

The Romance of Elaine

SEQUEL TO THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE

A Detective Novel By ARTHUR B. REEVE
The Well-Known Novelist and
the Creator of the "Craig
Kennedy" Stories

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SYNOPSIS.

After the finding of Wu Fang's body and Kennedy's disappearance, a submarine appears the following morning on the bay. A man plunges overboard from the boat and swims ashore. The entrance of Marcus Del Mar into America is his mission is to obtain information of Kennedy and recover, if possible, the lost torpedo. At Fort Dale, Jameson wins the confidence of Elaine. Later she is warned by a little old man to be careful of Del Mar. Jameson comes just in time to prevent Del Mar from carrying out his plans. Later Elaine sees a masquerade ball. Del Mar attends. Neither he nor his domineering wife can locate the torpedo. A gray friar warns Elaine and Jameson of Del Mar's purpose, and his plans are upset. Later the girl enters the Dodge home as a maid; finds the torpedo. Places it in a trunk, which, with others, is sent to the Dodge country home. In a hold-up Del Mar's men fail to get the trunk containing the torpedo. Elaine hides the torpedo, which later is stolen by Del Mar's men, who, in escaping, meet the old man of mystery. A desperate battle follows, in which the old man destroys the torpedo. Enraged, Del Mar means to blow up a bridge over which Elaine and Jameson are passing. The plan fails. Next day Elaine and Jameson are motoring when Jameson loses his hat in the bay. As Elaine reaches in the water for it, a small tube bobs up which contains a note. Elaine decides to send it to the secret service at Washington. Jameson in taking the letter to the town is captured by Del Mar's men. Elaine later discovers Jameson's revolver lying in the road. It furnishes a clue by which Elaine is able to save Jameson.

TWENTY-NINTH EPISODE

THE ATLANTIC CABLE CUTTERS.

"You remember Lieutenant Woodward, the inventor of trotite?" I asked Elaine one day after I had been out for a ride through the country. "Very well indeed," she nodded with a look of wistfulness as the mention of his name recalled Kennedy. "Why?" "He's stationed at Fort Dale, not far from here, at the entrance of the sound," I answered. "Then let's have him over at my garden party tonight," she exclaimed, sitting down and writing: "Dear Lieutenant: I have just learned that you are stationed at Fort Dale and would like to have you meet some of my friends at a little garden party I am holding tonight. Sincerely, "ELAINE DODGE." Thus it was that a few hours afterward, in the officers' quarters at the fort, an orderly entered with the mail and handed a letter to Lieutenant Woodward. He opened it and read the invitation with pleasure. He had scarcely finished reading and was hastening to write a reply when the orderly entered again and saluted. "A Professor Arnold to see you, Lieutenant," he announced. "Professor Arnold?" repeated Woodward. "I don't know any Professor Arnold. Well, show him in anyway." The orderly ushered in a well-dressed man with a dark, heavy beard and large horn spectacles. Woodward eyed him cautiously and a bit suspiciously, as the stranger seated himself and made a few remarks. The moment the orderly left the room, however, the professor lowered his voice to a whisper. Woodward listened in amazement, looked at him more closely, then laughed and shook hands cordially. The professor leaned over again. Whatever it was that he said, it made a great impression on the lieutenant. "You know the fellow Del Mar?" asked Professor Arnold finally. "No," replied Woodward. "Well, he's hanging around Miss Dodge all the time," went on Arnold. "There's something queer about his presence here at this time." "I've an invitation to a garden party at her house tonight," remarked Woodward. "Accept," urged the professor, "and tell her you are bringing a friend." Woodward resumed writing and when he had finished handed the note to the stranger, who read: "Dear Miss Dodge: I shall be charmed to be with you tonight and with your permission will bring my friend, Professor Arnold. Truly yours, "EDWARD WOODWARD." "Good," nodded the professor, handing the note back. Woodward summoned an orderly. "See that this is delivered at Dodge hall to Miss Dodge herself as soon as possible," he directed, as the orderly took the note and saluted. Elaine, Aunt Josephine and I were in the garden when Lieutenant Woodward's orderly rode up and delivered the letter. Elaine opened it and read. "That's all right," she thanked the orderly. "Oh, Walter, he's coming to the garden party, and is going to bring a friend of his, a Professor Arnold." We chatted a few moments about the party. "Oh," exclaimed Elaine suddenly, "I have an idea." "What is it?" I asked, smiling at her enthusiasm. "We'll have a fortune teller," she cried. "Aunt Josephine, you shall play the part." "All right, if you really want me," consented Aunt Josephine smiling indulgently as we urged her. Down in the submarine harbor that

