"FACE DEATH WITH YOU? WHY, CERTAINLY!"



Horrible Pestilences Swept Off the Population in "Death's Favorite Playground."

NEW YORK.—Adele Clot Converse, famous beauty, in jewels, silks and furs, stepped from her limousine after an evening spent at the opera. She hummed a little tune and laughed from the joy of living as her father helped her up the steps of his Paris mansion. She loved Paris, loved the society, loved the gaiety of the French capital. New York and San Francisco were well enough—but there was nothing to compare with Paris. She had come for a three months' visit and she was going to make the most of it.

"It was glorious, wasn't it, father?" she beamed. "The lights, the gowns —"

A butler, bearing an envelope on a silver tray, stood before her.

"A cablegram for madam."

She opened it quickly and read this startling message:

"Will you face death in Iquitos two years with me? Great danger, no comforts. Wonderful work for humanity."

It was signed—"George."

Adele Clot Converse, once one of the most sought after young women in New York and San Francisco society, caught her breath. Just for a moment she nervously twisted in her fingers a rope of pearls that dropped from her throat. She read the cablegram over again. She handed it to her father. He read it.

"Well?" he questioned.

A servant had brought her a cable blank. She wrote her husband's address,

"Dr. George Marquis Converse,
Public Health and Marine Service,
Washington, D. C., U. S. A."

Without hesitation she started her answer,

"C—" she began. Then the ink in the fountain pen ceased to flow. She shook it impatiently, almost frantically, as if seconds were precious in getting the answer back to America.

"C—" she wrote again. Her father, looking over her shoulder, said half aloud, "Cannot—"

There was a flourish of the pen, a shrug and Adele Clot Converse smiled



Babies Were Cut in Two.

proudly as she held up the message so her father could read it.

There it was—unequivocal, terse:

"Certainly—Adele."

Father's Protest Unheeded.

She folded the paper and thrust it into the butler's hands.

"Send it. Hurry," she ordered and watched him until he left the room.

"But, Adele—" her father began.

"Please don't argue," she smiled. "It is settled."

"But where is this Iquitos place, and why should anybody go there?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," she said firmly.

"Then why in the name of common sense—"

"Because George evidently wants me to."

That's how it came about that Mrs. Converse, Dr. Converse and their three-year-old baby Jack are today on a little steamer, chugging up the Amazon river, on their way to Iquitos, Peru; threading the channel westward through a matted forest which howls with monkeys and flashes emerald and turquoise and is scarlet with tropical birds and butterflies.

They're going to the vortex of a loathsome whirlpool. Around them wild Indians will slay each other, brigands will rob; within a day's ride of their home women slaves will labor in rubber forest under the lash of brutes despeartely eager to gather a fortune, determined to go back to civilization rich. Disease will be everywhere. Life can be bought for a pound of crude rubber. Money, money—money at any sacrifice, that is the code in the forests about Iquitos.

Would Brook No Delay.

So quickly did she act, this daughter of a banker many times a millionaire, that she had her trunks packed and her passage to New York engaged before she received a letter from her husband, telling the details of this expedition into the heart of the rubber forests of Peru.

Comforts, luxuries, entertainments; without regret she turned from them to go to fight side by side with her husband who had been chosen by the Peruvian government to bring health into the most disease-ridden city in the world.

As for his going alone—that was impossible. In the first place, Mrs. Converse wouldn't have consented to a separation for two years. In the second, his duties in Death's favorite recreation ground were such that he would need the aid of his wife.

Before accepting the Peruvian mission, Dr. Converse talked the matter over with his brother officers in the service. They told him that his only chance to live to clean up a tropical pesthole that is menacing health at the Panama canal would be to set up in Iquitos a personal establishment, governed by the strictest rules of hygiene.

He must live in a rat-proof and insect-proof house, which must be kept sterilized from top to bottom to kill the death floating in the miasmic air of the jungle. Utensils must be scalded always before use; all food must be cooked, except fruit, which must be scalded; cooked food if touched by a fly or other insect, must be thrown away; clothing must be carefully sterilized, and only certain fabrics must be worn; the house, of course, must be kept scrupulously clean.

Love Called for Sacrifice.

