The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

(Copyright The Musson Book Co.)

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

"It's too bad your memory is so poor," Conward sneered. "Why were your lights off that night I passed your car? Oh, I guess you remember. What will Miss Hardy think of that?"

For a moment Dave was unable to follow Conward's thought. Then his mind reached back to the night he drove into the country with Bert Morrison, when on the brow of the hill he switched off his lights that they might the better admire the majesty of the heavens. That Conward should place an evil interpretation upon that incident was a thing so monstrous, so altogether beyond argument, that Dave fell back upon the basic human method reserved for such occasions. His fist leapt forward, and Conward crumpled up before it.

Conward lay stunned for a few minutes; then, with returning consciousness, he tried to sit up. Dave helped him to a chair. Blood flowed down his face, and, as he began to realize what had occurred, it was joined with tears of pain, rage, humiliation.

"You got that one on me, Elden," he said, after a while. "But it was a coward's blow. You hit me when I wasn't looking. Very well. Two can play at that game. I'll hit you when you're not looking . . . where you don't expect it . . . where you can't hit back. You interfere with me—you strike me—you that I took out of a thirty-dollar-a-week job and made you all you are. I did it, Dave; gave you the money to start with; coached you all the way. And you hit me . . . when I wasn't looking." He spoke disjointedly; his throat was choked with mortification and self-pity. "Very well. I know the stake you're playing for. And—I'm going to spoil it."

He turned his swollen, bloody face to Dave's, and hatred stood up in his eyes as he uttered the threat. "I'll hit you, Dave," he repeated, "where you can't hit back."

"Thanks for the warning," said Elden. "So Irene Hardy is to be the stake. All right; I'll sit in. And I'll win."

"You'll think you've won," returned Conward leeringly. "And then you'll find out that you didn't. I'll present her to you, Dave, like that." He lifted a burnt match from an ash tray and held it before him.

Dave's impulse was to seize the thick, flabby throat in his hands and choke it lifeless. With a resolute effort he turned to the telephone and lifted the receiver.

"Send a car and a doctor to Conward & Elden's office," he said, when he had got the desired number. "Mr. Conward has been hurt; fell against a desk, or something. Nothing serious, but may need a stitch or two." Then, turning to Conward, "It will depend on you whether this affair gets to the public. On you, and Miss Wardin. Make your own explanations. And as soon as you are able to be about our partnership will dis-

[illegible]dy enough to [illegible]ggestion that their [illegible] not come to the notice [illegible] and Gladys Wardin, ap[illegible]ently, kept her own counsel in the matter. In a time when firms were going out of business without even the formality of an assignment, and others were being absorbed by their competitors, the dissolution of the Conward & Elden establishment occasioned no more than passing notice. The explanation, "for business reasons," given to the newspapers, seemed sufficient. Some few may have had surmises, but they said nothing openly. Bert Morrison, for example, meeting Dave in the street, congratulated him upon the change. "I knew you would find him out some day," he said. "Find what out?" Dave questioned, with feigned surprise. "Oh, nothing," was her enigmatic answer, as she changed the subject.

Irene Hardy found herself in a position of increasing delicacy. Since the day of their conversation in the tea-room Dave had been constant in his attentions, but, true to his ultimatum, had uttered no word that could in any way be construed to be more or less than Platonic. His attitude vexed and pleased her. She was vexed that he should leave her in a position where she must humiliate herself by taking the initiative; she was pleased with his strength, with his daring, with the superb self-control with which he carried out a difficult purpose. Just how difficult was that purpose Irene was now experiencing in her own person. She had now no doubt that she felt for Dave that attachment, without which ceremonies are without avail, and with which ceremonies are but ceremonies. And yet she shrank from surrender. . . . And she knew that some day she must surrender.

The situation was complicated by conditions which involved her mother—and Conward. Mrs. Hardy had never allowed herself to become reconciled to Dave Elden. She refused to abandon her preconceived ideas of the vulgarity which through life must accompany one born to the lowly status of cow puncher. The fact that Dave, neither in manner nor mind, gave any hint of that vulgarity which she chose to associate with his early occupation, did not in the least ameliorate her aversion. Mrs. Hardy, without knowing it, was as much a devotee of caste as any Oriental. And Dave was born out of the caste. Nothing could alter that fact. His assumption of the manners of a gentleman merely aggravated his offence.