afternoon, Del Mar and his men were seated about the conference table. "I've traced out the course and the landing points of the great Atlantic cable," he said. "We must cut it." Del Mar turned to one of the men. "Take these plans to the captain of the steamer and tell him to get ready," he went on. "Find out and send me word when the cutting can be done best." The man saluted and went out. Leaving the submarine harbor in the usual manner, he made his way to a dock around the promontory and near the village. Tied to it was a small tramp steamer. The man walked down the dock and climbed aboard the boat. There several rough-looking sailors were loitering and standing about. The emissary selected the captain, a more than ordinary tough-looking individual. "Mr. Del Mar sends you the location of the Atlantic cable and the place where he thinks it best to pick it up and cut it," he said. "The captain nodded. "I understand," he replied. "I'll send him word later when it can be done best." A few minutes after dispatching his messenger, Del Mar left the submarine harbor himself and entered his bungalow by way of the secret entrance. There he went immediately to his desk and picked up the mail that had accumulated in his absence. One letter he read: "Dear Mr. Del Mar: "We shall be pleased to see you at a little garden party we are holding tonight. Sincerely, "ELAINE DODGE." As he finished reading, he pushed the letter carelessly aside as though he had no time for such frivolity. Then an idea seemed to occur to him. He picked it up again and read it over. "I'll go," he said to himself, simply. That night Dodge hall was a blaze of lights and life, overflowing to the wide veranda and the garden. Guests in evening clothes were arriving from all parts of the summer colony and were being received by Elaine. Already some of them were dancing on the veranda. Among the late arrivals were Woodward and his friend, Professor Arnold. "I'm so glad to know that you are stationed at Fort Dale," greeted Elaine. "I hope it will be for all summer." "I can't say how long it will be, but I shall make every effort to make it all summer," he replied gallantly. "Let me present my friend, Professor Arnold." The professor bowed low and unprofessionally over Elaine's hand and a moment later followed Woodward out into the next room as the other guests arrived to be greeted by Elaine. For a moment, however, she looked after him curiously. Once she started to follow as though to speak to him. Just then, however, Del Mar entered. "Good evening," he interrupted, suavely. He stood for a moment with Elaine and talked. One doorway in the house was draped and a tent had been erected in the room. Over the door was a sign which read: "The past and future are an open book to Ancient Anna." There Aunt Josephine held forth in a most effective disguise as a fortune teller. Aunt Josephine had always had a curious desire to play the old hag in amateur dramatics and now she had gratified her desire to the utmost. Probably none of the guests knew that Ancient Anna was in reality Elaine's guardian. Elaine, being otherwise occupied, I had selected one of the prettiest of the girls and we were strolling through the house, seeking a quiet spot for a chat. "Why don't you have your fortune told by Ancient Anna?" laughed my companion as we approached the tent. "Do you tell a good fortune reasonably?" I joked, entering. "Only the true fortunes, young man," returned Ancient Anna severely, starting in to read my palm. "You are very much in love," she went on, "but the lady is not in this tent." Very much embarrassed, I pulled my hand away. "How shocking!" mocked my companion, making believe to be very much annoyed. "I don't think I'll have my fortune told," she decided as we left the room. We sauntered along to the veranda where another friend claimed my companion for a dance which she had promised. As I strolled alone, Del Mar and Elaine were already finishing a dance. He left her a moment later and I hurried over, glad of the opportunity to see her at last. Del Mar made his way alone among the guests and passed Aunt Josephine disguised as the old hag seated before her tent. Just then a waiter came through with a tray of ices. As he passed, Del Mar stopped him, reached out and took an ice.

