

# Irene's Little Adventure

By Katharine Howe

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"Mother! you never want to go anywhere!"

The other woman regarded her rebellious, but undeniably pretty offspring on the other side of the table with a look of mild forbearance. She was not yet very old, and had not forgotten her own youth. But there were firm lines about her mouth which indicated that her advice was meant to be followed.

"Dearie," she said gently, "if you will think that over a minute, you will see you are wrong."

"Well," persisted the girl, "it comes so near to being 'never' I don't see much difference."

"I wish," sighed Mrs. Folsom, "I could give you more good times, but you know our small income won't allow me to go much in society, where I would like to go for your sake."

"Yes, I know," said Irene with some contrition, "but if you weren't so fussy about whom I went with—there isn't a girl's mother in town as particular as you."

"Perhaps I am a bit old fashioned. But it seems to me a custom more honored in the observance than the breach."

"Yes, but if you didn't want a carefully compiled history of everybody I speak to."

"Now Irene, let us get down to facts. I simply don't want you to go to places with young girls or men that I don't know anything about. I want to save you from possibly unhappy experiences. Perhaps I am all wrong in trying to save you. Perhaps I ought to let you have the bitter experiences, so that you may learn from them. I know you will have them after awhile, but you will be older, and better able to face them. So many terrible things are happening these days. Sometimes when young girls go off with strange men, they never come back."

"Yes mumsy, I know," coaxed the girl. "But Mr. Garston isn't a strange man, you've seen him."

"Yes, just twice, and I didn't like him."

"That's because you're so wrapped up in Jerry Carver."

"Well aren't you?" smilingly asked the mother.

"Of course I—I like Jerry, but he can't take me out as much as he'd like to. He can't afford it. I haven't been in an automobile in six months, and now when Mr. Garston wants to take me for a little spin, you don't want me to go."

"No," answered her mother, "decidedly, I don't. Who knows anything about him. He's been in this town just about two weeks."

"Well, everybody likes him, and I met him at Bessie's house."

"Does she know anything about him?"

"I didn't ask about his past history. If he was her friend I thought that was enough."

"It ought to be enough," responded her mother. "But in this place it doesn't seem to be."

"Well," said Irene looking at her wrist watch, "I suppose it's time for me to go downtown for these things."

Irene now never consulted the clock, since her birthday present had come from her uncle. It was a beautiful little gold wrist watch, set around with diamonds, and the mother had exclaimed just a trifle regretfully when it came: "Oh, if Uncle Albert had just sent a check for that amount, it would have bought your clothes for two years. It must have cost two or three hundred dollars."

But when she saw the girl's delight in wearing it, she remembered her own pleasure in her first watch, and said no more.

That evening Jerry Carver called. He was a wholesome, hard-working young fellow with the refinement and good breeding which appealed especially to the mother, and it was plain he was deeply in love with Irene. Mrs. Folsom asked him if he knew anything about Gerald Garston.

"No," he answered. "I don't think anyone does, except that he stops at the hotel, and is pretty much of a high-flyer. I don't suppose they'll let him stay much beyond two weeks, if he doesn't pay his bill."

"How do you know he doesn't pay his bill?" flashed Irene with evident resentment.

"I don't know," he answered quietly, but her look and manner stabbed him to the heart.

"Because Mr. Garston is popular with everyone, that's no reason why anybody should say such things."

"No," he answered, "if—but I don't

think I'd better say any more."

"I think not," she responded lily. The constraint of the silence that followed was broken by the young man rising, and taking his leave.

"I think," said Mrs. Folsom, "Jerry knew more than he would say."

"I think," said Irene, "it was just mean contemptible jealousy. I didn't think he'd be so mean!"

Irene walking toward the post office late the next afternoon saw Gerald Garston passing in an automobile. He saw her at the same moment, and being at the wheel, immediately stopped the machine. He was alone, and begged her to come with him for a little spin. She objected that she must be home in about an hour, but he said she need not stay an hour if she did not wish. The temptation was too much for the girl, and she got in. About half a mile further, in the outskirts of the town, he halted the car before a small house, and excusing himself, went in. He was not gone more than two minutes when he returned, and they went on. They bowled along a pretty country road, Garston's manner was respectfully polite, and Irene was enjoying it to the full. After a while she began to remind him he must get her home in time. He promised, and put on more speed. After a minute or two, he looked behind, uttered an explanation, and said: "A cop's coming! Speeding I suppose!"

Here the man behind yelled a warning, and Garston halted the machine.

The policeman came up on his wheel, put Garston under arrest, and told him to drive on to headquarters, which was only half a mile away, and he would keep with him. Garston, followed by the policeman, went in. After a few minutes Garston came out,



"Now Irene, Let Us Get Down to Facts."

worried and embarrassed. He was fined fifty dollars, he hadn't more than five in his pocket, and the prospects were they would both have to spend the night in the station.

"Oh, but my mother!" cried Irene. "Oh no! no! something must be done!"

"I haven't even my watch with me. It's at the jeweler's," he said.