It was also apparent that Conward's friendship for Mrs. Hardy did not react to Dave's advantage. Conward was careful to drop no word in Irene's hearing that could be taken as a direct reflection upon Dave, but she was conscious of an influence, a magnetism, it almost seemed, the whole tendency of which was to pull her away from Elden. She knew there had been trouble between the two men, and that their formal courtesy, when they met at her mother's house, was formal only; but neither admitted her into the secret. Dave did not venture to speak of the quarrel and Conward's threat, partly from a sense of delicacy; partly from a curiously strained point of honor that that would be taking an unfair advantage of Conward; but most, perhaps, because of his complete assurance that Conward would never be able to carry his threat into effect. He had absolutely no misgivings on that score. Conward, on the other hand, knew that his standing with Irene would not, as yet, justify him in playing any trump card. He realized that the girl's affections were placed on Elden, but he trusted, by winning for himself an intimate position in the family, to grow gradually into more favorable relationship with her. Conward had a manner, a mildness of voice, a confidential note in his words, which had not failed him on previous occasions, and although he now stalked bigger game than ever before he had no serious doubt of ultimate success. As for Irene, a certain aversion which she had felt for Conward at first did disappear under the influence of his presence in the household and the courteous attentions which, although directed to her mother, were in some degree reflected upon herself.

It would not be true to say that Irene's acquaintance with Conward made it more difficult for her to accept the terms of Dave's ultimatum. She regarded the two men from a totally different point of view, and there seemed no reason why her vision of one should in any way obscure her vision of the other. One was merely a friend of the family, to be treated on grounds of cordial good-fellowship; the other was her prospective husband. It was no consideration for Conward that sealed her lips. There was another matter, however, which bore heavily upon her pride, and strewed her path with difficulties.

Mrs. Hardy had invested practically all her little fortune in her house. The small sum which had been saved from that unfortunate investment had been eaten up in the cost of furnishing and maintaining the home. Dr. Hardy, in addition to his good name, had left his daughter some few thousand dollars of life insurance, and this was the capital which was now supplying their daily needs. It, too, would soon be exhausted, and Irene was confronted with the serious business of finding a means of livelihood for herself and her mother.

She discussed her problem with Bert Morrison, with whom she had formed a considerable friendship. She wondered whether she might be able to get a position on one of the newspapers.

"Don't think of it," said Bert. "If you want to keep a sane, sweet outlook on humanity, don't examine it too closely. That's what we have to do in the newspaper game, and that's why we're all cynics. Shakespeare said 'All the world's a stage,' and the same might have been said of the Press. The show looks pretty good from the pit, but when you get behind the scenes and see the make-up, and all the strings that are pulled—and who pulls them—well, it makes you suspicious of everything. You no longer accept a surface view; you are always looking for the hidden motive below. Keep out of it."

"But I must earn a living," Irene protested, "and I'm not a stenographer, nor much of anything else. I wasn't brought up to be useful, except with a view to superintending a household—not supporting it."

"Ever contemplate marriage?" said Miss Morrison, with disconcerting frankness.

The color rose in Irene's cheeks, but she knew that her friend was discussing a serious matter seriously. "Why, yes," she admitted. "I have contemplated it. That's one of the reasons I want to start earning my living. When I marry I want to marry as a matter of choice—not because it's the only way out."

"Now you're talking," said Bert. "And most of us girls who marry as a matter of choice—don't marry. Perhaps I'm too cynical. I suppose there are some men who would make good husbands—if you could find them. But I've seen a few, the rough and the smooth, and I've only known one man from whom a proposal would set me thinking. And he'll never propose to me—not now. Not since Miss Hardy came West."

"Oh," said Irene, slowly. "I'm—I'm so sorry . . . ."