Money could not buy the sort of household service the preservation of Dr. Converse's health and life would demand; only love could be relied upon to give such service, never to slip in its adherence to the scientific rules of hygiene. So he must take his young wife with him to the plague-stricken city. Her work in maintaining a sanitary household in Iquitos would be fully as important a part of the government mission as her husband's—and fully as dangerous.

Dr. Converse didn't need the $1,000 a month the Peruvian government contracted to pay him for two years' service. The Converse family is well known in California and has lands and wealth in abundance, and young George Converse went into the public health and marine hospital service because he wanted to amount to something; because a life of uselessness held no charms for him.

"Suburb of Hell."

Men who have come out of Iquitos alive call it "a suburb of hell." There are no "old inhabitants" in Iquitos. They talk of events of a year ago and believe they are discussing history. Men visit Iquitos as a river visits a sunken treasure ship; they enter the city as a fireman enters a burning building, ready to flee as soon as they find that which they seek.

The rubber trade must bear the blame for this. When Charles Goodyear discovered the process for turning crude rubber into an article of commerce there was a wild rush of adventurers into the forest regions of South America. Here gold grew in trees. Rubber gathering is slow work. Impatience brought out the brute in these men. They made slaves of the Indians who lived in the montana, as the forest region is called.

Whispered tales began to come out of the Amazon rubber district, especially from the Putumayo district at the northern end of it—blood curdling tales of barbarous cruelties and tortures—old women locked into cribs and starved to death because they were too feeble to gather the quota of rubber their drivers demanded of them; babies cut in two with one stroke of the machete when their mothers protested that they must nurse them instead of working at the rubber trees; men slaves shot dead or beaten or maimed with tortures.

After the rubber seekers followed the merchants, the dealers and brokers in rubber. These pitched a camp on a dry bank of the Amazon at the eastern edge of the rubber district. The camp became the village of Iquitos, the town the city of Iquitos with 15,000 population.

No Move for Public Safety.

The newcomers, adventurers, were too engrossed in their struggles to get rich to take public measures of safety. There were no sewers; no effort was made to keep the city clean. The streets grew foul with refuse, decaying food and pools of stagnant water. Occasionally the torrential rains of the tropics washed the filth down into the river, but for the most the flat city steamed and festered under the equator.

Horrible pestilences swept off the population. Swarms of flies, mosquitoes, rats and other vermin spread the contagions. On the health charts the city is today marked with the yellow star, indicating that yellow fever always exists there. Iquitos is the only community of any size left on earth where yellow fever is endemic.

Of the three members of the family, the two years of exile probably will be most irksome to little Jack Converse, who will have no children of his own age for playmates. He will be forbidden to go out of doors and roll and tumble on the ground. A single bite of a flea might inject into his delicate veins the deadly virus of bubonic plague.

But within the house, in the screened patio, or inner court, of the South American dwelling, Jack's



Men Slaves Were Shot Dead.

father will prepare a playground for him, where to his heart's content he can fill his tin pail with sterilized sand and pat out pies of prophylactic mud.—New York World.

SOMETHING OF A BLESSING

At Least Mother Was Convinced That Her Loss of Fortune Was Not Altogether a Curse.

A charming young woman began her married life with an income which not only met but also permitted of tying in a generous bow with beautiful flowing ends. When the eldest of her three children was nine years old Fortune turned upon them a decidedly cold shoulder.

"Well, you must at least admit that it is dreadful for the children," insisted a friend who had tried in vain to make this mother express selfpity over her change of circumstances.

"But I have come to the conclusion that it is about the best thing that could have happened to them," answered the mother with a smile. "They were becoming selfish and dissatisfied."

one day an humble neighbor of her simple, new environment gave the mother a small, common geranium from her garden bed. When the children came home from school they helped her plant it in a cheap earthen pot. They placed it in the sunniest window. They tended and watched it, counting each new leaf and each swelling bud.

"How are you all?" inquired the consoling friend pityingly, meeting the children.

"Thank you, we are all well," answered the little girl happily, "and, oh you just ought to see our red geranium—there are actually fourteen blossoms on it!"

And the former friend beheld the glimmering of a wonderful truth of which she had never before dreamed. —From the Housekeeper.

Organ Plays in Three Places.