Nearly crazed, Irene took the jeweled watch from her wrist, and begged him to leave it till he could pay the fine. Promising to get it back to her the next day, he took it in, and soon they were on their homeward way. Irene anxiously waited for the return of the watch. The second day she telephoned the hotel, but Mr. Garston had left. Then she called up police headquarters at Easton, but they had never heard of a watch or a man named Garston. It was a very neatly contrived robbery. The policeman was simply a disguised confederate, and the building not "headquarters." The watch was never recovered, and poor Irene had to confess to her mother, and acknowledge that in nine cases out of ten, a girl would better take her mother's advice. Whether or not she followed it in regard to Jerry, the wedding cards were out in about three months.

But Times Have Changed.

Vassar college, the pioneer American institution for the higher education of women, was founded by Matthew Vassar, a wealthy Poughkeepsie brewer. Having accumulated a fortune, and being without children, Matthew Vassar decided to devote the greater part of his wealth to the establishment of some public institution. It was at the suggestion of his niece, Miss Booth, a successful teacher of girls, that he was induced to found a college for young women, for which he gave \$408,000 in 1861, and other sums aggregating as much more before his death and by bequests. When Vassar was opened the institution was denounced by many women and numerous clergymen, who proved to their own satisfaction that a college for women was an insult to God! One prominent woman said: "Of one thing we may be sure—no refined Christian mother will ever send her daughters to Vassar college! The mere fact that it is called a 'college for women' is enough to condemn it!"

# The Wonderful Crimea



BALAKLAVA

WHEN, after the war, passenger steamers ply between New York and the ports of the Black sea, it may well be hoped that Americans, for their own sake, will discover and appreciate the wonderful Crimea. Probably most Americans, having forgotten the ancient history they once learned at school, have but few definite ideas connected with the name Crimea. There once was a war in the Crimea, for instance, involving a town which English-printing newspapers and others carefully misspell "Sebastopol." Also, it is remembered, there was Balaklava, and the charge that was "magnificent, but not war." And also, there was Florence Nightingale. All of these were, and some still are, notable.

But there is much more than all these to the Crimea, says a writer in the magazine Russia, and indeed they suggest nothing whatever of the beautiful and extraordinary south coast stretch of the peninsula; nothing of its luxuriant and semi-tropical vegetation rising upon the steep heights which fringe the shore; nothing of the summer pastures in the high valleys—pastures as notable as the much better known alpen of the Swiss Alps, which these grazing places for sheep closely resemble. Nor do our few American modern memories suggest the fact that the Crimea was one of the melting-pots of classical antiquity—not in the center of the ancient foundry, it is true—but the scene of colonizations by Greeks, Venetians, Genoese, invading Goths, Turks, Tartars; until in 1783 Russia established peace and control. Americans by the thousand visit the Riviera; by the thousands they may well repay themselves, a little later, by visiting what is often called "the Russian Riviera"—the south coast of the Crimea.

Why the "Black" Sea.

From the moment his ship enters the Black sea, the American explorer will find himself in a region of waters of a kind new to him. The Black sea is not actually black; but it is of a much darker blue than the Mediterranean. It is practically without tides, also—a great deep bowl with steep sides, with water some 4,500 feet deep close to the sides, and over 7,000 in the middle. The black mud of its bottom contains no animal life; on warm summer evenings its waters show phosphorescence.

Into the northern side of this huge basin of the Black sea projects the peninsula of the Crimea, sloping upwards from the mainland towards the south until it reaches the summit of the Yaila range (Yaila is the Tartar word for "summer pasture") just behind the southern shore line; from there it plunges abruptly into the Black sea.

It is this strip of steep, verdure-smothered coast land (five to eight miles wide) between the summits of the Yaila range and the sea that is the paradise of the Crimea. From the southernmost point of the peninsula, at Cape Sarytch, to Fayodosia (English, Theodosia) towards the northeast, the Yaila range bordering the coast is pierced by passes, through which carriage roads lead northward in general direction, across the high mountain pastures, and down the northward slope to the railroad lines from Sevastopol on the west shore, and Kertch and Fayodosia on the east, which join in the line to the mainland. This Yaila range (sometimes called the "Mountain Meadows mountains") is a continuation of the Caucasus, and has its western end at Cape Fiolente (the ancient Parthenon) which is the southwesternmost point of the Crimea. The ancient name of the cape is due to the legend that on that promontory stood the temple of Artemis (Diana) in which Iphigenia served as a priestess. The general elevation of the Yaila is from 1,800 to 2,500 feet.

It is a creditable element in the Russian attitude towards the finer pleasure places that the generally ubiquitous

railroad—or lacking that, the trolley car—has found no place on the south shore strip of the Crimea. This is a region of roads, southward from Sevastopol on the west, to Fayodosia on the east. One may reach the coast places by boats plying between the two cities named, and there are some advantages, always, in seeing a bold and picturesque shore from the water side. But finally, one must depend on roads.

