

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

By Frances Walter.

MARIAM IS AGAIN

MY COMPORTEER.

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I am realizing more and more as this chronicle progresses how difficult a thing it is to tell one's own life story. When I began this narrative I intended that it should be an unvarnished account of the salient features of my married life. Time after time I have paused to ask myself if I was setting forth facts just as they occurred. Human nature, I know, is such that one always wishes to appear in the most favorable light possible.



My mind was deprived of its normal functions. I lay inert, almost without consciousness, unable to move or think coherently.

I have never, even in my most satisfied moments, conceived the idea that I was faultless. On the contrary, I know that I possess many shortcomings. But when I reached the point of laying bare these faults, the tendency was to gloss them over, whereas those of another have been presented in bold relief.

In the rest of this history I shall endeavor to be as truthful as I have been heretofore. I will not spare myself, however much I may wish to do so, nor will I hesitate to put down in plain words the situations which were responsible for flinging my life with so much anguish. I trust that whatever fault may be found with this narrative I shall not be accused of dishonesty, and should it turn out that any part of what I say is not truthful I would have my readers believe that it was accidental and not premeditated.

Another difficulty which is encountered by a woman who tells first-hand her own experiences is, that she may sooner or later be charged with putting herself too much in the foreground. It often happens that the reader becomes satiated with the personality of the one who tells her story in the first person. No one likes to see the pronoun "I" used excessively, no more than one cares to listen to a person whose every sentence is introduced by this ever-present word of one letter.

It has been my endeavor in telling my story to avoid the ego as much as possible, yet it is present more than one cares to have it. My one excuse is that it seems necessary to a faithful narrative, and I hope that those who peruse this autobiography will overlook this seemingly necessary fault and give heed only to the substance of what I write. I am actuated only by the hope that those who read these lines may learn a lesson from my own career; that they may take warning and avoid the thorns that are in every path; that they may profit by my mistakes and thereby save themselves many a heartache.

As Arthur and the beautiful young woman by his side passed out of my sight it seemed to me for a moment that all the brightness and joy had gone out of my life. Was this the end of my happiness, the beginning of my despair? I closed my eyes as a sickening depression swept over me. My heart, which had pounded

violently at the sight of Arthur, gradually stilled and at length seemed almost to stop beating. An extreme lassitude seized me. I could not move. My mind was deprived of its normal functions. I lay inert, almost without consciousness, unable to move or think coherently.

I do not know how long I remained thus, but when I awoke to the full realization of my surroundings, Mariah was standing before me clapping her hands and laughing gaily.

"We should have brought our alarm clock," laughed Mariah. "We might have slept until dark." I roused myself with an effort, but the face that I turned to my little friend must have been and haggard, for she cried out in dismay: "Oh, Roxane! You are ill! I thought you were asleep."

"You are ill!" she said, "What ails you?" "Nothing, I'm all right," I answered, but my hands she chafed them for awhile, and then running to a fountain she came back with a dripping handkerchief and wiped my brow. Then she drew my head over upon her shoulder, and while she caressed my face uttered many encouraging words.

GERMANS EVEN PUT NAVYMEN IN GRAY. Sounding Country for Men To Prevent the Allies Entering Germany.

London, August 8.—An Amsterdam correspondent telegraphs the following: "It is clear from information reaching Holland that the

last two months have been spent by the German military staff in Berlin in readjusting home military arrangements in order to release every single available fighting man. Every garrison has been practically cleared of every trained man, leaving a minimum of inefficiently with experienced officers for any normal and possibly abnormal duties that may possibly arise in the towns through Germany.

This latest and probably the last mustering of men has secured a very considerable addition to the fighting forces. The men thus collected have been sent to certain centres within easy reach of the east or west fronts. Thus I learn that Cologne recently had to provide room for 130,000 men. Germany's man-power may therefore, be regarded as now at the absolute maximum on all fronts, the authorities having been forced by the urgent necessities of the military situation to adopt extreme and heroic measures in a final desperate effort to hold up the Allies' advance toward German soil.

The minimum number of German munition workers compatible with safety has been retained in the workshops, recourse being had to foreign labor on even a greater scale than hitherto.

