

# At Catalpa Villa

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Catalpa Villa was the shabbiest of the long row of shabby suburban houses on the dusty street. A line of dwarf poplars edged the sidewalks where children played all day long, and the wind quivered among the leaves as a slight breeze wandered down the neglected street.

In the front window of Catalpa Villa was a black and gold sign. "Furnished Rooms to Rent," it read. "Felix Dare averted from a car at the corner and walked slowly down the street, studying the little painted signs over the doors. These signs were misleading enough.

For instance, Greenlawn was quite guileless of grass in its grubby front yard. Hope Cottage bore a quite hopeless aspect and Rose Arbor bowed its head beneath the weight of a worm-infested rambling rose bush which had long since ceased to bloom.

Then came Catalpa Villa, named for the decrepit catalpa tree that grew its little strip of ragged lawn.

Felix paused in front of Catalpa Villa, set down his bag and viola case, and studied a little notebook. Then, resuming his burdens he went up the flagged walk to the front door.

A flat-chested, grimy-paved woman admitted him to a stuffy little hall.

"Mrs. Beals?" asked Felix pleasantly.

"That's my name," she replied suspiciously.

Felix smiled. "I met your son, Daniel Beals, when I was in Chicago, and he recommended his mother's home as an excellent boarding place. I was hoping you had a room for me." He did not add that Dan Beals was dabbling himself to death in the big city, and that Felix's coming to board in this shabby suburb was prompted by a vague feeling of pity for Dan's mother.

"That's another matter," commenced Mrs. Beals briskly. "It's the first sensible thing I ever knew Dan Beals to do in all his worthless life, but it's his father—been at hunting up work for me! I've got a front room, bay window, new carpet last winter, best bed ever slept on. Want to see it?"

"If you please," Felix followed his prospective landlady up the narrow stairs. When they reached the top, some one opened a lower door and a sweet voice floated up.

"Mrs. Beals you are wanted at the telephone."

"I'm coming. Just you wait, Mr. Dare and I'll send the girl to show you the room—It's three-fifty a week without board; if you eat here it will cost you eight altogether. Annabelle!" Mrs. Beals ran down the stairs with astonishing agility and addressed the unseen Annabelle. "Go upstairs and show that gentleman the front room. He can come right in if he wants to—you can get it ready in half an hour. Hurry now and don't stand staring at me so impudently!"

A door slammed after Mrs. Beals' retreating form. Then light steps sounded on the stairs and presently a girl joined Felix in the upper hall.

Felix stared at her for Mrs. Beals had the most strangely pretty middle-aged servant in the world—and she didn't look a bit like a maid servant. She was a lady from the smooth strands of her coroneted hair to the soles of her neat little black slippers. She wore a print gown of blue and a spotless white apron.

"You wished to look at a room?" she asked haughtily.

"I beg your pardon—yes," cried Felix, passing a hand before his dazed eyes.

Annabelle led the way into a dingy front bedroom that gave every evidence of being occupied, perhaps, by the fittings of boarders, by Mrs. Beals herself. The bed was carelessly made, sundry middle-aged feminine garments graced the chairs, and on the bureau was a grizzled false "front," whose rightful place was undoubtedly atop of Mrs. Beals' head.

"This is the room," said the girl indifferently.

"But—but it is occupied," hesitated Felix.

"Mrs. Beals has been sleeping here, but it can be prepared for you within an hour," replied Annabelle.

"I hardly think," began Felix, and then he thought of his promise to Dan Beals—Dan had been a newspaper reporter, and Felix had liked the brilliant, dissolute youth; if in any way he could help Dan by stopping with Dan's mother he would have a try at it.

"I will bring my things up now," he said to Annabelle, who was gathering up Mrs. Beals' garments.

When Felix came into the room with his bag and viola case the girl uttered a little startled cry.

"You play?" she asked quickly.

He smiled and nodded. "I am in the orchestra of the Excelsior theater."

"Not—not the same leader, Felix Dare?" she breathed eagerly.

"Yes," he answered in a surprised tone.

