

A Soldier's Idyl

By JESSE ETHEL SHERWIN

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Every mother was in tears, ever sister looked sad. Only the thoughtless sweethearts and those who had no relative going to the front seemed indifferent to the occasion.

It was a pathetic picture, for all the brave or mock-bragant bearing of the boys in khaki. In the minds of all was the sorrowful knowledge that many among the old five hundred recruits leaving the training camp for an eastern shipping point, were viewing friends and home for the last time.

As to the soldiers, every man was erect, bright-eyed, laughing, joking and singing. One fair-haired fellow seemed to be the prime favorite of the group with whom he marched.

"All got your troubles, fellows?" he jollied. "Free from care—tra-la-la! Not a living relative in the world, so no weepers, and if I 'get it' on some lone lull, why, no mourners."

There was a tug at his arm as he ranged up with the others on the depot platform to await the backing in of the train. He turned, off came his hat—a gratified flush crossed his face.

"If you please, Mr. Wilbur," spoke a shy, lovely, dimpled-girl, scarcely his own-age. "Could mamma say good-bye to you?"

Roy Wilbur had said he had no relative or friends in particular. He recognized his mistake. Was not Eva Burt here at his side? And her mother had been poor and obscure he had never dared to raise his eyes with the fervor he inwardly experienced, but now a sudden hope inspired him.

"You have neglected us of late, Mr. Wilbur," spoke Mrs. Burt, but her tones were indulgent, almost caressing. No one could resist the appeal of that boyish, ingenious face and the pathos of his environment.

"Training camp—getting ready to leave," and like fragments of explanation tided Roy through a confused apology.

"We shall think of you wearing this in the trenches," continued Mrs. Burt, handing Roy a parcel containing a sweater. "Home-made, and especially for you, and Eva—"

The young girl fluttered like a timid bird. "It is only a little comfort kit, Mr. Wilbur," she said.

Their eyes met as he accepted the little package. Then Eva Burt burst into tears and hid her face against her mother's arm.

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Burt, herself deeply affected, and her hand rested upon the uncovered head with a gentleness of a blessing. "I know you will make us all proud of you."

A quick order came from an officer, and, waving his hand in adieu, Roy hastened back into the ranks, a new ideal came into his life at that moment.

"Strike her up!" balled a comrade, and the unslung ukelele twanged out a melody he could now inspire with genuine appropriation and fervor. "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

At the open window of the passenger coach he was going over the sprightly air to the accompaniment of the voices of his comrades, when the train started up. In the near distance Mrs. Burt was waving her handkerchief—chief in adieu. Eva, standing just behind her, kissed her hand to him. He thrilled. He was no longer friendless nor lonely.

"You're putting the right punch into that song," enthused a fellow soldier, and every note brought new life and courage to dashing, reckless, single-hearted Roy Wilbur.

In the trenches the whimsical little instrument did its cheering duty, and its lovable owner was the soul of that jollity which makes hardship endurable. One night Roy was returning from a visit to a near camp, when a portion of the brigade to which he belonged swept by him, bent on capturing a redoubt somewhat ahead. As he drew aside to let them pass a shell burst directly over his head. He was thrown prostrate, with a dozen ugly wounds.

Roy lay there awaiting the coming of an ambulance following the troop. He was faint, in pain and dangerously hurt, but he unslung the ukelele with which he had been entertaining the camp he had visited. Out—upon the clear air rang the notes of his favorite air, encouraging those on the march, and they broke out into resounding cheers.

Roy Wilbur was taken to the hospital, to collapse. Then there was fever, delirium, two months' convalescence, and one fair, sunny morning the chief surgeon pronounced him on the way to recovery.

"Where's my ukelele? I want to celebrate!" were almost the first words Roy spoke, all his old sprightliness coming back to him.

"What do you want with it?" questioned his attendant.

"Want to play, 'The Girl I Left Behind Me!'"

"I'll send it in."

