in the sun he caught so bad a cold that for a week or more he could not get out of his burrow, and finally he sent a squirrel to ask Mr. Fox if he would not come to visit him and bring some wisdom with him, for he was still too ill to go out, and more than that he was lonesome from staying so much alone in his burrow.

"Tell Jack Rabbit that I will come this afternoon," said the fox, when the squirrel had delivered the message, and early that afternoon he set out for the visit to the rabbit.

Jack Rabbit certainly was glad to see him and set out for him the best that he had in his home. There were bits of lettuce and a fine bunch of sweet clover, and most delicate of all the rabbit's palate, were tender tops of some celery plants which had lately put their heads above ground in Farmer Johnson's garden.

Mr. Fox made believe that he enjoyed the green stuff, but really it was not at all to his liking, and he was glad when the meal was over and he settled back for a talk with Jack Rabbit.

"They were sitting very near to the opening of the rabbit's house and were talking contentedly when Jack Rabbit started the fox by saying: 'Look there at the opening of my burrow. There is something growing across it.'"

"The fox looked and saw a spider industriously at work. From side to side of the hole he traveled, carrying with him the tiny thread, out of which he was weaving his web."

"Did you ever see such a spider before?" asked the fox.

"Never," said the rabbit, "and what is he doing and why should he come here to my house?"

"He is weaving his web," said the fox, "and a wonderful thing it is, too. No other insect can make so wonderful a fabric nor so strong."

"How strong is it?" said the rabbit.

"So strong," said the fox, "that other insects caught in it cannot escape, but are held fast for the rest of their lives. What the net is to the hunter the web is to the spider, though the spider is more wonderful in that he makes his web from material which he himself supplies."

As the fox and the rabbit watched the spider he completed his web and retired to one corner, where he rested.

"See," said the rabbit, "he has covered the whole of the entrance to my house and we are both prisoners within."

Just then a beetle walked lumberingly up to the opening, intending, it appeared, to go out into the sunshine for a little while. As he tried to go out he ran suddenly against the web and stopped. Hunt where he would there was no opening by which he might get out of the burrow. Next a bumblebee buzzed along the ground and, seeing the hole, thought he would like to visit the rabbit's house, but when he came to the web it stopped him and he flew away disappointed.

Jack Rabbit began to get alarmed.

"How am I to get out?" he asked the fox. "And if I am imprisoned here I shall starve to death."

"Do not be alarmed," said the fox. "You are about to learn a lesson that ought to serve you all through your life. You have seen the beetle and the bumblebee trying to break the spider's web in vain. You have seen them try once and not succeeding, have seen them give up the task. But what seemed impossible to them is really not hard at all. I have enjoyed the afternoon with you very much. I hope that you are on the way to being well again and now I must be going."

The rabbit watched carefully as the fox went toward the entrance, expecting to see him unable to break through the web and go into the open field. But when the fox reached the web he walked straight through without the least trouble. Jack Rabbit was much surprised, but not to be surprised in connection with the fox, Mr. Fox you were forgotten to tell me the wisdom you were to teach me today."

"No, indeed," said the fox, "I have not forgotten. Instead, I have just given you an example of wisdom which will be of great service to you to know, which is that nothing is ever so hard as it seems."

Looking for Mamma's Husband.

Little Lola was standing at the front gate, gazing anxiously up and down the street, when a woman passer-by paused and asked: "Are you looking for someone, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Lola. "Dinner is on the table, and I came out to see if mamma's husband was coming."

MYSTERY PARTY IS AMUSING

While Weird Story is Being Related Candles Go Out to the Amazement of Children Present.

If you are looking for some form of novel entertainment, give a mystery party. Not long ago a hostess entertained at a party which was a great success. She led us into a darkened room, and when all were seated, she brought in a shingle on which were placed three candles. This shingle was set on a low table, in full view of all, and the candles were lighted.

When all was quiet, she began a weird ghost story, in the weirdest part of which the first candle went out; in a few minutes more the second candle went out, to the increased amazement of the spectators. When the story reached its thrilling climax and the third candle mysteriously went out, there was a rush for the door, and the hostess felt that her scheme was a success.

The candle extinguishing is easily explained. The wick of each had been previously cut, and each was cut a different distance from the top of the candle. This is done with a sharp knife, and the two pieces of the candle are then pressed together, so that the cut cannot be detected. If any party is found in making the two parts stick together, it is overcome very simply by heating the wax very slightly before replacing.

ROBIN DEVOURS MANY WORMS

Little Songster Includes in His Daily Menu White Grubs, Beetles, Wasps, Moths, Ants, Etc.