"But—what are you doing here—at Catalpa Villa? Who would stop in such a ugly shabbiness unless it was absolutely necessary, and it cannot be that with you? I have heard about you, and when I read that you were

going to give lessons to a privileged few—"

"The voice of the little servant broke. "You play? You?" he asked amazed. She nodded sorrowfully. "I came here from Vermont to study—I had a sum of money to pay expenses—I was obliged to break into it to pay for an illness, and I came at last to board here—then I got behind with my board and she—Mrs. Beals—seized my viola, and I am working out what I owe her. It is a weary task paying old scores and trying to pay current expenses."

"You poor child," said Felix simply. "You have stopped the lessons?" he asked.

"Long ago."

"Who was your teacher?"

"Bunzeet."

"Adolph Bunzeet? Then you must possess unusual talent or he would not have bothered! I am sorry, Miss Annabelle."

"Thank you," she said gratefully, "and now, if you will excuse me, Mr. Dare, I will return to my duties and prepare your room. My work has always been below stairs, in the kitchen, but the chambermaid left this morning and we are short of help and I must hasten—we have supper at 6."

As Felix left the room Mrs. Beals poked her head through the balusters. "You, Annabelle!" she called. "Have that room ready in half an hour—the man has brought the fish for supper and the table isn't even set!" She nodded sourly at the new boarder as he came down the stairs. "Lazy thing, that girl," she muttered for his benefit. "Doesn't want to do a thing except fiddle, fiddle, all day long! Fiddling don't earn good money, so say I!"

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Mrs. Beals," returned Felix mischievously. "I forgot to tell you that I'm in the Excelsior orchestra."

Mrs. Beals eyed him suspiciously.

"I don't know as I mentioned that I'd like my board in advance."

"Certainly," agreed Felix drawing out his pocketbook.

Mrs. Beals greedily counted the money and when the transaction was concluded, she asked, "My stepson didn't send me any money by you, did he?"

Felix smiled. He could not tell her that Dan Beals owed him \$200. "So Dan is not your own son?" was all he asked.

"I should hope not," she cried devoutly. "I was a childless widow when I married Dan's pa and that boy like his father—been at hunting up work for me! I've got a front room, bay window, new carpet last winter, best bed ever slept on. Want to see it?"

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## THE FRENCH LEADER MOST FEARED BY HUNS



French Official Photograph. GENERAL FERDINAND FOCH.

This is one of the best photographs of the famous General recently made Marshal of France. Study the picture and you'll see why the Huns fear this splendid tactician and military master. You cannot hesitate to contribute your money to Liberty Bond purchases that will make his fight a glorious success.

## 3-4 TON IS EATEN BY EACH SOLDIER

Ten Times His Weight of Food Consumed in Year by Fighter.

Three-quarters of a ton of food is required each year by an American soldier. It is all the best that money can buy, and even with the rates the army obtains by buying in enormous quantities it costs a pretty penny.

Good red meat is the mainstay of the soldier's diet whenever it is possible to furnish it to him. The army allowance is 175 pounds of beef a year for every soldier. Some of this, of course, is canned beef, corned beef and canned hash, but as much as possible of it is fresh meat.

When it is necessary to substitute bacon or pork the amount allowed is 25 pounds. For a short time this summer the beef allowance was cut down, and bacon and pork were substituted until the shortage was relieved, but as a rule the bacon and pork are only in rations.

Potatoes, 155 pounds of them, and the finest white wheat flour, 413 pounds, are the next greatest staples. Backing them up are 55 pounds of beans, 27 pounds of prunes, 27 pounds of coffee, 23 pounds of sugar, 7 pounds of syrup, 1 1/2 pounds of condensed milk, the same amount of butter, as much lard, 3 1/2 pounds of vinegar and 13 1/2 pounds of salt. In addition there are supplies of pepper and other condiments, and jam, preserves, etc., on occasion.

The army system is to allow a certain amount a day for a man. The latest figure on this ration allowance is \$43. It varies from time to time, but at this rate it costs \$150.95 a year for each soldier's food.

The food is purchased by the Quartermaster's Department and furnished to the company cooks at cost. Each company orders supplies for a month at a time, basing its purchases on the number of men multiplied by the ration allowance for thirty days. If a mess sergeant can buy certain things in the open market for less than he would have to pay the Quartermaster he is privileged to do so and to use the surplus money to buy delicacies or extra amounts of other staples.