"Wonder if she ever thought of me?" ruminated Roy. "Wonder if—"

"They sent this in," spoke shy, but tender tones, and a girl-in-the garb of a Red Cross nurse entered the room, the cherished ukelele in hand.

Roy looked up, wondering, then radiant. The girl looked down, delightfully, blushing and quivering with emotion.

At the side of Roy Wilbur stood "the girl he had left behind him!"

LIFTING AUTO OUT OF RUT

Simple Contrivance Proved Effective When Machine Mired and Serious Trouble Seemed Certain.

Every one at some time or other, has doubtless come upon the unfortunate spectacle of a big autotruck stuck in a rut—perhaps holding up traffic. The next time you encounter such a catastrophe recall the experience described by Edwin L. Purkess in Popular Mechanics Magazine, and you will be able to offer valuable suggestions at a moment when such suggestions count for their full value. Mr. Purkess writes:

"A heavy auto truck became mired in a deep rut on a country road, and the driver, without assistance and with only the auto jack available, was forced to devise some means of again getting his machine under way. The method employed was so simple and effective that it may be of interest to most motorists. Two saplings were set across stabs of wood, laid on either side of the truck wheel. Then the tail-board chain was rigged between the saplings just inside of the wheel. A tourniquet of rope was made with a small stick and fastened to the free ends of the saplings. The jack was set under the rim of the wheel, and as the latter was lifed the tourniquet and the tailboard chains were drawn up to bring the saplings close against the wheel. By this means the wheel was gradually lifted out of the rut, and extra stabs placed under it so that the truck was then easily driven to solid ground. Saws were also piled under the axle as a precaution, in case the wheel should slip back into the rut."

The KITCHEN CABINET

Set your pride in its proper place and never be ashamed of any honest calling.—Jean Ingelew.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man, but his conduct is in his own power.

DAINTY TABLE TRIFLES.

While strawberries are still too expensive for too frequent use, they may be used as a garnish or accessory, ranking a most tasty dish. A most delicious filling and icing for a cake may be made, using crushed fresh berries with a teaspoonful of lemon juice added and thickened with confectioners' sugar.

A few sliced berries may be used as a garnish for a gelatin dessert, for the sherbet cups of junket or for squares of angel cake with whipped cream and berries for dessert.

A little sugar added to the roast or stew will add to the flavor and it will brown with a richer color.

When the coffee cream has soured add a little soda and a teaspoonful of sugar; beat until well blended and it will usually be unnoticed, unless the cream was too sour.

Rhubarb and Pear Salad.—Take two cupsful of rhubarb with a half a cupful of sugar added when nearly cooled. Let stand to chill. Mix together four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of sugar, salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Arrange the rhubarb, which should be tender but not broken, with six lettuce or canned peas on a bed of lettuce; pour over the dressing, sprinkle with chopped candied ginger and serve.

Frozen Prune Fluff.—Soak a pound of prunes overnight in three pints of water. In the morning add sugar to sweeten and the rind of half an orange; cook until the prunes are tender. Strain off the juice and remove the peel. Stone the prunes and rub them through a sieve; add the juice, a half-cupful of finely chopped walnut meats and two unbeaten egg whites; then freeze. Serve garnished with orange marmalade.

Amber Marmalade.—Put one grapefruit, one lemon and one orange, through the meat grinder; add ten cupfuls of water and let stand overnight, then cook until tender; let stand again overnight, add ten cupfuls of sugar and cook until thick. Put in glasses and seal as usual.

GOOD-BY TO THE CRUTCHES

Artificial Limbs So Cleverly Devised That Legless Men Have No Difficulty in Walking.

There need be no legless soldiers to hobble pitifully along the streets after this war. An American army surgeon has devised a new type of artificial leg which can be manufactured by Uncle Sam for about \$25 and which will almost perfectly reproduce the action of a natural leg, even if the soldier has only a stump left. It means good-bye to crutches, declares the New York Evening Post.

This remarkable triumph of American inventive genius was described at the New York Academy of Medicine by Maj. P. B. Magnusson, medical reserve corps, a member of the surgeon general's staff.