"It's all right," said Bert, looking out of the window. "Just another of life's little bumps. We get used to them—in time. But you want a job. Let me see; you draw, don't you?"

"Just for pastime. I can't earn a living that way."

"I'm not so sure. Perhaps not with art in the abstract. You must commercialize it. Don't shy at the word. Believe me, all art is pretty well commercialized in these times. Our literary men are writing advertisements instead of poetry and getting more for it. And if you, on the one hand, can make a picture of the Rockies, which you can't sell, and on the other can make a picture of a pair of shoes, which you can sell, which, as a woman of good sense, in need of the simoleons, are you going to do? You're going to draw the shoes—and the pay cheque. Now I think I can get you started that way, on catalogue work and ad. cuts. Try your pencil on anything—anything at all—and bring down a few samples."

(To be continued.)

WAKING WITH A BAD START

—From The Star, London

If You Want to be Popular.

Don't go through life tearing down. Don't go around with a hammer knocking people, conditions, things, everything in sight. Instead of knocking, learn to praise. Get a reputation of being a booster, a lifter, a helper, a server, an inspirer, an uplifter, an encourager. Just think what a difference it will make to others and, above all, to yourself, to go through the world as a booster, instead of a knocker! If you are a booster people will like you, will be glad to see you, will always have a good word for you. But no one has any use for the knocker, the chap who is always hitting somebody, passing along unfortunate gossip, making insinuating remarks about others, being jealous of others' success, who is always grumbling about hard luck and unfortunate conditions. He casts a shadow wherever he goes. The booster makes the sun shine a little brighter. The knocker draws a cloud over it.—O. S. Marden.

Ear specialists may soon prescribe for deafness with the same ease with which oculists determine the type of glasses for the eyes. An apparatus has been designed to show the definite mechanical limits of the ear; that is, its ability to react to the range of frequency and intensity of sound. With that information it will be possible to construct appliances suited to the needs of the individual patient.

Got His Omelet.

"I've never tried to be funny with a waiter," the returned traveler was saying, "since the time when I had a little experience wth one in California. It was some years ago, and I was rather 'fresh.' I stepped into a restaurant one morning and ordered an omelet.

"'What kind?' asked the waiter.

"'Why, are there more kinds than one?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes, sir,' he replied, 'there are several.'

"'Well, bring me an ostrich omelet.'

"'All right, sir, said he, 'but you'll have to wait quite a while It takes a long time to make an ostrich-egg omelet.'

"I told him I had plenty of time. He went away, and was gone fully an hour. Then he came back with a big covered dish.

"'There you are, sir,' he said, placing it before me and uncovering it.

"Well, it was an omelet all right, and big enough for half a dozen men. Whether there was an ostrich-farm in the neighborhood, and he got a real ostrich-egg, or whether he made it from a couple of dozen of hen's eggs, I don't know, but I distinctly remember that it cost me two dollars—and I learned a valuable lesson."

A grasshopper can jump a distance of 200 times its own length.

Poems of Success.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

These lines from Shakespeare stand as testimony that the greatest of all poets was a writer on the subject of success.

And that the best-known authors since his time have had something or other to say on the matter is amply demonstrated by the volume entitled "It Can Be Done," an anthology of "Inspirational Poems."

It is practically noteworthy, in connection with this compilation, how many poems there are that treat the subject of opportunity, and from how many different points of view they consider it.

The selection from Shakespeare quoted above is one example in point; the opposite attitude is taken in a poem by Walter Malone, in which Opportunity is made to say:

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in,
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

* * * *

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

A more artistic expression of a similar idea is to be found in Edward Rowland Sill's poem entitled "Opportunity." Here we see a description of a battle in which a craven stands among the onlookers, snapping his sword apart as useless and leaving the field in the belief that he could do marvels if he had the sword borne by the king's son. But, we are told:—

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Half buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Another classic expression of the idea of Opportunity is to be found in Tennyson's "Ulysses."

Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the paths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

At nine months old the average baby should weigh 18 pounds.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

JUST AS GOOD

I wished to buy Bill Shakespeare's plays, and to the book bazaar I fared; I'd heard some people highly praise the stuff this Shakespeare had prepared. Now authors, every day or two, spring up, in these exciting times, and it is all that I can do to keep up with their prose and rhymes. I strive so hard to keep in touch with all that's good and up-to-date, and oft I've got in dutch, when it is time to pay the freight. I asked for Shakespeare's latest book, and said the clerk, who by me stood, "We're all sold out to-day, gadzook, but here is something just as good." "Perhaps," I said, "the books you show make Shakespeare's cheeks with envy burn, but from your tin-horn store I go, and nevermore shall I return. For long and weary years I've stood the gall of salesmen who assert that they have something just as good when I would buy a hat or shirt. I ask for pills of cottonwood, I ask for sparkplugs for my lyre, and they have something just as good, but not the things that I desire. So I have framed a solemn vow to boycott merchants of that kind; then, with my wreath upon my brow, I left the book bazaar behind.

Trade Routes Map for Canadian Shippers.

The advancement of Canada in the field of international commerce during the past comparatively few years has been remarkable. This rapid progress, in part impelled by the war, was and is due to the Dominion's exceptional natural resources. The opening up of our western lands, the development of water-powers and forests, and the rich mineral discoveries have provided a supply of raw materials and power for their utilization which have placed this country in an important position in the foreign trade of the world.

Canada's position is such that she must continue to occupy a prominent place in foreign trade. Our immense natural resources must find a market, while on the other hand there are many essential commodities which Canada does not produce or of which our supply is too limited. Thus trade must continue to expand as our population increases.

A further notable feature in the rise of our foreign trade has been its wider distribution. Many countries are now trading direct with Canada which before the war only indirectly purchased Canadian goods.

The Natural Resources Intelligence Branch of the Department of the Interior, owing to the important part which international trade plays in the development of our natural resources, has just issued a Trade Routes Map of the World in co-operation with the Department of Trade and Commerce. To the business man or student interested in Canada's advancement in the export field, or who is a direct importer, the new map is especially useful. Trade routes and shortest sailing distances between Canadian and foreign ports are clearly shown, both from the east and west coasts, either direct or via the Panama or Suez canals. An added feature of much value is a table of important sailing distances in nautical miles. The map has been prepared from the latest authentic information, and re-adjustments of territory, due to the treaties following the great war, are clearly shown on the map. The principal railways in the more important countries are also shown. Copies of the new map may be obtained on request from the Natural Resources Intelligence Branch of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa.

Not Disqualified.

It is wonderful what good reasons men have for not serving on juries, but a bright Judge is generally equal to the occasion.

In one court an Italan asked to be excused from jury duty.

"Why?" asked the Judge.

"Well, your Honor, I don't understand good English."

"Oh, you will do," replied the Judge. "You won't hear much good English here, anyhow."

No Doubt.

It's always in damp places where mushrooms grow, isn't it, pa?" asked Willie.

"Yes, my boy."

"Is that the reason why they look like umbrellas?"

Stories About Famous People

Lord Rosebery's Wit.

With Lord Rosebery again in the public eye, some of the good stories about him are worth recalling.

When he was at the Foreign Office he was pestered by an elderly female busybody who sought his opinion on every conceivable issue under the sun. Finally, his patience becoming exhausted, he gave orders that in no circumstances was she to be admitted. But the woman, not to be daunted, waited one evening until she saw the Foreign Secretary about to enter his carriage. "Lord Rosebery," she exclaimed, excitedly, "I must see you on a most important matter at once!"

"Very well, madam," was the urbane reply. "Will you step into my carriage?"

Delighted at her supposed success, the energetic bore jumped in, only to hear Lord Rosebery, as he closed the door on her, remark to the coachman: "Take the lady wherever she wishes to go, James, and then home." He himself stepped into a cab and was driven off before she could expostulate.