Liberty Bonds bought by the investors of the nation provide the funds for the soldiers' food.

## BRITISH-ADMIRAL MAKES-OCEAN-SAFE



British Official Picture. VICE ADMIRAL SIR ROSSLYN E. WEMYSS, C.B.E., C.M.G.

This craven-study gives you a familiar attitude of the typical British sea fighter—one of the men who has done wonders in overcoming the submarine menace. In the coming Liberty Bond campaign you can get in line behind him in the great fight to preserve democratic institutions.

## MADE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM WHY

British Army Deserter Showed Daring and Originality in Making His Escape From Prisons.

Three daring escapes made by a British army deserter with ten convictions against him—all for crimes of violence—were described at Oldstreet a few days ago, relates London Chronicle. The man, George Mullins, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in January, 1917, and was sent to Waudsworth. There he was trained for the army and taken to France in handcuffs. In a few weeks he contrived to get leave and, returning to England, deserted. He was arrested last April, but, although handcuffed, he escaped from his escort. After a brief spell of liberty Mullins was again captured, and with five others was put in the guardroom at Wandsworth prison. While the others danced and sang at the top of their voices Mullins cut a hole in the wall and all the six escaped. In the following May the man was again arrested, and taken this time to Bethnal Green police station, where he was placed in a newly built cell. Again he managed to escape by loosening a number of bricks, climbing through a ventilator and dropping down a water pipe into the street. The other night Mullins was arrested by Detective Sharp in Stepney. A big and violent crowd, the officer said, gathered and pelted the detective and his colleagues with stones, weights, coal, bottles and "anything they could lay their hands on."

The police, however, got away. Mullins is now sentenced to two months' hard labor as a deserter and for damaging Bethnal Green police station.

## EPICURUS THAT HAS FORCE

There is a moral for all who will seek it in the story of a Minnesota banker, who has made a success of life notwithstanding the handicap that both legs, his left arm—and the fingers of his right hand are missing. His career was appropriately reviewed in Carry On, a magazine published in the interest of the reconstruction of disabled soldiers and sailors.

The essence of this man's success is contained in his whimsical statement of his philosophy. "From his neck down," he says, "a man is worth about a dollar and a half a day; from his neck up he may be worth a hundred thousand dollars a year." The facts of this statement apply as forcibly to a man with all his limbs as to a cripple. They constitute the chief reason why vocational education is increasing in popularity and why child labor and compulsory education laws are being made increasingly severe.

It is a fortunate epigram which has been made by this cripple of peace for the benefit of the cripples of war. The part of the man "from the neck up" knows no limitations except self-imposed ones.—Portland Oregonian.

## Emotions and the Eye.

The thing we look at straightest and most steadily is the eye of the man or woman who talks to us. And no emotion changes the glistening of that eye. Yet, so unobservant are we all, especially descriptive novelists, that eyes, in fiction, always flash, and no doubt will always flash, under the stress of any kind of rage. The assassin of the surgeon in Paris the other day went to his deed, as we read in the fictitious part of the report of a witness, with eyes that flashed according to custom. Now the human eye has two places for flashing—one in the clear pupil, showing one point of light or more according to the light or lights reflected; the other in the white. Neither of these brightnesses depends upon the mind.

## Pharaoh's Serpent's Egg Trick.

One of the most amusing tricks in fireworks is the serpent's egg trick, where a little pellet when lighted turns into a horrible snake. Many, many times the size of the pellet. How awe-inspiring it is to the youngsters! Most people have no idea what in the world causes the snake to appear. The explanation is simple. Mercury sulphocyanid burns with a voluminous ash. The little pellet is nothing more than some mercury sulphocyanid. The heat causes the ash to move off so quickly from the burning pellet that it whirles and distorts itself into the shape of a miniature snake.

## Radium in Sea Salt.

Samples of sea salt collected during a recent voyage in the Pacific and subantarctic regions have been examined for their radium content. The amount of radium was found to be negligibly small compared with values that have been found in others collected near land, and this result is in accordance with the prevailing view that the radium content of sea salt diminishes with increase of distance from land.

