

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT

A Story of the Balkan War

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the war between the Balkan states and the Turks broke out it placed Arthur Andrews, an American living in Serbia, in a condition calculated to drive him mad. A few years before, having come of age and inheriting a fortune, he went abroad to travel for pleasure. The Balkan peninsula attracted him owing to its rugged scenery, the gay costumes of its people and its general oriental appearance.

The inhabitants of Turkey in Europe are a mixture of the white and Turkish races, Christians and Mohammedans. Andrews was at an impressive, reckless age, an age to fall violently in love and, being in love, not to consider the consequences of an ill-assorted marriage. A young Turkish girl to whom he was introduced carried him clean off his feet, and he became so violently in love with her that, throwing caution to the winds, he begged her to marry him.

The lady, Zaide, the daughter of a pasha, born in the highest Turkish circles, did not consider Andrews her social equal, but her heart was enlisted as well as his own, and she consented that he should ask her father for her hand. The pasha, being an admirer of western civilization, looked favorably on his suit and at last consented, provided he would embrace the faith of Islam. The young man declared that he would embrace any faith on the face of the globe if he might be permitted to embrace the pasha's daughter. The marriage was celebrated, and the groom, realizing that his and his wife's religion would be out of place in America, remained in Turkey.

Andrews' Mohammedism, being skin deep, wore off with the first freshness of love. Indeed, the more he saw of the Turks the deeper he sympathized with those who would be glad to see the crescent driven back into Asia, from which it had emerged many centuries before to make its European conquests. Bora a Christian, it galled him that the Turks should occupy Christian ground, that their capital should have been founded by the first Christian Roman emperor or that the church of St. Sophia should be a mosque.

When the Montenegrins, in order to forestall an order from the powers, broke, sword in hand, into Turkish territory and Serbia was preparing to do her part in the war, a crisis came in the affairs of Andrews and his wife. Her father was not only devoted to the cause of Islam, but was an officer high in the service of the sultan. The young wife declared that she would stand by her father, her countrymen and her religion. Andrews asserted that he would join the Serbian forces and aid in banishing the crescent to Asia, where it belonged. They parted, though their hearts were welded, agreeing that after the struggle they would fly again to each other.

During those first few weeks when the allied forces were winning victory after victory and driving their enemy before them there were some temporary setbacks to the allies. In one of these Andrews, who commanded a squadron of cavalry in the Serbian army, was wounded and captured. He and those taken with him were hurried to the rear to a reserve corps, which it happened was under the command of Rustom Pasha, his father-in-law.

Zaide, who was a woman of strong character, had while living with her husband become much interested in many European institutions, among others the Red Cross. She had no sooner joined her father than she proceeded to organize a similar corps as an auxiliary to her father's command. One day upon passing hurriedly down between two rows of cots in a hospital her eye fell upon a face which notwithstanding its pallor she recognized at once as her husband. She was about to fly to his embrace when the horror of the situation rushed upon her. Andrews had professed to be a disciple of Mohammed and had drawn his sword against the prophet. So long as he was unrecognized as a Mohammedan he would be treated as a prisoner of war, but if he were known to be or have been of the faith nothing could save him.

The glances of the two met, and this same thought occurred to both. There was a momentary lighting of each pair of eyes. Then the wife withdrew hers, and she passed on down the aisle and left the room.

The hospital, though in the Turkish rear, was not considered permanent, for the allies were pressing forward, fighting like tigers. But for one day and night the sick were undisturbed. During the evening Mrs. Andrews, though worn out with the distressing work of the day, went in among the sick, ostensibly to cheer them, but really to steal a brief interview with her husband. Taking the precaution to stop and speak with a number of sufferers before reaching the bed he occupied, she at last came to his and said in the Turkish tongue and a voice loud enough to be heard:

"Are you badly wounded, sir?"

"Only slightly," was the reassuring reply.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes. During the night I am feverish and troubled with a burning thirst. If you can send about midnight some water I shall be grateful."

"I will send it tonight."

She passed on, but both understood that an excuse had been given her to communicate with him at an hour when few were about and possibly to have an interview with him unnoticed.

At midnight she brought the water herself. Only one nurse was on duty, and she sat at a far end of the room half asleep. Unobserved, the wife knelt to give her husband a cup of water, and their lips met.

"You will be discovered surely," she whispered. "Indeed, you have been suspected already. One of the nurses has asked me if you were not a Mohammedan, saying that she has seen you at your devotions in a mosque. I told her that I would look into the matter at once. You must leave here at any cost."

"Not if my escape shall compromise you."