The Horse That Kicked Against Reciprocity

When Sir Adam Beck was chief remount commissioner for Canada during the years of the war, he was taking personal charge of the purchasing operations in western Ontario. When buying at Petrolea one day a horse was brought for his inspection which had a bad quarter crack on his hind hoof. The owner, who happened to be born on the "Ould Sod," was extrolling the merits of the horse for army purposes. Sir Adam, who had, of course, immediately noticed the bad hoof of the horse, said, "Well, Pat, how can I take that horse? How did it happen to get that crack on the off hind heel?" Patrick assumed a very confidential attitude, and, edging close to Sir Adam, said in a horse wisper, "Sure, Sir Adam now, and he got that by kickin' against reciprocity in 1911."

An Expert on Brooms.

Hon. Walter Rollo, Ontario's minister of labor, was observed fingering a small whisk as he waited his turn in the barber's chair at the parliament buildings. He appeared to be examining the utensil with considerable interest, bunching the bristles in his hand, then forcing them apart, and finally trying to pluck one of them from its setting.

"A good piece of work, that," he finally commented, laying aside the whisk.

"Trouble with these cabinet ministers is that they try to assume an air of omniscience on every subject under the sun," commented a cynical bystander.

But, in this particular instance at least the criticism was unwarranted. For, prior to November of 1919, Walter Ritchie Rollo spent twenty years as a broom-maker.

BRITISH UNEMPLOYED DEMONSTRATING IN LONDON

The picture shows a group of the unemployed at a meeting in Trafalgar Square, London. There are in the neighborhood of a million and a quarter British who cannot find employment.

Frosted Cakes and Cookies.

This cake, if baked in a shallow pan about nine inches square, is well adapted to cutting up into small fancy shapes. At least twenty diamond-shaped cakes 1½ inches wide can be cut with little waste from the amount given. Other fancy cutters may, of course, be used. These little cakes may then be entirely covered with white or tinted icing and decorated with bits of candied cherries or cranberries, angelica, colored jellied grapefruit peel or tinted watermelon rind preserve, citron or nuts.

Plain Cake—Three tablespoonfuls fat, one-half cup granulated sugar, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of milk, 1½ cups flour, 2½ tsps. baking powder ½ tsp. lemon extract, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. vanilla, ¼ tsp. salt.

Cream the fat, which may be butter, lard, vegetable fat or oil, with the sugar. Add the egg well beaten, the milk and flour alternately. Sift the baking powder and salt with one-fourth cupful of the flour, and fold in last, just after adding the flavoring. Bake in a nine-inch square pan, starting in a cool oven (about 320 deg. F.) for twenty minutes, gradually increasing the heat for ten or fifteen minutes till the cake is brown.

Cooked frosting—White of one egg, one cupful sugar, four tablespoons cold water and one-eighth teaspoon salt.

Place all in double boiler and beat with an egg beater until it holds its shape. Add salt and beat until thick enough to spread. Add one-half teaspoon vanilla or other desired flavoring.

Chocolate frosting can be made in the same way by adding 2½ squares of chocolate, melted, to the sugar mixture when it starts to hold its shape. The frosting is beaten until thick and then spread. Vanilla may be used or omitted with the chocolate, according to taste.

For caramel icing, half a cupful of sugar should be caramelized or browned in a pan, and an equal amount of boiling water added. Substitute two tablespoonfuls of this syrup in place of two tablespoonfuls of water and continue as in the foundation icing.

Uncooked orange icing—Two egg whites, beaten stiff; two tablespoonfuls cold water, 3½ cupfuls confectioner's sugar, one tablespoonful orange juice, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one-half tablespoonful lemon juice, and grated rind of half a large orange.

Add the water to the egg whites and beat with an egg beater until stiff. Add three cupfuls of sugar very gradually, beating continuously with a spoon. Add the grated rind and juice of the orange, the lemon juice and remainder of the sugar. Beat until smooth enough to spread. This amount should cover five sides of over twenty-five little cakes cut as above described.

The remnants of plain pastry paste or pie trimming make excellent cookies when cut in fancy shapes and decorated. A thick coating of ground almonds pressed into the paste before cooking makes it particularly good "almond straw."

"Just the Housework."

The average farm wife will walk about twelve miles daily doing just the housework about the home and farm. Scientific minds have worked out different simple arrangements for the home that will cut down her steps by half.