## Ambitious.

Not Goodwin tells one on a convivial friend of his. "I hadn't seen him for several years, and when we met I couldn't help commenting on the brilliant redness of his nose." "John, it must have cost you a lot of money to paint your nose so richly," I remarked. "Yes, Mr. Goodwin," agreed John, beaming with pride, "and now I'm saving to get it varnished, sir."

## It is Necessary to Use Wheat Sparingly

Relaxation of some of the restrictions on wheat is by no means equivalent to a general assurance that prospects of a good harvest have done away with the need of continued conservation. A resolution passed by the allied food controller representing France, Italy, Great Britain and the United States makes it clear that economy must be practiced for a long time to come, for the food problem cannot be administered on the basis of one year of war. In addition to eliminating waste it is necessary to increase production.

The department of agriculture, in urging the farmers to plant more wheat, is helping the cause of the allies. This is the opportune time for emphasizing the importance of a reserve supply of wheat. Increase of acreage is one way of obtaining wheat for the emergency, and the government cannot put the question too strongly to the farmers—a billion bushels in 1919 will not allow an unreasonably large reserve stock. And while the farmers are plowing and sowing, the rest of us can help by using corn, rye and other cereals—not a pound of wheat should be consumed if a substitute will meet the needs of the family, for even if the end of the war were in sight, normal conditions in the food markets cannot be restored in one or two years.—Providence Journal.

## PARACHUTE IS NOT POPULAR

Why Aviators Have a Pronounced Aversion to What They Call "Going Over the Edge."

"Going over the edge" is the act of stepping out of the basket of a military balloon from 2,000 to 3,000 feet up, dropping into space, trusting to the parachute to open and check the descent," says Henry Woodhouse in Everybody's Magazine.

"When an aviator—allied or Boche—makes a dash for a kite balloon and fires incendiary bullets into it, the observer or observers—some balloons having two—hasten to go over the edge. The friendly anti-aircraft guns often help to remove any passing doubt as to the advisability of taking the step by their volleys—fired against the plane, of course, but as the plane is so close to the balloon that sharpshooters seem to burst only a few feet from the huge gas bag, the pilot goes over the edge.

"Airplane pilots with many air flights to their credit say that they would prefer to fight half a dozen Boche-aviators single-handed over the German lines, with the German four-inch anti-aircraft batteries popping shrapnel at them at every opportunity, than to 'go over the edge.'"

"The balloon man compares the 'slow and safe' descent of his parachute with the meteoric dash downward of the crippled airplane and claims that the balloon service is the safer. Falling to settle that point, both he and the plane pilot agree that the air service is the best branch of the service, in which every red-blooded young man agrees."

## How to Utilize Sparrow.

The despised English sparrow is a really delectable food bit and can be used in various ways as a war emergency dish is being demonstrated at Hagerstown, Md.

A resident of the west end of the city is authority for the statement that sparrow makes a splendid meal, if one can get enough sparrows, but he says this is not difficult. His plan is a deadfall made of several boards nailed together, a string attached to a trigger and a boy at the end of the string. Sprinkle some food under the boards, and when the sparrows gather to feed, pull the string. Repeat the operation until you have a dozen or more sparrows, and you have sufficient for a good-size potpie.

## Why New Fence System is Used.

The old method of supporting fences by placing heavy, rigid posts every few feet, declares Evening Wisconsin, has been shown to be wrong in principle. The new system of supporting fences is to make them on the principle of a fiddlingstick. A fiddlingstick is fastened at both ends. Anything that hits it at any point produces stresses on the string that are transmitted to the terminals.

The new fences have solid terminals 40 rods apart. Between them the wire is stretched tightly, and, to prevent it from sagging, then, flexible steel supports, anchored 18 inches below the surface of the ground, are used. When a sudden shock comes against one of these bowstring fences—such, for example, as a bull charging the fence—the flexible supports bend in an even curve from their point of anchorage and allow the strain to come on the terminals.

## Why a Tooth Aches.

The ache comes when the tiny nerve at the heart of the tooth is exposed to the air. When the tooth begins to decay, it starts to do so generally from the surface, and after the decaying process has gone far enough it reaches the nerve in the tooth, which aches when exposed. The ache is the signal which the nerve sends to the brain that there is an exposure and is a cry for help.—From "Book of Wonders," by Permission of the Bureau of Industrial Education, Washington, D. C.