"I have thought of a plan. As soon as it is day begin to groan as if in great pain and keep it up until I appear. I shall then direct your removal to a place where you will not disturb your fellow prisoners. Once there, we may carry out my intentions as to your escape."

Without waiting for a reply she hurried away, leaving her husband fearful of the consequences that would accrue to her in case she were caught assisting in the escape of a renegade Mohammedan.

However, he could see no risk in carrying out so much of her plan as she had given him, and with the first sign of dawn he began a groaning so loud that the nurse in charge reported the fact that it was having a bad effect on the other patients. Zaide at once ordered him taken to a room by himself and remained to look after his necessities after those who had removed him had left and told him the balance of her plan for him. It was that he should put on her clothes and since Turkish ladies do not expose the face there would be little difficulty in his walking out past the guards without being detected.

"And you?" exclaimed the husband. "How will you protect yourself against the terrible fate that will come to you when it is discovered that you are here and I have walked out in your clothes? Though your father commands, he will not be able to save you from the fury of your people."

"I have a chance of deceiving them; you have none."

At that moment there came the distant boom of a gun. It was followed by another and another till the whole became like low muttering thunder.

"The allies are pressing forward," exclaimed Andrews. "Quite likely before long they will have driven their enemy from this position."

"In that case," was the reply, "there will be great confusion among us, and it will not be so difficult to carry out my plan."

During the morning the booming grew more distinct, and added volleys of musketry at last turned the whole into one incessant roar. Zaide was occupied every moment in providing for the wounded that were constantly being brought in and could not steal a moment to visit her husband. Then came an order to abandon the hospital, while the thunder of war without turned comparative order into panic.

What became of the prisoners, excepting Andrews, forms no part of this story, but in the midst of the turmoil Zaide hurried into her husband's room with a nurse's apparel—there were no uniforms—with spots of blood on it. She had removed it from its wearer, who had been killed by a bursting shell. Giving it to her husband, he put it on, and the two sallied forth.

The Turkish line in front was breaking before the impetuous charge of the allies, and panic stricken men were running past, while random shots were whistling by Andrews and his wife. He begged Zaide to make toward the enemy's lines, but she refused.

"Go," she said, "to your people. You are saved, and I will not be suspected of having aided you. I must stand by my father and my faith, else I can no longer live in the home of my ancestors."

They were standing, loath to let go each other's hands, Andrews pulling one way, Zaide the other, when she was struck by a spent ball and stunned, falling into her husband's arms. He, thinking that she was dead, with a cry of anguish, laid her on the ground. She had scarcely recovered consciousness when with a shout a regiment of Servians came bounding past them and they were inclosed within the allied lines.

The transposition from being under the cross instead of the crescent put an entirely new phase in the situation for this loving couple. Both were safe for the present, and should Zaide return to her own people there was no reason to suppose that her having favored a renegade to the cause of Islam would be known. She very soon recovered from the blow she had received and asked to be permitted to return to her work. Andrews made a confidant of his commander and asked him to delay the permission.

While waiting the husband made a strong effort to persuade his wife to adopt the Christian injunction to leave her people and cleave unto her husband. He offered to withdraw from the cause of the allies if she would do the same with that of the Turks. They would go to his own home in America, where Zaide would become one of his own people. After all, the part of a wife, common in most countries, is to enter upon her husband's condition prevailed, and Zaide finally agreed to his terms. The allies were besieging Constantinople, and there was little of Islam in Europe left to detain her. Together the two set sail for the land of all religions.

IN THE REALM OF FASHION

A Handsome Tailored Suit.

This tailored suit of navy blue serge has collar and cuffs of shot moire silk.



BLUE SERGE SUIT.

The skirt, while apparently close fitting, has a side plaited effect that makes it comfortable for walking.

Reversible Coats.

Long coats are making use of the reversible ideas. A double effect is obtainable by turning over one revers, buttoning back another style or detaching a seemingly permanent collar and changing its adjustment with an entirely new effect.

For the storm coat there are many buttons and buttonholes that multiply the roles to be played by the coat. A long double revers can be unfastened, turned over to one side and flattened down into a plain protective collar.

A single revers is loosened, the under portion pulled out, and, lo, a vest is revealed that was never guessed at before!

Buttonholes are placed in unusual places, but if you investigate you will find that they have a use in the reversible act that is played by the happy wearer.

One coat can be transformed into another by this reversible feature, which is characteristic of the new models.

The gain is the woman's. Style has been kind to femininity, and comfort plus charm in line and ornamentation are features that promise satisfaction to all.

MODISH WAISTS FOR WINTER WEAR.

Semitailored Effects Are Popular and Effective.