Along the shore line is the main highway, extending from Cape Sarytch on the west to Fayodosia on the east. To reach the south shore with the most satisfactory scenic accompaniments, one may well travel south by carriage or motor from the western rail terminus at Sevastopol. The road leads up the Baldar valley into the western heights of Yaila range and comes out on the heights above the shore through the Baldar gate, a passageway at an elevation of 1,630 feet which was blasted through the solid limestone of the mountain in 1848.

Scenery is Beautiful.

From the opening of the Baldar Gate the characteristic beauty and magnificence of the views from the mountains down across the shore strip and out over the Black sea meet the visitor in striking fashion.

The higher slopes of the mountains are thickly covered with forests of oak, beech, elm, pine, fir and other cone-bearing trees. Tatar villages, mosques, monasteries, the palaces of many Russian nobles, picturesque ruins of Greek and medieval fortresses and other buildings are set on the steep slopes, in the undergrowth of hazel and other nuts, groves of bays, of cypresses, mulberries, figs, olives, and pomegranates, with great vineyards, tobacco plantations, and gay gardens. The vineyards of the shore strip, covering nearly twenty thousand acres, have a high reputation, and the "grape cure" is one of the institutions of the Crimean summer resorts. Fruit of all kinds is abundant.

Small wonder that the enthusiastic Russian considers his Crimea one of the loveliest and most desirable places in the world!

To all this natural beauty are added the advantages of what is practically an island climate. In some winters the tops of the mountains are snow-covered, but snow and ice are rare on the south slope. The passage from the continental climate to the island type is shown by setting together the temperatures at Mellitopol, on the mainland a little to the north of the Perekop isthmus which is the neck of the Crimea, those at Simferopol in middle Crimea, and of Yaila, foremost of the coast resorts. At Mellitopol, the annual mean temperature is 48 degrees; at Simferopol, which is just within the lower range of mountains, it is 50 degrees; while at Yaila it is 56.5 degrees.

Where Airplanes Are Made.

There are less than a dozen airplane factories in the United States, and the number of workers employed therein is not more than 6,000 or 7,000. To include those in the making of accessories would bring the total to some thousands more. The principal factories are in Buffalo, Ithaca, Los Angeles, Chicago, Brooklyn, College Point, L. I.; Marblehead and Jamaica Plain, Mass., and Plainfield, New Brunswick and Nutley, N. J. Fifteen companies are represented in the American Association of Aircraft Manufacturers, formed February 9 in New York while the first Pan-American Aeronautics exposition was being held. Their combined capital is \$30,000,000, and their capacity of 175 airplanes a week were offered to the government in the event of war. The association is designed to do for aeronautics what the Automobile Chamber of Commerce has done for the automobile industry in raising standards and promoting efficiency.—Boston Transcript

## KIDNEY REMEDY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

There is no medicine which we handle that gives such good results as your Swamp-Root. Many of our customers have informed us at different times that they have derived great benefit from its use.

There was one case in particular which attracted a great deal of attention in this neighborhood early last Spring, as the gentleman's life was despaired of and two doctors treating him for liver and kidney trouble were unable to give him any relief. Finally a specialist from St. Louis was called in but failed to do him any good. I at last induced him to try your Swamp-Root and after taking it for three months, he was attending to his business as usual and is now entirely well. This case has been the means of creating an increased demand for your Swamp-Root with us.

Very truly yours,  
L. A. RICHARDSON, Druggist.  
May 27, 1916. Marine, Illinois.

**Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You**  
Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

**Cheap Enough.**  
"Oh, John, the baby has swallowed a dime."

"Well, the diet isn't expensive, as food goes; but I doubt if it's nourishing."

**RED CROSS SERVICE.**  
Red Cross Ball Blue gives to every housewife unequalled service. A large 5 cent package gives more real, genuine merit than any other blue. Red Cross Ball Blue makes clothes whiter than snow. You will be delighted. At all good grocers.—Adv.

## INDIVIDUAL'S NEEDS IN FOOD

As to the Suitability of the Diet Every Man, Woman and Child is a Law to Himself.

One condition of good digestion is that the food presented to the stomach be suitable to the individual, that it be sound, well cooked and not excessive in quantity. As to the suitability of the sort of food, every man, woman and child is a law to himself, and much of the indigestion deplored is caused by kindly tyrants, who insist on their family and guests eating what suits the tyrant and not the victims.

One robust and genial head of the household of active habits and outdoor occupations thrives on a large allowance in which meat is a chief constituent. This diet he most generously wishes to impose on all his family, but what is to happen to the overwrought financier, the exhausted schoolmaster or the woman who gets much mental stimulus and little exercise? Their digestive apparatus cannot be immediately adapted to a supply so unwonted in quantity and quality, and if they weakly consent so to overtax their stomachs grief is assuredly not far away.—Exchange.

**Not in the Fields.**  
"You used to keep a garden, didn't you?"

"Now, we never had no garden."  
"Why, papa said your father was a muck-raker, and I thought raked it in a garden."



**A Wise Move**  
is to change from coffee to **POSTUM** before the harm is done.  
"There's a Reason"