Could you, upon demand, with your eyes closed, recall to mind, and describe accurately enough for identification purposes, Robin Redbreast, the cheerful companion of everybody, everywhere?

Put to the test at a dinner recently not one of the diners could depict Mr. Redbreast in a way to set him apart from his bird fellows. And yet, Robin is the most common and familiar of our birds, recommended by ornithologists as a convenient size for comparison with other natives of birddom. His clear song is held up to the beginner in bird study as a standard of comparison by which the student may learn to distinguish the songs of other species.

If you have any sentiment left in your soul, at the mention of his magic name you will fly away with Robin Redbreast to the land of your lost youth, where old-fashioned sweet-smelling posies bloom in the dooryard, and on the limb of the old apple tree, close by the open window, you will hear him persistently calling again and again—far too early in the morning—"Cheerily-cheerup, cheerily-cheerup."

Is he not worth saving for his beauty and good cheer, alone?

Besides being a general good fellow Robin is a most useful and industrious citizen. Mrs. Robin demands very fine grasses with which to line her cozy nest, and when the baby Robins arrive, they have such enormous appetites it keeps both Mr. and Mrs. Robin on the jump to supply their steady demand for fresh earthworms.

The Robins include in their daily menu white grub, beetles, cutworms, grasshoppers, crickets, moths, ants, wasps, caterpillars, larvae of the zipsy-moth, the brown-tail moth, the forest-ten moth, canker-worms, leaf-eating and wood-boring beetles, wire-worms and army-worms. It has been noted that when Robins are scarce, and the army-worm advances, and on the coming of numbers of the Robins the army-worm disappears.

Most laborers ask more than board and lodging for their toil. For all his useful services (for which Robin only asks food and shelter, and hastes there for himself) some selfish and ungrateful folk begrudge the faithful little worker the bit of fruit he gathers now and then for himself and family. Uncle Sam is authority for the statement that the industrious American Robin really prefer wild fruit when he can get it, and advises the man who wants his orchard free from insects, to allow a few trees for the birds or plant some wild mulberries for these profitable tenants of field and orchard. The Russian mulberries, which ripen the same time as cherries, are preferred by the Robins to cultivated fruit.

Home-Making Project.

Seven thousand boys and girls in Minnesota are taking part in some form of farm or home-making project this year. They are engaged in corn growing, pig raising, bread making, gardening and canning, poultry, calf and other contests. In the corn test alone 3,000 boys are enrolled. Of girls engaged in bread making there are 2,000. More than 55 counties have already held bread-making "field days." Five hundred Minnesota boys and girls entered the pork-production contest.

His Intention.

"Well, my little man," asked the new minister, "what do you intend to be when you grow up?"

"A bartender!" promptly replied Clarence Callipers.

"Wh-a-a-t! A bartender?"

"Yes! I want a change. I'm tired of being president every time company comes!"—Kansas City Star.

Mother of Russian Cities

KIEV, the wealthiest, most important and largest city in the path of the Teutonic invaders of Russia, is one of the oldest and most important of Russia's towns. A statement given out by the National Geographic society describes this place, the famed "mother of Russian cities."

Kiev is beautifully situated on the broad Dnieper among a cluster of golden hills. There are other cities in Russia to dispute its claim of being the cradle of the modern empire, but it is the undisputed cradle of orthodoxy, the birthplace of Russia's church, and it is still a first religious center. Holy Kiev is known as the Russian Jerusalem. It is a city of many churches, monasteries, sacred relics and of numerous saints. More than a quarter of a million pilgrims have regularly visited the holy city each year during times of peace. As a place of pilgrimage, Russian Kiev ranks with Mecca, with Jerusalem and with Rome.

It is a prosperous city, a modern and a progressive one. In its newer parts the streets are broad and straight, and are built up with fine homes and public buildings. In the old quarter there are modern buildings from three to six stories high, which is a rare thing in Russia. The Krestchak is a splendid thoroughfare, cut upon the most approved of western city plans. However, as in Petrograd, the wide, regular streets of the southern metropolis are a heritage from the founders.

Founded in Seventh Century.

Take away the churches, with their turnip, pineapple and pear-shaped domes, take away the pilgrims and the

visiting peasants, and Kiev has little that is typically Russian. With the growth of its industry and commerce, it has adopted the modern city habit, a habit which is the same the world around.

Despite its obtrusive newness, Kiev is an ancient city. Its fortunes have been intimately connected with the fortunes of Russia. It was founded about the beginning of the seventh century, and its authentic history begins with the arrival of the two Scandinavian knights, Askold and Dyr, who left Novogorod to take possession of it. Kiev early became Christian, and the Greek faith was carried to the rest of the Russians from here. In the eleventh century there are said to have been 400 churches within its walls. The relations between Byzantium and Kiev were close, and much of the Greek culture that has mixed itself with Russian life entered the empire by way of this city.