The best selling waists in strictly tailored finish retain the characteristics of the mannish shirts in the high, soft turnover collar and cuffs and wold seams, says the Dry Goods Economist.

Washable crepes de chine, heavy china silks and madras show the narrow colored stripes on white ground work, such as brown, Dutch and navy blue, visteria purple and amber.

Buttons of colored glass or amber composition are very effective for the front plait closing when they match the stripe of the silk. White pearl buttons are good style, however, and by conservative buyers are preferred over the colored varieties.

Soft finished taffetas, messalines and satins are usually of the same color as the suit as well as black. Many of these models are plain, but both striped and plaided patterns are included in the displays. The groundwork of the Scotch plaids is usually a blue, brown, green or black, with a plaided design brought out in vivid shades of red, green, blue or yellow. The stripes on these dark waists show shades of red, purple, taupe, yellow and king blue.

The turnover collars are quite high and usually button through at the front.

Full length sleeves are set on a slightly extended shoulder and are finished with soft turnback cuffs, which button through like the collar or else they have the unstiffened straight cuff band.

Present styles favor the use of demitailored or dressy waists, but the tailored models are practically staple.

Yellow For Evening.

The novelty color this season is yellow, and many evening dresses show yellow material toned down by lace or other subdued trimmings. Armlets in an odd color to match the bright colors used at the waist give an original touch to some of the more elaborate toilettes de soiree.

Points for Mothers

Problems For Parents to Decide.

Few questions perplex the conscientious parent more than the one presented when a son or daughter reaches the marriageable age. In some instances, of course, there is no room for perplexity, because the choice suits all parties, but in the majority of cases the parents have much to think about. Probably the mother is more perturbed than the father, but all parents who have the welfare of their children at heart must feel some anxiety when they arrive at a marriageable age.

The first anxious feelings arise over the choice which the son or daughter may make. Then comes the selection, and the parents wonder whether the future partner is or will prove suitable in the best sense of the word.

Suppose that the child be a daughter. The future husband is subjected to the mental process often called "taking stock of him" and certain questions arise.

The parents, not blinded by love, as they are inclined to think their daughter is, are not altogether satisfied. Loving their daughter, they set up ideals, and this young man is not quite what they expected; they are not able to explain exactly why, but somehow he falls short. His income is smaller than they think it should be, or he is very fond of sports, and they fear he will neglect his wife in favor of athletic pastimes; he is, perhaps, clever, but (like so many clever persons) rather erratic, and that means coming home to dinner at any time and making his wife unhappy by a constant series of little vexations. They may object to his avocation, and they may also fancy that he is not really in love with the girl or that she herself is simply infatuated and will regret it quickly.

So they endeavor to exercise their right, as they say. The girl disputes their right, saying that she is the best judge; they cannot know as much about her sentiments as she does. It is she who has to take the consequences, good or bad; she believes that she will be happy with him and that she has the right to decide.

Who shall decide? Can the parents do more than endeavor to reason calmly with her, or have they any right to exert their influence or their autocratic power. If they possess any, to prevent the marriage? If we examine similar instances we shall find that the parents have been right at times and that they have spoiled the girl's life at others.

Surely the situation is disturbing enough to make both sides ponder gravely. "The trouble is that the girl is not old or experienced enough to be able to reflect properly," the parents would retort.

What is to be done? The best suggestion that can be made is that the young people should be asked to wait awhile before thinking of marriage or even of a fixed engagement, if that can be managed, and then let the girl see more of other men. If it is mere infatuation it will wear off.

The School Headache. The brain is such a delicate organ, so easily hampered in development, that when headache, which is, in a sense, pain in the brain, is complained of it should receive immediate attention.

It may result from defective sight. It may be adenoids. In such a case the growths in the nose and throat prevent the child from breathing in a sufficient quantity of oxygen, and the brain is irritated by the defective quality of the blood. The adenoids should be treated or removed. Overstrain or brain fog can be counteracted by regulating lessons and providing more rest and sleep.

Headache due to digestive disorders or anaemia is treated by careful diet, exercise and plenty of fresh air. Sweets, rich dishes, fatty, greasy foods, tea and coffee should be given up, at least till the child's health equilibrium is re-established. Meals should be light and easily digested. It may be necessary to put the child on a milk diet for a time, in which case a tablespoonful of milk should be given at each meal, with such a simple dish as custard, soft boiled eggs, a little fish with thin bread and butter, until the digestive system is restored to its normal working tone.

The teeth should not be overlooked in investigating the cause of ill health in the school child. Not only should they be carefully examined and attended to, but care should be taken that the child thoroughly chews every bite of food.