The artificial leg described by the surgeon is the invention of Maj. David Silver, another medical reserve officer, formerly a practicing physician in Pittsburgh.

"This artificial leg is of a type far ahead of anything that has been developed abroad as a result of the war," Major Magnusson said. "It is a better substitute for a natural leg than the government has ever been able to obtain heretofore for \$100 each, and it can be made for a quarter of that price. In this one thing alone Doctor Silver has earned his salary as major."

The invention has been successfully used by a man with both legs amputated. Crutches are unnecessary. The foot has a jointed instep and a rubber base which reproduces the natural movements with astonishing success. Major Magnusson asserted that it would be hard to guess that a man was wearing the support after he was practiced in its use.

Artificial hands and wrists were also described.

Little Fat Makes Them Swell.

A strange new disease has broken out in Germany, according to articles in German medical weeklies, summarized in the Journal of the American Medical Association. The physicians call it war edema. It manifests itself by a swelling of the lower extremities, less often of the upper, the face, and the serous cavities. Unless permanent relief is obtained it may last for months.

Apparently all the German writers attribute it to the poor diet that now prevails; excess of carbohydrates and deficiency of fats, together with large quantities of water, as the food is taken mostly in the form of soup.

The cure is rest in bed and the addition of at least 100 grams of fat to the daily ration.

Bayonet Work Brings In Body Armor.

Civil war veterans who tell stories of bayonet thrusts stopped by prayer-books in their pockets will be interested in the discovery of a protection for our soldiers to wear in France which will turn a bayonet's point, says the Boston Post. The shields were invented by Everett Dunbar of Lynn, a patriotic citizen, who has turned his invention over to the war department without making an attempt to patent it. Incidentally this opens a new field for volunteer woman workers, who can sew the cloth parts for the thin steel plates which are flexible over the body.

Chloroforming to Some Old Sayings.

The Arctic explorer Stefansson—who ought to know—has knocked the foundation out of several old sayings which had come to be regarded as solid facts. Among other things he says authoritatively that frost bites cannot be remedied by rubbing snow on them; that there is no harm in eating snow when you are thirsty; that Eskimo houses are well ventilated and are not generally ill-smelling.

No Quid Pro Quo.

"I wonder why that woman wants to dispute her husband's will,"

"Sure enough. He never disputed her won't."

NOT SPAIN OF OLD GLORIES

Country's Life Just One Plot After Another, Fanned by German Hot Air, Declares Writer.

The Spain of today is not the Spain of your tradition or your imagination. It is remote from being the colorful and romantic domain which was once the mainspring of great adventure and the inspiration of poet and painter. The glories of Velasquez and Cervantes have not been revived in our day, writes Isaac F. Marcossin in the Saturday Evening Post.

She presents the spectacle of sad contrast with a departed splendor. Once a treasure house of art and wealth, the haven of mighty armadas, the nerve center of a far-reaching power on land and sea, she finds herself rent with disorder and a tool for Germanic conspiracy.

She has no twentieth century Cortes to recreate her one-time world vision; she lacks a contemporary Castelar to win the multitude with the magic of his eloquence or to guide her ship of state with steady hand through the perilous waters of uncertainty. There is not even an up-to-date Don Quixote to tilt at the windmills of discontent fanned by Teutonic hot air!

Life with her is still one plot after another. To a degree greater than existed in the Russia that was, she is like a national bomb factory. Spain always has a pretender in her midst. Worst of all, the ruling classes—that is, the classes that rule today—are hand in glove with the class-knit and effective German propaganda that, dining at the root of Hispanic economic independence, is subtly reaching out to influence the whole world that thinks works, buys and sells in Spanish.

LITERATURE LOVING LADIES

When Dante told his love to Bee, in limpid words that held no flaw, pleading eternal constancy, she answered, "Aw!"

When Horrick sang his Julia's praise With magic words the maid he wooed; And when she heard his lyric lays, "Oh-huh," she cooed.

When Byron hurried his burning chants At every Mabel, Jane or Liz, She listened to his gay romance And lisped, "Gee whizz!"

