

The Game of Nations

By DONNA SHERWOOD BOGERT.

CHAPTER VI.
"Move a step and I croak!" he repeated. Trevelyan laughed, and shut the door behind him and leisurely helped himself to a seat upon Miss Herford's bed, the nurse of the warring pistol almost grazing his temple. "Go ahead," he said coolly. "I tried to do it myself but found I hadn't the nerve and I don't believe you have either. What's the matter, boy? Starving, eh?" Trevelyan's voice could be very gentle.

The lad's arm dropped and he began to sob in such an abandon of misery as would have moved a stone to pity. "Gawd—ain't I jes' Three days with nary a bite—and the devil, Beverly, a-chasin'—chasin'—"

"So you killed old man Schneider, eh?" His tone was quietly conversational. "He were a cur," snarled the boy viciously. "He were—" The sound of voices in the lower rooms stopped him. Footsteps were ascending the stairs. Trevelyan glanced once at the boy's stricken face and his resolution was taken.

"Get under the bed," he commanded. "I'll save you if I can."

The bed was long and narrow. From the doorway the bed could easily be seen. Trevelyan dragged his trunk before the bed, seated himself at the foot and pulled off his coat which he allowed to dangle carelessly down between his knees. When Herford entered he was greeted with a weary nod.

"Resting a bit before unpacking?" I'm all in, Herford, and that's a fact. My nerves are in a rotten state. If it wasn't for seeming a mollycoddle, I'd be tempted to go to bed. I've been putting in any number of wretched nights lately.

"Go ahead," explained the other man heartily. "You look seedy, but this is just the climate to brace a body up. Want anything?" "Thanks, no. I've taken enough of your time as it is. And—Herford—on the way from Calgary you mentioned being willing to take a star boarder. I'd like to apply for the job. Terms anything you choose to name. I mean to take your advice and look around a bit."

"We're always glad of a new face or a new interest," returned his companion seriously. "You're welcome to stay as long as you like."

During the short winter afternoon, Trevelyan lay quietly upon Peggy Herford's bed. When night fell, one of the cowboys appeared with a tray of steaming food. Trevelyan, who had counted on this provision for his comfort locked the door upon the man's exit and lighted a candle. He then set the tray on the floor beside the bed and watched the cowboy's fingers snatch the food. It was certainly a queer situation.

The clock struck eleven before he ventured to let the boy stir from his place of concealment. He slipped on his clothes, a sweater, fresh socks and a pair of heavy shoes were spread out before the trunk.

"Get into them—quick!" whispered Trevelyan. "They'll be miles too big, but they're warm. I mean to be near Basil. I'm sure that he needs me; he didn't even take Wilkes—his man—along."

Miss Dorothea's plaint touched a responsive chord in Peggy's heart. "Why don't you go to see him?" she asked. "There is nothing on earth to prevent you. And he probably does get lonely; the ranch isn't a very exciting place."

"If I only could! But it's so far away—and I'm not used to traveling; it confuses me dreadfully, the changing and time-tables and all that."

"I came down alone two years ago and had no trouble whatever!" "But you are so crumpled. I get nervous. I'm always afraid of somebody snatching my purse—" She paused and a peculiar expression crept slowly over her downcast features. Then she sat bolt upright and a patch of color glowed in each withered cheek.

"You're a brick," he assured Trevelyan again and again. "Perhaps Beverly won't get me, after all. They's a place I know of—" he paused, tongue in his cheek, as though fearful he had disclosed too much. "Let me out by the window," he said hurriedly. "I come in that way—up those curly stairs—"

"Just a moment," returned Trevelyan. "I've jerked the boy toward me, forcing him a reluctant gaze. He's up to you to tell me why you killed Schneider. I don't make a practice, you know, of shielding criminals."

For a long minute the boy hesitated, then thrust a hand inside his shirt and pulled out a folded paper.

"That's the reason," he said desperately. "That and 'cause he had me cornered like a rat in a trap. He'd a killed me to keep that paper. So I killed 'im first. He hadn't no right to it."