It is well to plan to have a small, kitchen with no more wall space than is necessary to accommodate the furniture. However, in one country home which I observed a short while ago, the kitchen was large, but very well arranged and I doubt if many more steps were required in doing the daily work than if the kitchen had been small. The sink, stove, table, cabinet and cupboard were all placed close together. The cabinet was situated between the stove and the sink so as to be in reach of both water and raw materials. The sink was large enough to hold the dishpan and the rack for draining the dishes. The cupboard for the dishes was only a step away. A drawer in the cabinet at the left received the kitchen silver. The other dishes were put on a kitchen cart to be carried to the dining-room cupboard, which was located near the kitchen door. A very important detail that was noted here was that a raised threshold had been avoided between the kitchen and the dining-room, so that the kitchen cart might roll smoothly through.

An important small item was the kitchen stool. It was similar to the style used in some drygoods stores and lunch rooms. It was attached to the cabinet and was so located that it could be used when doing work at the cabinet or sink. When not in use, it could be pushed under the cabinet entirely out of the way.

By some little changes in your kitchen, it may be that you may save on the twelve miles that the average housewife covers every day.

Making Duty a Pleasure for the Child.

Many children are brought almost to hate to do the right thing, not because it is right, but because they are made to feel that it is only a painful duty, something dull and unattractive, instead of a pleasure; something which will give them real joy and satisfaction in life, as is always the case with doing right. They are reared to think that doing right is not easy, but painful, but that it must be done; and children don't like to be compelled to do things any more than do grown-ups. They want to do what they like to do, what gives them pleasure in the doing.

Now, duty can be made just as attractive to a child as play. Everything depends upon the manner in which it is presented. The methods of the modern kindergarten are a good illustration of this. The children are taught all sorts of things through games and play, so that even the little tots of three and four love nothing better than to go to school.

It is possible to make school so fascinating for the children of all ages by presenting even the most difficult tasks in the right way, that they will long to go to school every day instead of having to be dragged or driven there, as is the case with so many children to-day. How often we hear youngsters say how they hate school; how they hate this study and that; how they hate certain of their teachers. They grumble at being obliged to go to school and don't know why they can't play—do something else.

The great trouble is, that learning is not made attractive to [illegible] people, because it is [illegible] sented in the right way. It [illegible] everything as it is with school, [illegible] may be made hateful [illegible] delightful occupation, [illegible] the way it is presented to the [illegible] and what applies to [illegible] respect applies to the [illegible]

The Other Side of the Door.

"Well, I must be going," said the doctor. "I will see you again in a day or so."

The man who was lying worn and exhausted upon the bed seemed to gulp his breath in an effort to take courage. In his eyes was a look both of fear and hope. "Doctor," he gasped, "is it true that I shall not recover?"

The old doctor shook his head gravely. "I can do no more for you," he replied, and then added gently, "nor could anyone else."

"Then, doctor," the sick man cried earnestly, "can you tell me what comes after death?"

"Another life for those that are worthy."

"But, doctor, can you not tell me something about it? You are a Christain, they say; what is on the other side? What are we to expect?"

Again the old doctor shook his head. "Ah, I fear it is beyond me," he said. "Who knows?"

With the words he turned and, opening the door, started to pass through it. But as he did so he heard [illegible] and a patter of feet, and the next instant a huge dog sprang through the doorway and, pawing eagerly, wagged its [illegible] tail and tried to lick his face in [illegible]

The doctor turned to his patient. "Did you see that dog?" he exclaimed. "To my knowledge [illegible] has never been in this room before. There he was on the [illegible] door, waiting for it to [illegible] nature told him that [illegible] whom he wanted to [illegible] side. Then the [illegible] found his master [illegible] my dear fellow, will [illegible] We know little about [illegible] the door, but what [illegible] The Master will be [illegible] He will not [illegible]

Then the doctor [illegible] left behind [illegible] ing than all the [illegible] His patient [illegible] without fear.

Petrograd is [illegible] Europe.

A RESCUER SELF-CHAINED

—From the New York American