And when to Carolyn I sing As Dante, Horrick, Byron did, The acts as charmed as anything, And cried, "Oh, kid!" —The Jester.

CONTEST OF THE SUPERMEN

Warfare of Remote Future Predicted to Depend on Battles Conducted by Picked Combatants.

A day, now far removed, may come when the embattled hosts of rival nations will give place to a wager of battle to decide the conflict. The battle will then be confined to the combatants alone without violent interference with the peaceful pursuits of non-combatants or destruction of their property.

First, however, we must evolve great engines of destruction, so perfect that a few skilled heroes will direct each one of them. Ellery C. Stowell writes in the Century. These war machines will be so costly that only a few great powers will have the resources to construct and maintain them. Wise legislation and skillful systems of taxation will be necessary to organize the whole people for their support. A chosen few, picked from the whole nation, will train them, men in the full vigor of their strength, physically perfect to endure the terrible strain and powerful of brain to meet and surmount every intricacy of mechanics and every difficulty of strategy.

Above all, these hero supermen must be of such unserving character that they will, day in and day out, without succor, devote their unflinching zeal to the great task of defending the civilization for which they contend. This evolution and the increasing economic burden of maintenance of this machinery will make war the luxury of the most powerful states and will cause the area of war constantly to recede. Small nations will no longer be able to maintain military establishments and eventually the millions of men now battling upon the field of honor will have been replaced by a contest among a few men in control of stupendous machinery.

HELPED RICHEST JAP WOMAN

Speculator, Having Amassed Millions, Is a Walking Curio in the Streets of Kobe.

Madame Suzuki is reported to be the richest woman in Japan. She is at the head of Suzuki & Co., which is reported to have coined a few hundred million yen since the beginning of the world war.

Madam Suzuki is the daughter of a modest stockbroker in the city of Osaka, says Adachi Kinusuke, in Leslie's. She married Mr. Suzuki when he was a petty merchant. When he died, however, he left what was considered quite a fortune in Japan in those days. The present prime minister of hers, Kaneko, was then in charge of the business. Kaneko speculated and lost; the net loss amounted to a good many thousand yen more than the entire fortune which his late minister had left to his widow and children. Kaneko actually had his foot on a crossbar of a bridge pulling over the Yodo river in Osaka, ready to jump into the cold beyond as the only fit apology for his terrible blunder. "I can die," said he to himself solemnly enough, "and that is easy enough. But my dying now would not help the widow and her children."

"Very well," she said. And that is all she said. She did not ask him how, why, where—nothing. She took her children and went back to her home.

Her premier lives today like a mendicant after amassing not only millions but many hundred millions for her, and his one despiration is his work. He is a walking curio in the streets of Kobe.

VELOCITY OF BIG SHELLS

Geometer Uses Problem of How Long Time Is Required for Stone to Fall to Center of Earth.

Studying the velocity of shells and bullets fired in the war led Maurice Sauger, a French geometer, to turn to the old question of the time it would take a stone to fall to the center of the earth. His conclusion was that it would take about 20 minutes 34 seconds.

Gaspendil, who gave the subject much thought in the last century, made the time 20 minutes even. Mercator on the other hand contended that six hours would be required.

Sauger says that as the stone approached the center of the earth it would be drawn downward by the core of the earth and upward by the shell which it had already penetrated. The rate at which the density of the earth varies or increases as we penetrate is greater—depth is unknown. Sauger's formula is based upon considerations of the moment of inertia of the earth, as calculated from the precision of the equinoxes, which agrees with observations on the density of the earth conducted in mine shafts.

If a shaft were driven right through the earth the stone would appear at the Antipodes after 38 minutes 30 seconds and then return to its starting point at which it would make its reappearance at the end of 3 hour 17 minutes.

Nellie Maxwell

The KITCHEN CABINET

Care to our coffee adds a nail, no doubt. An every grin so merry draws one out.

LET US REMEMBER.