Trevelyan carried the paper over to the bureau and spread it out beneath the light. It was a carefully drawn map of a section of thickly wooded country between two rivers whose names he had never heard, but located, apparently, somewhere among the foothills of the Canadian Rockies. Because of some secret hidden in those sloping forests a man's life had been taken.

A swirl of icy air struck through the room. Herford, who had been watching the window was open and the boy nowhere in sight.

CHAPTER VII.
Peggy Herford, anxiously biting the end of a stubby lead pencil, surveyed with knitted brows, a row of figures on a slip of paper:

June 10—Cash on hand \$7.30
Board and lodging 6.00
Carfare50
Sundries25
June 17—Balance55
Fifty-five cents is a trifling sum to stand between one and hunger, and her board was paid only until the following day! Of course, she could always wire Jim, but Peggy was proud and deeply resented the fact that he had let her go so easily.

Now, looking backward, Peggy was a little ashamed of that display of temper. After all, Dave had only kissed her! But something in the almost brutal sleep of his arms had goaded her to a white-hot frenzy. She had always known that he was in love with her; in a half-hearted fashion she had even encouraged his attentions, but smiles and the gracious touch of his hand were the only favors she had permitted until Dave had proceeded to ride rough shod over her reserves.

door and listening in dazed astonishment to Miss Dorothea's footsteps descending the stairs. Then she walked over to her dingy dresser and deliberately emptied the contents of her purse into a small tray, sighing at the meager result.

"Beggars cannot be choosers," she whispered to herself. "But—I wonder what he will say when he sees me?" (To be continued.)

Aerial Freight Line for Mexico.

Down in Sinaloa, Mexico, it is proposed by a British company to use aeroplanes in the transportation of mining supplies and ores. The aircraft would be used to carry machinery and supplies to the numerous gold and silver mines in the State of Sinaloa and to return with bullion for the market. The particular idea is new, although flying machines already have been adopted for certain forms of commercial usage.

Inquiries already have been made to the British Vice Consul at Mazatlan as to the feasibility of the plan. Such an air service would operate between the mines and the railway stations, and Mazatlan would be made the distributing point for machinery and supplies and the concentration point for local mining products destined for shipment to the United States by rail and water. The planes could not be expected to carry but a few tons each.

Nearly all of the mines are located in the mountains from thirty to more than one hundred and fifty miles from Mazatlan, and due to the absence of roads the mining companies experience much difficulty in transportation. A problem to be considered is the loading and putting in order of landing fields for the aircraft, because almost all of the mines are situated in rough, hilly or mountainous country where level spots large enough for the purpose of establishing landings and hangars are scarce.

The Academy of Science in Philadelphia, some years ago, lost an egg. Presumably it was stolen. It was the egg of a California condor, and worth a lot of money.

Only seven eggs of that bird are known to exist in collections. It frequents the most inaccessible peaks in Southern California, and hatches its young at dizzy heights in caves in the faces of cliffs. Thus the task of procuring an egg is one involving utmost danger.

The species, a gigantic vulture, has been almost exterminated. Cattlemen and sheepmen poison carcasses to destroy wolves and bears; the condors eat the bait and die.

That an ostrich egg may be dangerous, if overripe, was discovered a while ago by Doctor Bauer, of the Smithsonian Institution. While he was boring a hole in one, it exploded, the flying fragments cutting him badly.

The eggs of some orioles are marked with grotesque figures, often resembling Chinese characters. Experts in Oriental languages have on occasions been asked to read them, but no satisfactory translation has been obtained.

The citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold, his family gathered about his hearthstone while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the nation when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted.

"It is better to follow even the shadow of the best than to remain content with the worst."

Flour with which bread can be made is being obtained from sugar beets in France as the result of scientists' experiments.

Working Out Pearl Puzzle

A final solution of the much vexed problem of producing natural pearls by artificial means seems to have been found.