Under the ice, as he had known, was a note. He took the note surreptitiously, turned and presented the ice to Ancient Anna with a bow. "Thank you, kind sir," she curtsied, taking it. Del Mar stepped aside and glanced at the little slip of paper. Then he crumpled it up and threw it aside, walking away. No sooner had he gone than Aunt Josephine reached out and picked up the paper. She straightened it and looked at it. There was nothing on the paper but a crude drawing of a sunrise on the ocean. "What's that?" asked Aunt Josephine, in surprise. Just then Elaine and Lieutenant Woodward came in and stopped before the tent. Aunt Josephine motioned to Elaine to come in and Elaine followed. Lieutenant Woodward started after her. "No, no, young man," laughed Ancient Anna, shaking her forefinger at him. "I don't want you. It's the pretty young lady I want." Woodward stood outside, though he did not know quite what it was all about. While he was standing there, Professor Arnold came up. He had not exactly made a hit with the guests. At least, he seemed to make little effect. In the tent Aunt Josephine handed Elaine the piece of paper she had picked up. "What does it mean?" asked Elaine, studying the curious drawing in surprise. "I'm sure I don't know," confessed Aunt Josephine. "Nor I." Meanwhile Lieutenant Woodward and his friend had moved to a corner of the veranda and stood looking intently into the moonlight. There was Del Mar deep in conversation with a man who had slipped out, at a quiet signal, from his hiding place in the shrubbery. "That fellow is up to something, mark my words," muttered Arnold under his breath. They continued watching Del Mar, but, so far at least, he did nothing that would have furnished them any evidence of anything. So the party went on most merrily until, long after the guests had left,



Lieutenant Woodward Recognizes Professor Arnold.

Elaine sat in her dressing gown up in her room, about to retire. Her maid had left her, and she picked up the slip of paper from her dresser, looking at it thoughtfully. "What can a crude drawing of a sunrise on the sea mean?" she asked herself. For a long time she studied the paper, thinking it over. At last an idea came to her. "I'll bet I have it," she exclaimed to herself. "Something is going to happen on the water at sunrise." She took a pretty little alarm clock from the table, set it, and placed it near her bed. Returning from the party to his library, Del Mar entered. Except for the moonlight streaming in through the windows the room was dark. He turned on the lights and crossed to the panel in the wall. As he touched a button the panel opened. Del Mar switched off the lights and went through the panel, closing it. Outside, at the other end of the passageway, was one of his men, waiting in the shadows as Del Mar came up. For a moment they talked. "I'll be there, at sunrise," agreed Del Mar, as the man left and he re-entered the secret passage. While he was conferring, at the library window appeared a face. It was Professor Arnold's. Cautiously he

opened the window and listened. Then he entered. "First he went to the door and set a chair under the knob. Next he drew an electric bull's-eye and flashed it about the room. He glanced about and finally went over to Del Mar's desk, where he examined a batch of letters, his back to the secret panel. Arnold was running rapidly through the papers on the desk, as he flashed his electric bull's-eye on them, when Del Mar stepped into the room noiselessly. To his surprise he saw a round spot of light from an electric flashlight focussed on his desk. Someone was there! He drew a gun. Arnold started suddenly. He heard the cocking of a revolver. But he did not look around. He merely thought an instant, quicker than lightning, then pulled out a spool of black thread with one hand, while with the other he switched off the light, and dived down on his stomach on the floor in the shadow. "Who's that?" demanded De Mar. "Confound it! I should have fired at sight!" The room was so dark now that it was impossible to see Arnold. Del Mar gazed intently. Suddenly Arnold's electric torch glowed forth in a spot across the room. Del Mar blazed at it, firing every chamber of his revolver, then switched on the lights. "No one was in the room. But the door was open. Del Mar gazed about, vexed, then ran to the open door. For a second or two he peered out in rage, finally turning back into the empty room. On the mantelpiece lay the torch of the intruder. It was one in which the connection is made by a ring falling on a piece of metal. The ring had been left up by Arnold. Connection had been made as he was leaving the room by pulling the thread which he had fastened to the ring. Del Mar followed the thread as it led around the room to the doorway. "Curse him!" swore Del Mar, smashing down the innocent torch on the floor in fury, as he rushed to the desk and saw his papers all disturbed. Outside, Arnold had made good his escape. He paused in the moonlight and listened. No one was pursuing. He drew out two or three of the letters which he had taken from Del Mar's