That early potatoes may be quickly prepared by using a rough piece of burip to take off the skin. This is economy of time as well as of food. A whole recipe of drop cakes or cookies may be prepared and baked at one time if two baking sheets of sheet iron are used that fit the oven. This is a great saving of fuel if gas or kerosene or electricity is used. Milk bottles should be carefully wiped before removing the cap for two reasons, the first because of cleanliness, the second because bits of glass are often chipped out of the bottle in transit and are unnoticed, even when they drop off into the milk when pouring it from the bottle.

Use Wooden Spoons in Stirring Foods.

A hard rap of a metal spoon on the side of a granite dish will dislodge pieces of the lining of the dish; this gets into the food and is as dangerous as glass. A wooden spoon never becomes too hot to handle and is much easier on the hands in stirring.

Brooms are too expensive these days to treat without consideration.

They should always be hung or turned upside down, resting on the handle. Grated potato used as a poultice over an inflamed eye will relieve it if left overnight.

A sauce dish of left-over preserves may be thickened with a little gelatin, with a grating of lemon or a bottle of lemon juice added, then served with whipped cream, making a dainty dessert and an economical one.

The dish of onions left from today's dinner may be put through a sieve and served in tomorrow's meat sauce.

Nails and roughness in the heel of a shoe will rub and wear the hose, pound-down the nails and glue a piece of heavy cloth or chamouis skin into each heel. This will save the feet and also the hose.

Nellie Maxwell

Trawlers Net a U-Boat.

A Dutch newspaper prints the story of a German U-boat which was caught in a British trap and towed into a British port. The story comes from a member of the U-boat's crew who escaped from England and is interned in Holland.

"We had sighted some English fishing boats off the English coast and were maneuvering for attack, when their curious movements led us to suspect a trap so we dived. We proceeded slowly, but presently the screw began to beat irregularly and the commander could not make out what had happened."

"After about two hours the water seemed curiously still, and the commander decided to come to the surface. When we emerged we were alongside a quay where stood a number of smiling British sailors. We were in a British port, towed in like a dead fish."

Earth Tremors Due to Thunder.

A peculiar effect of thunder was recently reported to the weather bureau by Douglas F. Manning of Alexandria, Bay, N. Y. During the storm, which prevailed in the evening, each rumble of thunder caused windows and doors to rattle, chinaware to jar, and tremors in the earth simulating the shocks of an earthquake. Many persons thought that an earthquake was in progress. The weather bureau states that since "musical" notes of very low pitch and great volume are sometimes produced by a series of sequent or pulsating lightning discharges, the shaking described was probably due largely to the resonant response of rooms to thunder notes of this character.

Machine Gun Noisy as Riveter.

A machine gun makes a noise like a riveter. A "doct" near the front writes in the Yale Alumni Weekly: "It was fully two weeks, I think, that I wondered where any structural-iron work could be going on here and why the riveter worked in such short spells—then I suddenly realized that it was a machine gun instead of a riveter. It is just the same sound—like a very noisy woodpecker on a hard, hollow tree."

DETAIL OF SOME IMPORTANCE

To Most People It Would Seem a Necessary Part of Outfit Had Been Omitted.

Col. John K. Hendrick, former congressman from the First District of Kentucky, has an attribute common among the citizens of his state—he greatly admires a good trotting horse.

One fine spring morning he visited the driving track near the town where he resides, to spend a happy hour quietly watching various owners and trainers exercising their stock. A tobacco raiser from the back of the county swung down the home stretch behind a bony, awkward, skittish, weird-looking animal. The trap in which the farmer sat was the best that money could buy, and as shiny as paint and varnish could make it; the harness was new, ornate, and elaborate. He halted in front of Colonel Hendrick.

"Hey, John!" he called out. "What do you think of this outfit?"

"Fine, Jeff; fine!" stated Colonel Hendrick. "Perfectly splendid! I congratulate you. There's only one thing more needed to make it absolutely complete."

"What's that?" demanded the surprised countryman.

"A hoss!" said the colonel.