To get at it has required a series of rather remarkable scientific discoveries, most important of which was the fact that the pearl in the fresh-water mussel (the mollusk here considered) owes its origin to a tiny worm that bores into the flesh of the bivalve. This worm is an intestinal parasite of the muskrat. Its eggs find their way into the water, where they are hatched; the baby worm infest the mussels, which are in turn eaten by muskrats, and thus the biological circle is completed.

So far, so good; but this knowledge does not make practicable the artificial "breeding" of pearls. Success in this kind of enterprise depends upon quite another point.

It was supposed that the worm, on getting into the flesh of the mussel, set up an irritation which caused the mollusk to form a protective layer, to envelop the intruder with a series of coats of "nacre," thus forming a pearl. But this notion is now proved to have been a mistake. The worm produces the pearl, but not in that way.

The valves of the mussel's shell are lined with a delicate membrane, the surface of which is covered with tiny cells that secrete pearl material. It is these cells, in fact, that produce the "mother-of-pearl" of the shell itself—a substance exactly the same as that which makes a pearl.

When the worm bores into the mussel, it soon finds (not always carries with it) some of the cells in question. The latter, being carried into the

flesh, continue to function in their ordinary manner, and thus produce a round ball of nacre which we call a pearl.

If the pearl be formed close to the shell—especially if near the hinge—it is liable to be more or less misshapen, and becomes what is called a "baroque pearl."

Now we come to the point. If a worm can convey pearl-making cells from the lining membrane into the body of the bivalve, it ought to be practicable to accomplish the same thing by artificial means.

As a matter of fact, it is. The thing can be done, without injury to the living mussel, by a small surgical operation, a curved needle of special pattern being thrust between the valves of the shell, through the lining membrane, and into the flesh of the animal. It does not achieve the wished-for result every time, but in a fair percentage of instances.

With this bit of knowledge available, anybody ought to be able to grow pearls for market, with only a small outlay for the producing plant. All you have to do is to dam a little stream, so as to form a pond, and stock it with mussels of a selected variety.

To make them yield pearls by the simple means described ought to require no very great amount of practice. And it is not to be destroyed the mussels to find out if they contain pearls, or whether the latter are yet big enough; for this can be easily ascertained by examining the bivalves with a fluoroscope. The X-rays make the pearls visible through the shells.

Colorful Duels.

The most curious of the many practical jokes perpetrated by the art students in the Latin Quarter is a kind of initiatory ordeal, which the two newest comers of a class are sometimes compelled to undergo by their fellow students of the Beaux Arts. It is a painter's duel, in which neither combatant, no matter how small his experience nor how great his nervousness, need fear for a fatal termination.

The reluctant duellists are provided with tall stools and seated opposite each other at arms-length. They wear old clothes, and in the hand of each is placed a large paint brush charged with color, the one dipped in the deepest of blues, the strongest and most vivid of azure tints, and the other a carmine lake, which is a fine, rich crimson. The word is given, and the two men begin to dash. Being usually strangers to each other, and without the least cause of quarrel, they commonly show at first a great deal of caution and consideration, not to say timidity, and do not make much effort to inflict conspicuous streaks or to touch each other's face.

Soon, however, one or the other gets a sneer which he does not like; and attempts to retaliate upon his opponent. Then the contest wages warm. The spectators hasten to take sides, and urge on their favorites with shouts, cheers and encouraging cries. The tall stools totter, the wet brushes patter, the antagonists dash more and more fiercely and furiously until frequently men, stools and all go down together in a struggling red and blue heap upon the floor. The duellists are then assisted to their feet, shake hands, laugh at each other's appearance, and adjourn to the lavatory, where they good-naturedly help each other to remove the traces of the conflict. The knight of the red brush is found to have smeared his adversary until he might pass for a hero of the goriest field of history, while the victim of the blue brush, if only blue blood were a fact instead of a figure, might pose for a survivor of an equally desperate fight.

It speaks well for the temper and good comradeship of the students that so rough a kind of fun ends where it begins, in the mock duel, and never, it is said, leads to resentment or ill will.