Kiev has been badly battered in more than 1,000 years of wars and internal disorders, but it has had a saving way of quickly covering up its wounds and beginning afresh with redoubled courage. At one time it was the capital of the Russian state. It was subject for more than two generations to the Mongols, when it fell to the possession of the Lithuanian principality for 239 years, for 85 years it was under the sway of Poland, and was finally reunited to Russia in 1686. It is by far the most important city in the Ukraine.

Has Beauty and Industry.

The city lies on the right or west bank of the Dnieper, in the midst of

lovs, through Pinsk, marks the lowest depression of the vast, unhealthy marsh tract. In the direction of this line the Pripiet flows east, and numerous tributaries flow to the Pripiet from the north and from the south. Pinsk is joined by a canal to the west with the Bug, and thus with the Vistula and German Danzig. The Orghinsky canal to the north connects it with the Niemen, while the Pripiet brings it into connection with the rich lands of Little Russia. The Russian government has been conducting works for the draining of the swamps around Pinsk since 1872, and some 8,000,000 acres have been reclaimed. To the east of Pinsk, however, lies a great stretch of land almost hopelessly water-logged.

While the introduction of railways diverted some of the water-borne traffic of Pinsk, it still enjoys a considerable commerce, and, before the war, there was every promise that its river and canal carried trade would increase enormously. Grains, meats and other farm products; leather, timber and timber products form the bulk of its commerce. The town has a number of factories which turn out matches, leather goods, soap, beer and woodwork. It has a population of about 30,000, more than two-thirds of which is Jewish. The hand of Mars has borne heavily upon the town, and it has been razed to the level of its own swamps several times in the fierce passage of invaders.

Knowledge.

A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge.—Thomas Carlyle.

He Knows It Now.

"That fellow certainly needed a haircut," remarked a customer who had just taken the chair occupied by an individual with a wondrous thatch covering in a nearby tonsorial atelier. "That man is the finest musician in New York," said the barber. "Why do musicians wear long hair?" asked the inquisitive customer. "Pshaw, I thought everybody knew that," answered the man in the white coat. "They wear long hair to protect their ears, of course—their sensitive ears. All depends with musicians on the ears, the same as all depends on the eyes with painters. And the ears of musicians are delicate, liable to take cold, liable to aches, inflammations and what not. So they protect them with long hair, and you have no more right to laugh at the mane of a pianist or violinist than at the protective shields and pads of your favorite half-back!"—New York Times.

Decline of the Roman Empire.

To a certain extent the decline was due to the empire having outgrown its strength. Its ramifications in the

HOT WEATHER MEALS

COMBINATIONS THAT GO WELL IN THE SUMMER.

Hot Savory and a Cold Salad Are Always to Be Recommended—Some Suggestions That Are Worth Remembering.

A hot savory and a cold salad make a good combination for the summer luncheon, and the savory is a useful dish for the disposition of left-over scraps of meat, fish, etc.

The foundation of a savory is usually a triangle on a finger of buttered brown bread toast, or fried bread, pastry or blanchet. The filling may be varied indefinitely, and its arrangement depends upon available materials.

Here are a few suggestions for the use of materials common to all households:

Tomato Toast.—Half an ounce of butter, two ounces of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of tomato; paprika. Melt the butter and add the tomato (either canned or fresh stewed), then the grated cheese; sprinkle with paprika and heat on the stove. Cut bread into rounds or small squares, fry and pour over each slice the hot tomato mixture.

Ham Toast.—Mince a little left-over boiled ham very finely. Warm it in a pan with a piece of butter. Add a little pepper and paprika. When very hot pile on hot buttered toast. Any left-over scraps of fish or meat may be used up in a similar way, and make an excellent savory to serve with a green salad.

Sardine Savories.—Sardines, one hard-boiled egg, brown bread, parsley. Cut the brown bread into strips and butter them. Remove the skin and the bones from the sardines and lay one fish on each finger of the bread. Chop the white of the egg into fine pieces and rub the yolk through a strainer. Chop the parsley very fine and decorate each sardine with layers of the white, the yolk and the chopped parsley. Season with pepper and salt.