"Tire" Chains for Human Feet.

For weeks the streets of New York, Chicago, and various other American cities have been covered with a thick layer of smooth ice, resulting in an uncertain footing for pedestrians and in an unusual number of falls. Rubbers have been given of but little use as a means of maintaining one's equilibrium on the slippery surface. Indeed, so many, particularly the aged folk, the icy pavements have been a constant source of terror, the Scientific American states.

Whether the ice remains or not, relief is in sight. The introduction of the "tire" chain principle for pedestrians now promises to solve the icy pavement problem. This up-to-the-minute device consists merely of a simple chain net which slips under the sole of each shoe, and a leather strap which passes about the heel and serves to hold the anti-slip member in place. As in the instance of the conventional tire chain, this foot chain effectively prevents slipping.

Ventilating Prospect Holes.

A novel method has been adopted by some ingenious prospectors in Montana for ventilating their prospect holes. When they have dug to such a depth that fresh air no longer circulates freely to the bottom of the hole, they set up an upright stove at the edge of the shaft, pulling up three or four lengths of stovepipe for a chimney and running another pipe from the bottom of the hole to the air intake at the front of the stove. The latter pipe is held in place by fastening it to the shaft timbering. When a fire is built in the stove, air is drawn from the bottom of the shaft and fresh air circulates downward to replace it. Ventilation can be secured in this way to a considerable depth.

Government Clerks Employed.

A provincial British paper prints the following tribute to the activity of government clerks in these times, with an added sarcasm as to their supposed idleness in former days:

"In a stroll through town by night one may see in certain streets many men doing clerical work behind blindless windows. They are the overtimers of the government departments, some of which have extended to extra houses. The spectacle may satisfy the persons who used to complain that, despite all the schemes for relieving the unemployed, nothing seemed to be done for young men in government offices."—Outlook.

A Discordant Note.

Life is made possible to us by the sacrifices of other people. The wheel would soon come to a standstill if there were no unselfish love in the world. When we become so self-centered that we think only of our own desires, our lives are a discordant note in the harmony of the universe. We must be loving and unselfish to pay back the debt we owe.—Girl's Companion.

Seek Tomb of St. Paul.

St. Paul's tomb is being sought for by archeologists in Rome. Excavations which have been made near the basilica of St. Paul have revealed interesting pagan and Christian tombs, dealing from the first period of Christianity in Rome. Professor Lanciani hopes to discover the tomb of St. Paul.

Speed of New Telegraph.

Within the past few weeks a seven-league stride has been made in high-speed telegraphy, says the Popular Mechanics Magazine. An apparatus which in actual tests has proved its ability to transmit over a single grounded wire 6,000 words a minute has been evolved.

The real significance of this escape-one until it is realized that 6,000 words set in type will fill seven and one-half standard magazine pages.

Details of what appears to be an epoch-making achievement must be withheld for military reasons. It is a war invention and has for its chief purpose the liberation of hundreds of expert operators for the signal corps without disorganizing our much-needed commercial lines. No secret is divulged, however, when the apparatus is described as a printing telegraph system depending upon a universally used recording instrument that has never before been associated with telegraphy. The system is applicable to wireless, but so far has not been actually used in connection with it.

When Horses Get "Pipped."

When an army horse is wounded about the face or jaw it is not sent down to the veterinary lines, but is kept to be tended by its driver.

Then it is that a good driver's care comes in, for the men tend them most carefully, feeding them by hand, building their coats, making them madder, and spending most of the day with their charges until they can feel the comfort again. It is this personal care of the man for his horse that has been the cause of the new order that all horses have to be returned from hospital to their own units again; for a man's care is by no means transferred to the same extent to a new team of horses.

"Bike" Revived Again.

Folk who commented on think that the bicycle was passing along the way that the horse has given up to the automobile as a pleasure vehicle have another guess. The war has given added impulse to wheel manufacture, according to a wheel salesman quoted in the Boston Post, and outside of the thousands being made for our troops across the water many more wheels are being made for the American public, a larger number than in former years.