An American firm of organ builders has recently completed in Zion City, Ill., a pipe organ which is even larger than the famous one in the Salt Lake City tabernacle, and which possesses many new features in its construction, says Popular Mechanics' Magazine, in an illustrated article. This giant musical instrument is really three distinct organs controlled, if desired, from the main console or keyboard. Two hundred feet from the choir organ, in the gallery at the entrance, is an echo organ operated from the main keyboard during processionals. The second echo organ, in the prayer room at the other end of the tabernacle, can be played independently of the great organ or by the organist at the main console. The organist can also sit at the prayer room organ and operate the main organ.

Hypocrites.

Mayor Lunn of Schenectady was discussing a certain smug type of undesirables.

"The motto of these chaps," he said, "seems to be—

"'It isn't what a man thinks. It isn't even what he says and does. It's what he gets caught in.'"

Specialty of Missouri Wood.

Missouri—particularly the Ozark hills—furnishes the greater part of the wood used in making lead pencils. Though many other varities have been tried, none has proved as satisfactory as the red cedar. The cedars grow on the rock hillsides all through the White River district of Missouri. They are small, stunted trees, seldom reaching a diameter of more than a foot at the butt. The logs are either hauled to the railroad and sent to the mill or floated in rafts down the river. At the mill the logs are first cut lengthwise by circular saws into planks. These are cut into right lengths for lead pencils and those chunks go into the hands of men who, with circular saws, rip them up into what are called "slats." Only the red heart of the log is used. The white sapwood is thrown away. The slats are bound in bundles and sent to New York, where the greater part are worked up into lead pencils, and the remainder goes to lead pencil factories in Germany and other European countries.

Rats Ate Hat at Opera.

Rats ate the hat of Miss Edith Bodtzke while attending the Chicago opera Friday night. When Miss Bodtzke reached under her chair for her green felt turban, which she had pinned there at the beginning of the opera, she discovered that the black bird on her hat had suffered mutilation. The glass eyes of the stately raven had been plucked. The breast of the bird had been torn and gnashed. The feathers had been torn out and chewed.

Social Forms and Entertainments



A Perplexing Query.

It is right for a girl twenty-six years of age, keeping house alone in one room, to receive visits from gentlemen? If not, is it right if she has a private sitting room? Is the sitting room of a boarding house always at the disposal of the boarders? If there is not a sitting room, what is a girl to do with gentlemen visitors?—Jane S.

The living room of a boarding house should always be at the disposal of the people in the house, and it should be attractive, so girls should feel no qualms in asking their friends to call. You would be open to adverse criticism if you entertained in a room alone; if you have a sitting room arrange for a chaperon, then your self-respect will be maintained and your men friends will think all the more of you.

Entertainment for Young People.

Would like to entertain a crowd of about twenty girls and boys (ages from eighteen to twenty) at an evening party, but am perplexed as to the entertainment. All of our parties seem so very much alike. Can you help me?—Jim.

One of the liveliest parties I ever saw was conducted in this fashion: Each of the boys was asked to come wearing something to represent a famous man and each of the girls to dress as a famous woman. Programs and pencils were provided to write down "who was who" and prizes were awarded. There was "Paul Revere" with his lantern, "Washington" and his cherry tree, "Betsy Ross" and her flag, "Francis Willard," wearing a little white ribbon, etc. Try it.

Two Questions.

Will you please tell me where I can get a good book on etiquette? Would it be correct to have the day of the week best suited for me to receive callers put on my calling cards?—Mrs. A. L.

For your first question I must ask you to send me a self-addressed stamped envelope.

It will be perfectly correct for you to have an "at home" day engraved upon your visiting card. But be sure you adhere strictly to the day given and remain at home all prepared for visitors.

Mourning Veil.

Will you please tell me how a widow should wear her veil? Should it be worn over the face, and for how long and should it be worn thus at night?—W. H. H.

At the funeral and for a few weeks after a widow usually wears her veil over the face; after that a face veil of fine net bordered with crape is worn, the long veil falling from the back of the hat or bonnet. The veil is never worn over the face at night.

Acknowledging Wedding Cards.

Will you kindly tell me how to acknowledge a wedding announcement? —Grace.

Unless the wedding announcement includes the "at home" address of the happy pair, no notice need be taken. If it does, make a call upon the day mentioned, or, if that is impossible, send your card to arrive upon that date. If the announcement is from a very dear friend, a personal note of love and good wishes would not be amiss.