Thrift is the Remedy.

Whenever an individual goes on a wild debauch nature presents her bill. The individual is compelled to pay before he is restored to normal condition. Whenever a person suffers from a long run of fever due to internal or external causes nature presents her bill. The patient has to pay in suffering and anguish. In neither case can the patient expect to be restored save after a long, tedious and heart rending period of recuperation. The price of exchange is the price of an interest-free bill for the future.

The wild debauch known as war in which several nations have recently indulged. It took four years to burn up and destroy half the wealth of Europe. It is not reasonable to suppose that the period of restoration will be less than the period of destruction.

There is no sound reason for the alarming cry of "chaos in the world's business" because of the unprecedented fall in the rate of international exchange. Nothing can be gained—the patients will not recover any sooner by agitating them and alarming their neighbors. Nothing in the world but peace, patience, economy, thrift, production and energy will cure the disease and restore international health.

Health will come, provided specialists, traders in "internationalism" and quiet theorists permit the laws of trade and common sense to work out a sane and complete solution.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

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Woman's Interests

Blouses for Nothing.

Women are frequently taxed with being hopelessly extravagant in matters of dress, but I think many men are equally culpable; and my brother Jim is one of them. I readily admit that his taste in ties and socks and shirts is perfect, and it is a long time since I gave up buying anything, even in the way of a present for him, because he is so difficult to please. There is one thing which I have often envied him, and that is the dainty colorings and soft textures of his shirts.

"Mab," he remarked the other morning at breakfast, "these colored shirts of mine must have shrunk in the washing, or I have put on flesh whilst I've been in the Army, for I tried to put on three this morning and failed. You had better bestow them on one of your many proteges, or give them away to the rag-man."

"It does seem a pity to waste them, they are so pretty," I replied.

"Why not make blouses out of them?" he cynically suggested, knowing my weakness for a big stock of that form of garment.

"Good idea, brother mine," said I. "It is the most sensible thing you have said for a long time."

No sooner had he left the house, than I went upstairs to his room, where he had left the shirts lying in a heap on the floor. One was a pale rose color, the other an azure blue, and the third a faint, favorite shade of blues and green, my favorite shades.

I unpicked the neckband the sleeves and the side seams, and with the aid of a good shirt pattern, experienced no difficulty in cutting the blouse out. The fronts were a fair width, but a few pin-tucks put that right; the box-pleat, the buttons, and the buttonholes answered the same purpose as originally; the back, with its saddle, required to be cut rather smaller, and so had the sleeves. I quickly ran up the seams on the machine, fitted the shirt on, and made a few trifling alterations.

The original cuffs and the pearl buttons were requisitioned, and saved all but the work of stitching them on. A cutting of the material was utilized for the collar, which fastened at the back; another scrap served for the slot at the back for the drawstring, and my blouse, of which I was very proud, looked quite smart.

I fell heir to his under-vests for the same reason, and, elated by the success of my former experiment, I began to think of turning them into account for winter slip-bodices. They were little the worse for wear, and were made of fine white flannel. I unpicked an old bodice which fitted well, also the flannels, and cut the different parts quite easily.

Few men wear white shirts nowadays, and there were a dozen or more taking space up in my brother's wardrobe, and Jim's suggestion of blouses occurred again. Why not make myself a few new ones, and trim them differently and according to fashion and fancy? I had a well-fitting pattern by me, and it was the simplest thing in the world to cut the garment out from the body, and the sleeves only required reducing. I applied a sprightly design of marguerites to the front, for I had cut it with a back fastening, and I worked the pattern in white, with a touch of yellow silk for the centres. I tucked the cuffs, and an uncommon blouse was the result.

The idea, in my estimation, was too good to keep to myself, so I confided it to my cousin, who confessed that she had made some time before several dainty canisoles from old white shirts, and two lovely little aprons, which find favor with careful housewives who they are wearing a nice frock and must undertake a little work. She trimmed them, either with a tiny frill of the linen or else with lace.