Exercise For Children. Children should be encouraged to play games that exercise every muscle. They should have jumping ropes, seesaws, swings, battledore and shuttlecock, tennis and basketball. Parents and nurses should play with them. Fathers who form ball teams or football elevens among the boys of the neighborhood will have healthier children and will feel better themselves.

Amateur track meets under the parental eye, even in a back yard, are good ways of helping children to exercise. There can be jumping contests, weight lifting, trapeze and swings and punching bag.

Children can be formed into walking clubs, and even small boys and girls may be encouraged to do a certain amount of daily sprinting.

POULTRY NOTES

BY C. M. BARNITZ RIVERSIDE PA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

[These articles and illustrations must not be reprinted without special permission.]

TWO BAD TRILBY TROUBLES.

I.—SCALY LEG. Mr. Mutans Sarcopetes is generally found where John Bughouse is on the job, for he is a fifth parasite and burrows under the scales on a fowl's trilbys and soon a whole flock has the nasty affliction.

Lift a portion of the chalky accumulation and the glass shows it full of cavities, each occupied by a Mrs. Sarcopetes with a Rooseveltian family. Rather bloody business to allow these parasites to burrow into a hen's legs and eat 'em alive and the trouble is so easily prevented or stopped.

Where it exists clean up, thoroughly whitewash walls, roosts, nests, dropping boards and disinfect floor.

Where scale is thick, soak fowls' legs in sweet oil, gently remove crusts



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

and apply sulphur ointment or a mixture of three parts lard and one of coal oil.

Repeat until limb is natural. Broodies with scaly leg always pass the parasite to their chicks.

II.—BUMBLE FOOT. If it's a feet to fit feet, what sort of a fit does Biddy get when she gets a corn on the sole of her feet? Hard to scratch for corn with a corn, but when that corn is bruised and swells and bumble foot results, "Ah, there's the rub!"

Bumble foot results where fowls jump down from high perches to hard floors. The ball of foot swells, web puffs up between toes, abscess forms, foot gets



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

hot and, if not treated at once, gangrene sets in.

To cure, wash foot, draw sharp knife across ball of foot, cutting deep, and squeeze out pus and blood; then paint with carbolic acid and bandage, passing the rag across cut between toes, around shank and back again.

Paint again if necessary. Place patient on straw, away from roosts and foot will soon heal.

Some big guns claim bumble foot is hereditary. This is hot air.

DON'TS.

Don't talk about Nero, the cruel tyrant, nor of Shylock and his pound of flesh if you work a horse hard all day and skimp his feed.

Don't worry over a failure. What's the use to waste time whining? The sun behind the cloud is shining.

Don't keep surplus fowls in unproductive period. Sell them before summer egg vacation and the molt.

Don't be afraid to sweat. The man who often takes a sweat will not so soon pay nature's debt.

Don't point the long finger at others. Be charitable unto others if you would have them show charity toward you.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

H. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office adjacent to Post Office in Dimmick office, Honesdale, Pa.

W. M. H. LEE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over post office. All legal business promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa.

E. C. MUMFORD, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

HOMER GREENE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office: Reif Building, Honesdale.

CHARLES A. McCARTY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Special and prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office: Reif Building, Honesdale.

M. E. SIMONS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office in the Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

SEARLE & SALMON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW. Offices lately occupied by Judge Searle

CHESTER A. GARRATT, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office adjacent to Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

Dentists.

DR. E. T. BROWN, DENTIST. Office—First floor, old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

DR. C. R. BRADY, DENTIST, HONESDALE, PA. 1011 MAIN ST. Citizens' Phone.

Physicians.

P. B. PETERSON, M. D. 1126 MAIN STREET, HONESDALE, PA. Eye and Ear a specialty. The fitting of glasses given careful attention.

LIVERY

F. G. RICKARD Prop

FIRST-CLASS WAGONS. RELIABLE HORSES.

Special Attention Given to Transit Business.

STONE BARN CHURCH STREET.

W. C. SPRY

BEACHLAKE.

AUCTIONEER HOLDS SALES ANYWHERE IN STATE.

H. F. Weaver

Architect and Builder

Plans & Estimates Furnished

Residence, 1302 East St.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.

MUNN & Co 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

J. E. HALEY

AUCTIONEER

Have me and save money. Will attend sales anywhere in State.

Address WAYMART, PA. (R. D. 3)

JOSEPH N. WELCH

Fire Insurance

The OLDEST Fire Insurance Agency in Wayne County.

Office: Second floor Masonic Building, over C. C. Jadwin's drug store, Honesdale.

We wish to secure a good correspondent in every town in Wayne county. Don't be afraid to write this office for paper and stamped envelopes