Cheese Savories.—These make a more substantial dish, and are delicious when served with a celery salad: Six oysters, six slices of bacon, fried bread, seasoning. Cut very thin strips of bacon; the bacon that can be purchased already shaved is best for the purpose. Season the oysters with pepper and salt, and wrap each in a slice of the bacon, pinning it together with a wooden splint (a toothpick). Place each oyster on a round of toast or of fried bread, and cook in the oven for about five minutes. Serve very hot, and sprinkle with pepper.

Uses of Pineapple Juice.

The juice left from canned pineapple is fine for use during the canning season to impart flavor to tasteless fruits, as the pear. A pint of juice added to the water in which pears are cooking gives it an excellent flavor. For canning the pineapple is often put up in grated form, or after being run through a chopper. Although it may be served in various forms, the fruit is so excellent that the simplest form is as good as any. Sprinkle a little sugar over the slices about an hour before wanted and set in the refrigerator. If the fruit is quite ripe when served very little extra sugar is needed, but, like all other tropical fruits when sent North, it has to be gathered in a green state and is seldom found quite ripened from the field.

No fruit lends itself with greater readiness than the pineapple to coaxing art of the canneries and the preserving factories.

Banana Cake.

Make any one-egg cake, or better still make a sponge cake and bake in round tins, two layers; slice banana on cake and cover with whipped cream; simply lay another layer of cake on first and cover again with bananas and cream.

Whipped Cream.—Take one cupful sweet cream, add the white of an egg to give it body, small pinch of salt and whip all together until thick; sweeten to taste and flavor with vanilla.—Boston Globe.

Pineapple Cake.

Mix one egg, half a cupful of butter, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of milk, one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder and two and a half cupfuls of flour. Bake in two layers and when ready to serve put grated pineapple on each layer of cake. Whip half a pint of cream, sweeten to taste and put over pineapples.

Dumplings That Never Fail.

Two cupfuls of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of sweet milk. Stir and drop in small spoonfuls into plenty of water, in which meat is boiling. Boil with cover on for fifteen minutes, then put cover on and boil ten minutes longer. These are very fine with either beef or chicken.

Rhubarb Custard.

Stew about one and a half pounds rhubarb and one cupful sugar. Make a soft custard of one pint milk, two eggs, half cup sugar and one tablespoonful cornstarch in a double boiler. Let both cook, then pour custard over the rhubarb. Rhubarb is much better stewed in double boiler, too, using no water.

Sour Cream Dressing.

One-half pint sour cream, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful pepper, one teaspoonful mustard. Beat the cream until it is light and thick; add the other ingredients. Sweet cream may be substituted if desired.

New Artificial Leather.

A substantial prize has been won by a Belgian inventor in Italy for an artificial leather made of cotton, which is said to be as durable and elastic as the genuine article.



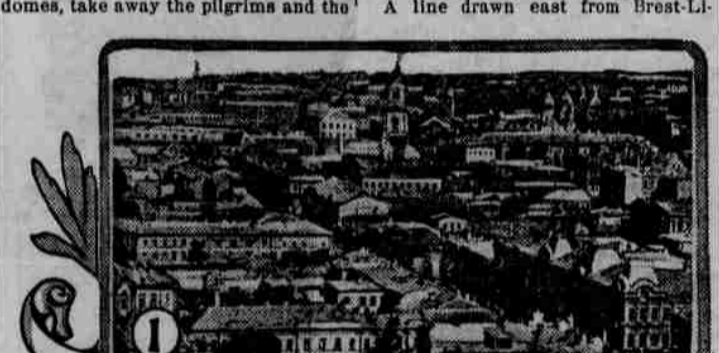
"Rushville," she spoke.



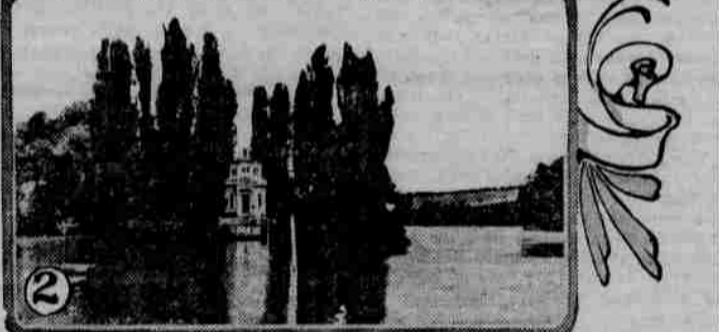
"He is weaving his web," said the fox.



Robin Redbreast, a Good Fellow Who Rids Field and Orchard of Insect Pests.



1 GENERAL VIEW OF KIEV



2 IN THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE GARDENS

visiting peasants, and Kiev has little that is typically Russian. With the growth of its industry and commerce, it has adopted the modern city habit, a habit which is the same the world around.