"Is everything ready?" asked Del Mar, coming up. "Everything, sir," returned the two, following him along the shore. "Who's that?" cautioned one of the men, looking ahead. They hid hastily, for there was Elaine. She had seen the three and was about to level her glass in their direction as they hid. Finally she turned and discovered the steamer. As she moved toward it, Del Mar and the others came out from behind a rock and stole after her. Elaine wandered on until she came to the dock. No one paid any attention to her, apparently, and she made her way along the dock and even aboard the boat without being observed. No sooner had she got on the boat, however, than Del Mar and his men appeared on the dock and also boarded the steamer. The captain was still explaining to the men just how the drag-hook worked when Elaine came up quietly on the deck. She stood spellbound as she heard him outline the details of the plot. Scarcely knowing what she did, she crouched back of a deckhouse and listened. Behind her, Del Mar and his men came along, cattle. A glance was sufficient to tell them she had overheard what the captain was saying. "Confound that girl!" ground out Del Mar. "Will she always cross my path? We'll get her this time!" The men scattered as he directed them. Sneaking up quietly, they made a sudden rush and seized her. As she struggled and screamed, they dragged her off, thrusting her into the captain's cabin and locking the door. "Cast off!" ordered Del Mar. A few moments later, out in the harbor, Del Mar was busy directing the dragging for the Atlantic cable at a spot where it was known to run. They let the drag hook down over the side and pulled it along slowly on the bottom. I had decided to do some early morning fishing that day after the party, and knowing that Elaine and the others were usually late risers, I said nothing about it, determined to try my luck alone. So it happened that only a few minutes after Elaine left herself out quietly, I did the same, carrying my fishing tackle. I made my way toward the shore, undecided whether to fish from a dock or boat. Finally I determined to do some casting from the shore. I had cast once or twice before I was aware that I was not alone in the immediate neighborhood. Some distance away I saw a little steamer at a wharf. A couple of men ran along the deck, apparently cautioning the captain against something. Then I saw them run to one side and drag out a girl, screaming and struggling as they hurried her below. I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was Elaine! Only a second I looked. They were certainly too many for me. I dropped my rod and line and ran toward the dock, however. As I came down it, I saw that I was too late. The little steamer had cast off and was now some distance from the dock. I looked about for a motorboat in desperation—anything to follow them in. But there was nothing, absolutely nothing, not even a row boat. I ran back along the dock as I had come and struck out down the shore. Out at the parade grounds at Fort Dale, in spite of the early hour, there was some activity, for the army is composed of early risers. Lieutenant Woodward and Professor Arnold left the house in which the lieutenant was quartered, where he had invited Arnold to spend the night. Already an orderly had brought around two horses. They mounted for an early morning ride through the country. Off they clattered, naturally bending their course toward the shore. They came soon to a point in the road where it emerged from the hills and gave them a panoramic view of the harbor and sound. "Wait a minute," called the professor. Woodward reined up and they gazed off over the water. "What's that—an oyster boat?" asked Woodward, looking in the direction Arnold indicated. "I don't think so, so early," replied Arnold, pulling out his pocket glass and looking carefully. Through it he could see that something like a hook was being cast over the steamer's side and drawn back again. "They're dragging for something," he remarked as they brought up an object, dark and covered with seaweed, then threw it overboard as though it was not what they wanted. "By George—the Atlantic cable lands here—they're going to cut it!" Woodward took the glasses himself and looked in surprise. "That's right," he cried, his surprise changing to alarm in an instant. "Here, take the glass again and watch. I must get back to the fort." He swung his horse about and galloped off, leaving Arnold sitting in the saddle gazing at the strange boat through his glass. By the time Woodward reached the parade ground again, a field gun and its company were at drill. He dashed furiously across the field. Woodward blurted out what he had just seen. "We must stop it—at any cost," he added, breathlessly. The officer turned to the company. A moment later the order to follow Woodward rang out, the horses were wheeled about, and off the party galloped. On they went, along the road