## How "Victory Bun" is Made.

"Victory bun" is a new contribution to the food conservation campaign. It is the discovery of William H. Berry, a baker in Miami, Ark., who spent sugar in favor of raisins. Here's the way it's done: Two pounds of water, one ounce of salt, two pounds of wheat flour, twelve ounces of rye flour, two and one-half ounces of yeast, one and one-half pounds of seeded raisins, one ounce of vegetable oil, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon. This recipe will make 60 buns.

## HOW THE BRITISH NAVY HAS KEPT OCEAN OPEN TO WORLD'S TRADE.

During June alone British ships steamed 8,000,000 miles, so says the head of the British government as he points out the picture of the work of the British sea dogs—the watchdogs along all the lanes of the seven seas. Added to all else, the British fleet has made secure for trade, measurably so, the sea traffic of all waters, and not a German flag aside from those of the submarines has dared to show itself. At first a rider or so appeared and was shot to pieces.

Well does the British premier, without any disparagement to the other allies, point to the fact that the German land offensive might have been disastrous if successful, but the sea offensive would have been fatal. The possibility of American transportation to the war areas would have ceased with destruction of the British fleet. France, Italy and Great Britain threatened with starvation—the war would have been over. The British navy at the outbreak of the war had a tonnage of two and a half million; today it has a tonnage, with auxiliary ships, of eight million. Its vast preponderance over the fleets of its allies has made it the one outstanding guarantor for the security of the seas from enemy assaults, and even in the case of the submarines there have been 150 of these sunk, mostly in the course of the past year. Great Britain has given freedom of the seas to the allied and neutral shipping.—Baltimore American.

## "LUNCH-DOGS" CARRY FOOD

How the French Troops in Isolated Trenches Are Supplied With Their Needed Rations.

Trench warfare certainly interferes with the fighter's meals. After capturing the enemy's position in particular, is the fighter at a loss to know how he will get his regular ration; for no sooner does the enemy find himself dispossessed of his original trenches than he opens up with an intense barrage fire designed to prevent ammunition and food from reaching the new occupants.

The French army believes it has solved the problem of carrying food to men in isolated trenches, in the lunch dogs. Carrying light lunches and coffee, and even cartridges for the men in the first-line trenches when the combat is hot and protracted, these splendidly trained dogs are more certain to get through barages than man. Each dog is equipped with a sort of double bag, strapped tight over its body and provided with numerous pockets for food, coffee cans, ammunition and other supplies.

It is at the military dog training grounds at Paris that dogs are prepared for this service. Not only are these four-legged couriers taught to avoid the enemy and beware of tricks, but also to crawl on their stomachs in order to escape flying bullets. Special masks are provided for these dogs when they must pass through a poison gas area.

## How Forest Fires Are Started.

That man is at least three times as destructive as nature, at least so far as forest fires are concerned, is revealed in a compilation which has just been issued by the federal forest service. The figures of this agency show that of 7,814 forest fires on government lands during 1917, all but 2,182 were caused by human agencies.

Over 902,000 acres of timber, forest and young growth to the value of \$1,868,000 was destroyed. This loss, while larger than that of the past few years, is considered remarkably light in view of the unusually dangerous conditions which, owing to protracted drought and periods of high winds, were practically the same as in 1915, when many persons were burned to death and \$25,000,000 worth of timber on the national forests was destroyed.

It is estimated that in addition to the actual loss in timber, etc., \$1,121,451 was spent by the government for the purpose of fire fighting and prevention.

## How to Rest Varicose Veins.

Douglas H. Stewart writes in Medical Council: "When a person sits upon the bed and draws his leg back after him, the veins of that leg are dilated and remain more or less swollen for hours, therefore the veins will not rest. Let that person go to bed, stretch his feet up in the air, the higher the better; let him keep them there for five minutes and let him lower them slowly to the recumbent position. The veins are empty and the veins will rest. After a few weeks of this exercise many patients declare that their whole sleep is more restful."