Refreshments for Bridge Tea.

I am going to have a friend to visit me for a week and wish to give a bridge tea in her honor. What refreshments can I serve besides sandwiches, tea and candy? Would an ice be proper? I want to do the correct thing and will depend so much on your answer.—M. A.

I presume you wish to serve refreshments after the game. A fruit salad, served in grape fruit shells, with cheese, crackers, a bit of bar de duc in center of each; with it serve coffee. I would pass an ice or frappe during the middle of the afternoon, when one is apt to be thirsty. You could serve individual russe and hot chocolate or oyster cocktails and sardine sandwiches, with coffee.

"G.'s" Questions.

When one is dining out and the host serves more than you really care for, is it a breach of etiquette to leave the plate quite well filled? I am nineteen years old and the eldest girl in the family. How should my visiting cards be engraved?—G.

One is never compelled to eat more than is desired. It might be well to caution your host by saying, "That is quite sufficient, thank you.' Your card should be engraved simply, "Miss Brown." To your other questions I must say I fear the reply is too late to be of benefit. I only have just so much space and only a limited number of letters can be answered each week.

Use of Place Cards.

I have never used place cards, and I think them a great convenience. Do you write the names of the guests and put them at the place you wish them to sit and are they supposed to carry them home with them as souvenirs?—"Ignorant."

The place cards bear the names of the guests and are put at the places they are to occupy. They are usually laid on the napkins and are retained by the guests to be taken home if they wish.

Where there are many to be seated or few these cards certainly make it easier for everyone.

The Matter of Cards.

I am at present visiting here in the city, but live in a small town. Quite a few people have called on me. In returning their calls do I leave my card, providing I find them at home?—A. L.

When returning a first call it is quite the proper thing to leave your card as a matter of record, as well as to show you know the proper thing to do. In the case of very intimate friends whom one calls upon frequently, it is not necessary to leave a card if the person is at home.

MADAME MERRI.

New Fabrics.

Most delightful are the fabrics pressed into the service of new models of the nature of costumes tailleurs and afternoon frocks. Rateen in every variety is offered us. The rateen of this season has gained in beauty considerably since it first laid claims on our affections last year. It still retains, however, its rough surface, although it has acquired a lovely velvety finish in addition. This modified "mirror" effect shows to advantage in the new shades of rich reds, deep purples and chestnut browns.

New Handbags.

Handbags are seen in a variety of form. The newest is the long double sac bag, passed through a ring to wear over the fingers or sufficiently large to wear as a bracelet. These bags are embroidered in steel or dull gold beads on colored velvet or moire, to match the gown worn.

Samples of Most Charming Styles of the New Blouses



Here are two original blouse sketches. The styles selected are essentially of the day after tomorrow, while each represents an average remnant length of some double-width material, such as charmeuse or heavy crepe de Chine.

In my text, the illustrated example stands complete in a dark-toned charmeuse with an ornamentation supplied by mock loops and self-covered buttons of the satin. A small detail I would fain call attention to is the suggestion of a plait on the inside of the arm just above the bend of the elbow. This is a very prevalent touch of sartorial subtlety just now, and constitutes itself much value in providing movement for the arm in sleeves that, below the elbow, are just as tight as it is possible for the wearer to bear them. Then there is the pretty Bubble frill of fine net, or the very filmiest handkerchief lawn, a jabot of the same trickling down the front entrance, in a gently graduating line. For we are once again permitted, whenever it is in any way possible, to fasten our blouses in front. —London Madame.

DOWN TO THE BARE FACTS

Young Minister's Passion for Self-Sacrifice Had Results That Might Have Been Anticipated.

The announcement of Miss Helen Miller Gould's betrothal led one of the charity workers of New York to say:

"Marriage itself will not be able to quench Miss Gould's passion for giving. Apropos to this passion, she once told me a story.

"There was a young minister, the story ran, who, being poor and having nothing else to give, used to give away his clothes.

"The young minister's district contained many needy men, and he would give them shoes and socks, shirts and coats, gloves, overcoats and trousers.

"Yes, time and again he would give away his clothes, foolishly and recklessly, piece by piece, until—"

Here the charity worker smiled.

"Until," she ended, "he came to himself!"

What They Brought.

The teacher, after telling the Christmas story, was questioning the infant class.