A married friend of hers used her husband's shirts for babies' dresses and pinafores, and also for pillow slips.

Sponge Box or Bread Raiser.

In making bread in cold weather the housekeeper often finds it difficult to hold her sponge or dough at the right temperature so that it will rise in the required length of time. She will find a sponge box or bread raiser a great help in keeping the proper temperature.

Such a box can be made from an ordinary dry goods packing box. A convenient size is 26x20x20 inches. About ten inches from the bottom of the box, a shelf made of slats or strips of wood rests on cleats fastened to the sides of the box. A second shelf is placed four inches above the lower one. The shelves can be removed when cleaning the box. On the under side of the lower shelf, a sheet of galvanized iron slightly wider than the shelf is inserted. This piece of metal is curved, in order to make it slip in and stay in place securely. This prevents scorching of the lower shelf when the lamp is placed below, and also helps to distribute the heat more evenly.

Several small holes are bored in the lower and upper parts of the sides and in the top of the box to promote circulation of air. A cork which has been bored through the centre to admit a straight thermometer is inserted in one of the holes in the top. Any Fahrenheit chemical thermometer that

registers as high as one hundred degrees can be used. Such a thermometer may be purchased from almost any hardware dealer.

The temperature of the box should be kept at near eighty-six degrees F., as possible if bread is being made in the quick way. However, if the sponge is set overnight, sixty-five to seventy degrees is the better temperature until the dough is made in the morning, after which the temperature may be increased to eighty-six degrees. The temperature in the box may be varied by raising or lowering the flame of the lamp, or by using warm or cold water in the shallow pan.

To avoid all danger of fire, the box should be lined with asbestos or tin when a kerosene lamp is used for heating the box. The lining will not be necessary. A sixteen candle-power light will heat the box nicely. A small and inexpensive night lamp is placed in the bottom of the box, and a shallow pan of water is placed on the lower shelf so that the air in the box will be kept moist.

The door is hinged and fastened with a thumb latch or hook and staple.

Nuts in the Children's Diet.

Concerning nuts as food, doctors disagree. Vegetarians rate them very high—too high, some physicians think. Interesting experiences with nuts as food for children were reported at a gathering of physicians by Dr. Scott of New York City.

Nuts contain water, protein, fat, sugar, starch, crude fibre and ash in large proportions. Each kind of nut has its particular value. Dry nuts are very high in nutritive value and contain more fat than any vegetable substance known. In nutritive value, he said, nut butters are far above ordinary cream butter. Dr. Scott has given nuts to children as a substitute for meat because of the nutritive value in intestinal fermentation.

The discomfort of eating nuts is due to faulty mastication and to the erroneous habit of giving them to children after a hearty meal, between meals, or late at night, whereas they should form an integral part of the meal. Probably nut protein is not as easily digested as meat protein on account of the water content of three to five per cent. in meats. It is therefore, fair to assume that the finer nuts were divided, chopped and mashed, though most of giving them to children for winter slip-bodices. They were little the worse for wear, and were made of fine white flannel. I unpicked an old bodice which fitted well, also the flannels, and cut the different parts quite easily.

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The door is hinged and fastened with a thumb latch or hook and staple.

Nuts in the Children's Diet.

Concerning nuts as food, doctors disagree. Vegetarians rate them very high—too high, some physicians think. Interesting experiences with nuts as food for children were reported at a gathering of physicians by Dr. Scott of New York City.

Nuts contain water, protein, fat, sugar, starch, crude fibre and ash in large proportions. Each kind of nut has its particular value. Dry nuts are very high in nutritive value and contain more fat than any vegetable substance known. In nutritive value, he said, nut butters are far above ordinary cream butter. Dr. Scott has given nuts to children as a substitute for meat because of the nutritive value in intestinal fermentation.

The discomfort of eating nuts is due to faulty mastication and to the erroneous habit of giving them to children after a hearty meal, between meals, or late at night, whereas they should form an integral part of the meal. Probably nut protein is not as easily digested as meat protein on account of the water content of three to five per