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which Woodward and Arnold had already traversed. Arnold was still gazing, impatiently now, through the glass. He could see the foredeck of the ship where Del Mar, muffled up, and his men had succeeded in dragging the cable to the proper position on the deck. They laid it down and Del Mar was directing the preparations for cutting it. Arnold lowered his glass and looked about helplessly. Just then Lieutenant Woodward dashed up with the officer and company and the field gun. They wheeled it about and began pointing it and finding the range. Would they never get it? Arnold was almost beside himself. One of Del Mar's men seized an ax and was about to deliver the fatal blow. He swung it and for a moment held it poised over his head. Suddenly a low, deep rumble of a reverberation echoed and re-echoed from the hills over the water. The field gun had belched defiance. A solid shot crashed through the cabin, smashing the door. Astounded, the men jumped back. As they did so, in their fear, the cable, released, slipped back over the rail in a great splash of safety into the water and sank. The first shot had dismantled the doorway of the cabin. Elaine crouched fearfully in the furthest corner, not knowing what to expect next. Suddenly another shot tore through just beside the door, smashing the woodwork terrifically. She shrank back further, in fright. Anything was better than this hidden terror. Nerved up, she ran through the broken door. Arnold was gazing through his glass at the effect of the shots. He could now see Del Mar and the others leaping into a swift little motorboat alongside the steamer which they had been using to help them in dragging for the cable. Just then he saw Elaine run screaming out from the cabin and leap overboard. "Stop!" shouted Arnold in a fever of excitement, lowering the glass. "There's a girl—by Jove—it's Miss Dodge!" "Impossible!" exclaimed Woodward. "I tell you it is," reiterated Arnold, thrusting the glass into the lieutenant's hand. The motorboat had started when Del Mar saw Elaine in the water. "Look," he growled, pointing, "there's the Dodge girl." Elaine was swimming frantically away from the boat. "Get her," he ordered, shielding his face so that she could not see it. They turned the boat and headed toward her. She struck out harder than ever for the shore. On came the motorboat. Arnold and Woodward looked at each other in despair. What could they do? "Somehow, by a sort of instinct, I suppose, I made my way as quickly as I could along the shore toward Fort Dale," thinking perhaps of Lieutenant Woodward. As I came upon the part of the grounds of the fort that sloped down to the beach I saw a group of young officers standing about a peculiar affair on the shore in the shallow water—half bird, half boat. As I came closer, I recognized it as a Thomas hydroaeroplane. It suggested an idea and I hurried, shouting. One of the men seated in it was evidently explaining its working to the others. "Wait," he said, as he saw me running down the shore, waving and shouting at them. "Let's see what this fellow wants." It was, as I soon learned, the famous Captain Burnside of the United States aerial corps. Breathless, I told him what I had seen and that we were all friends of Woodward's. Burnside thought a moment and quickly made up his mind. "Come—quick—jump up here with me," he called. Then to the other men, "I'll be back soon. Wait here. Let her go!" I had jumped up and they spun the propeller. The hydroaeroplane feathered along the water, throwing a cloud of white spray; then slowly rose in the air. As we rose we could see over the curve in the shore. "Look!" I exclaimed, straining my eyes. "She's overboard. There's a motorboat after her. Faster—over that way!" "Yes, yes," shouted Burnside above the roar of the engine which almost made conversation impossible. He shifted the planes a bit and crowded on more speed. The men in the boat saw us. One figure, tall, muffled, had a familiar look, but I could not place it and in the excitement of the chase had no chance to try. But I could see that he saw us and was angry. Apparently the man gave orders to turn, for the boat swung around just as we swooped down and ran along the water. Elaine was exhausted. Would we be in time? We planed along the water, while the motorboat sped off with its baffled passengers. Finally we stopped in a cloud of spray. Together, Burnside and I reached down and caught Elaine, not a moment too soon. "Oh—Walter," she murmured, "you were just in time." "I wish I could have been sooner," I apologized. "They—they didn't cut the cable—did they?" she asked. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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BEST WAYS TO COOK BACON

Meat is Too Frequently Wasted Because Inefficient Thought is Bestowed Upon It.

Bacon is an extravagant article in the list of cooking materials because of its increased price and the fact that often twice as much as is needed is used for garnishing other foods. This delectable meat: will probably never be low-priced again, yet it will always be a great addition to the menu, so that to know the best ways of using it without waste is a necessity if one is to cook well. The dippings from bacon are the best sort of shortening for cookies and everyday pastry; therefore, every bit of the fat that renders out in cooking should be strained and saved for such uses. This reduces the first cost of the meat very much, for the shortening bill has soared with the price of pork. All left-over bacon makes excellent seasoning for meat loaves and may be nicely browned for garnishing by being dipped into egg beater and then into fine crumbs and placed in a hot oven, on a bacon rack, until golden brown. If you have never broiled bacon on a rack you have a culinary treat in store, for even inferior bacon becomes fine tasting when broiled so and best bacon delicious. Any wire broiler or oven rack may be used; the slices are spread out, just touching, not covering, one another, on it and placed over a dripping pan in a hot oven. Sometimes bacon is as salty as salt can make it an requires soaking in hot water after it is cut; after such treatment the salt is not too apparent. The best of sausage can be made at home with the following ingredients: One pound of veal, one pound of fresh pork, one cupful of bacon chopped and one cupful of cracker crumbs. Grind the veal and pork fine, add crumbs and bacon, seasoning of pepper and sugar with little salt, as the bacon supplies this. Grind the mixture again and shape into cakes and fry. Cold meat of any sort may be used in place of the veal.

GOOD LUNCHEON FOR CHILD

Delicacies the Youngster Will Appreciate and That Will Keep Him in Best of Health.