"Now, who can tell me what the wise men brought to the baby Jesus?" she asked.

Six-year-old Alexander waved a chubby hand.

"I know, teacher! Gold an' Lincoln cents an' myrrh," he triumphantly exclaimed.

Worldly—and True.

Apropos of Miss Lois Campbell's "billion-dollar debut" in St. Louis, Claude H. Wetmore, the author, said:

"The marvelous growth and prosperity of our city is a phenomenon that holds the eye of all America. Before such wealth as ours one thinks involuntarily of the worldly cynicism:

"'There are other things in the world besides money—and money will buy them all.'"

For SUMMER HEADACHES

Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 10c., 25c. and 50c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

Real Test.

Gabe—How do you tell a genuine diamond from a fake?

Steve—Try to hock it.

The Reason.

"Why is consistency considered such a jewel?"

"Because it is rare."

Married women like to board and pretend that they are doing light housekeeping.

Just Because.

"Why was the beauty doctor so angry with Anna?"

"Because she told him she was coming to him to get a few wrinkles."

It keeps wives as busy providing for the inner man as it does husbands providing things for the outer woman.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

Adam lost out when he parted with one of his ribs.

PAINFUL, TRYING TIMES



"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Housework is hard enough for a healthy woman. The wife who has a bad back, who is weak or tired all the time, finds her duties a heavy burden. Thousands of nervous, discouraged, sickly women have traced their troubles to sick kidneys — have found quick and thorough relief through using Doan's Kidney Pills.

The trying times of woman's life are much easier if the kidneys are well.

A North Carolina Case

Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson, Statesville, N. C. says: "I suffered acutely from almost total suppression of the kidney secretions. My usual weight was 140 lbs., but I had run down to 90. Doctors said an operation was my only hope, but I would not consent and was given up to die. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me completely."

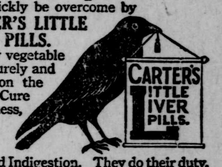
Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



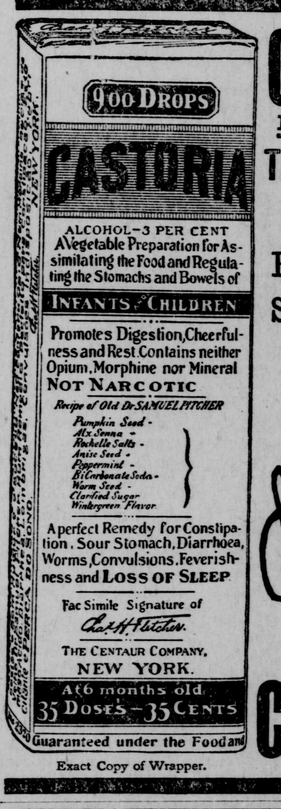
Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Pettit's Eye Salve RELIEVES SORE EYES



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Stops Backache

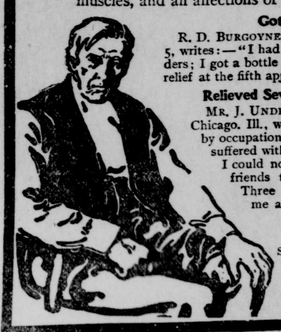
Sloan's Liniment is a splendid remedy for backache, stiff joints, rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica. You don't need to rub it in—just laid on lightly it gives comfort and ease at once.

Best for Pain and Stiffness

MR. GEO. BUCHANAN, of Welch, Okla., writes:—"I have used your Liniment for the past ten years for pain in back and stiffness and find it the best Liniment I ever tried. I recommend it to anyone for pains of any kind."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is good for sprains, strains, bruises, cramp or soreness of the muscles, and all affections of the throat and chest.



Got Entire Relief

R. D. BURGOYNE, of Maysville, Ky., RR. 1, Box 5, writes:—"I had severe pains between my shoulders; I got a bottle of your Liniment and had entire relief at the fifth application."

Relieved Severe Pain in Shoulders

MR. J. UNDERWOOD, of 2000 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:—"I am a piano polisher by occupation, and since last September have suffered with severe pain in both shoulders. I could not rest night or day. One of my friends told me about your Liniment. Three applications completely cured me and I will never be without it."

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 at All Dealers.

Send for Sloan's free book on horses. Address

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

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