Fairy Apples.—Pare and core enough tart cooking apples to fill a baking dish; cover them with sugar, and put a little cold water in the dish, also several slices of lemon and two cloves. Then pour a little melted butter over the apples and bake them until tender. Serve them cold, with a blob of fruit jelly put on the top of each and whipped cream about them. Ambrosia.—This delicious dessert could be an occasional treat, as it is rather troublesome to make. It requires grated coconut, sliced oranges and bananas, sugar and a wee taste of lemon juice. Pile a dish with layers of the different fruits, putting sugar over each one, and continue in this way until the ingredients are all in. Let the dish "blend" while in a cool place before serving. Fresh coconut is needed, and if the milk of the fruit is sweet this may be added to the dessert. Brown Sugar Sandwiches.—For the children incessantly craving sweets brown sugar is an excellent thing to keep in the house. Spread it thickly on buttered white bread and put the slices together so as to make narrow sandwiches. Quick Ginger-Cake Pudding.—Get any sort of small or large ginger or molasses cakes from the grocer and cover them with a custard made of boiling hot milk into which several eggs are beaten up. Pour the milk gradually into the eggs, stirring vigorously all the while; sweeten and pour over the cakes, allowing them to stand until they have "drunk" up a good deal of the custard. Serve warm or cold. Apple Pudding. Pare and core one-half dozen net very tart apples. Butter a granite saucepan and set in apples with very little water. Add one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of brandy and a dash of nutmeg. Put over a slow fire, cover and let simmer without cooking hard till apples are tender. Take up when done, being careful not to break them, and set away to cool, pouring over them the sirup in which they were cooked. When quite cold and ready to serve put in a glass dish, sprinkle them over with fine macaroon crumbs and send to table.

Pressed Flank of Beef.

Wipe, remove superfluous fat and roll a flank of beef; put in a kettle, cover with boiling water and add one teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful peppercorns, a bit of bay leaf and a bone or two which may be at hand; cook slowly until meat is in shreds. There should be but little liquor in the kettle when meat is done. Arrange meat in deep pan, pour over liquor, cover and press with a heavy weight. Serve cold, thinly sliced.

Chicken Gallech.

Cut into dice two medium-sized raw potatoes. Put into frying pan two tablespoonfuls olive oil, and when hot add the potato dice. Stir to keep from burning, and cook five minutes. Then add a dash of paprika, a cupful of boiling water, a crushed clove of garlic, a cupful of cold cooked chicken, and salt to taste. Cover and cook until the potatoes are done, stirring frequently.

Bread Soup.

Here is a bread soup: Have about one quart of boiling water in a kettle and drop in dry, hard pieces of bread and cook until soft, do not let burn. Then thin with a quart of milk and season with salt, pepper and butter.

Peach Ice.

Boil one pound of sugar in one pint of water five minutes. When cool add two pounds of peaches, peeled, halved and ribbed through a sieve and frozen, if desired, just before freezing add one wine glassful of maraschino or one pint of cream.

ADVANCE IN ART OF HEALING

European Physician Asserts World is Entering on New Era in Field of Electro-Therapy. A distinguished European physician, Kowarschik, declares that we are entering on a new field of electro-therapy, as the mechanical technic has been so perfected, while our knowledge of the biologic and therapeutic action of electricity has been advanced in recent years.

The theory of electrons and ions has provided a scientific basis for therapeutic action, a basis more solidly planted, he insists, than we have for the action of most of our drugs. Among the favorable accounts of ion treatment published recently is that of Aufaure with acute and subacute articular rheumatism treated by driving a ten per cent solution of sodium salicylate directly into the joints with the electric current. The effect was found to be superior to that with internal administration of the drug.

Excellent results in the treatment of chronic nose and ear disease and sinusitis are reported by Friel. A one per cent solution of zinc sulphate, with a current of two or three milliamperes, was used at a ten-minute sitting and repeated at eight or ten-day intervals. Sometimes a single sitting completed the cure. About half of the cases of sinusitis thus treated were cured and a large proportion of the middle-ear cases. Kowarschik says the eye and ear affections seem to offer a specially

favorable field for diathermy, as also malignant growths of all kinds. Buffaloes in Action. No doubt the buffaloes employed to break the Austrian's wire entanglements at Monte Corada came from the Roman Campagna, where they impart to the landscape a strangely tropical aspect. Italian buffaloes are somewhat like lions, and when they are wallowing in ditches or lying half concealed in the brushwood their backs might be mistaken for those

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