A decision so far as the present type of warfare is concerned is fully expected before the end of the summer. I am told that even large numbers of men of the navy have been brought ashore and put into field gray and trained for land fighting. I have every reason to believe this statement to be accurate.

When Wagner Fled. Richard Wagner, the composer, was an ardent republican in 1849. In the archives of Dresden there is a document setting forth a case of high treason against the musician. He was accused of having written to a friend a letter proposing to turn Saxony into a republic. "But whom shall we make president?" he asked. "I see nobody competent for the office except our present sovereign, Frederick Augustus II." Frederick Augustus does not seem to have appreciated the humor of the suggestion that he should doff the crown and content himself with the dignity of a republican president. For this flash of unconscious fun Wagner had to bolt to Switzerland.

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Wednesday

BREAKFAST Sliced Bananas or Steamed Fruit Cereal of Choice Fried Bacon or Toast Whole Wheat Muffins with Raisins Coffee or Cocoa

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER Spanish Omelet Hashed Brown Potatoes, Baked Beef Steaks Milk or Tea

DINNER Deviled Crabs Tomatoes Stuffed with Potato Salad Peach or Berry Holly-Poly Coffee or Tea

Tomatoes Stuffed with Potato Salad.

Materials—Eight even-sized tomatoes, 4 cups potato salad, 1 cup of mayonnaise or boiled dressing, 4 stuffed olives, 4 cups shredded lettuce, or finely cut cabbage, parsley or celery tops.

Directions—Wash and dry the tomatoes; cut off stem end and remove

centre. Fill with potato salad, having top rounded, and put a teaspoon of dressing and half a stuffed olive on top. Line shallow plate with lettuce or cabbage. Garnish edge with parsley or celery top.

Peach or Berry Holly-Poly Materials—One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon shortening, 2 cups of berries or 1 quart of sliced peaches, 1 cup of sugar, 2 teaspoons butter, 1 teaspoon milk.

Directions—Sift the flour, baking powder and salt into a bowl, rub in the shortening very lightly, and add just enough water to hold the dough together, roll out to eighth of an inch thick, cover with fruit and sugar, saving 1 tablespoon of sugar to sprinkle on top; roll like jelly roll and put into buttered pudding pan, brush the top with milk, sprinkle with sugar and put the butter that is left in small pieces on the top.

THROW AWAY YOUR RUBBISH.

The Wisdom of Cleaning Out Accumulations of Gowns and Mustiness.

In some houses the first thing that greets one is a faint musty odor arising from carpets which have grown old, but which, though probably swept frequently, have never been sent to the cleaner's and, being down for years, have accumulated deposits of dust underneath them. In old houses, too, the flooring will have shrunk and provided receptacles for insects under the carpets. Constant traffic and the soil of the street brought in on dirty boots also get into both carpet and flooring.

It is cheaper to do away with rubbish of all kinds than to suffer the results in ill health. Bedrooms are often used as receptacles for stores of old clothes, old trunks and other things, the occupants forgetting that these things are but so much cubic capacity cut off from the air space of the room and that they harbor germs and cause infection.

If household furnishings are worn out and there is difficulty in renewing them, better eliminate them than retain them to the detriment of health. The bare room is a healthy room. If rooms require repapering have them distempered instead. Paperhangers are at a discount just now, and the cleanly distemper which many women who are handy can manage by themselves is healthier and cleaner than a cheap and soiled paper.

When Jackson Dined. When Colonel David Crockett was a member of congress and was at his home in Tennessee some one asked him about the dinner hour in Washington. He said the common people ate dinner at 12, the next above them at 1, the merchants at 2, the representatives at 3, the senators at 4, members of the cabinet at 5 and the vice president at 6. "But when does the president dine?" "What! Old Hickory?" said Crockett, anxious to fix a time that would suit his idea of Jackson's greatness. "Well, he doesn't eat till next day!"

The president of the Board of Trade acknowledged the following subscriptions to the Belgian Relief Fund: Fireman John Hall, \$2; Capt. Fred Hall, \$2; Capt. Fred Reid, \$5; congregation of St. George's Cathedral, \$64.00. Some people marry for love and remain married for spite.

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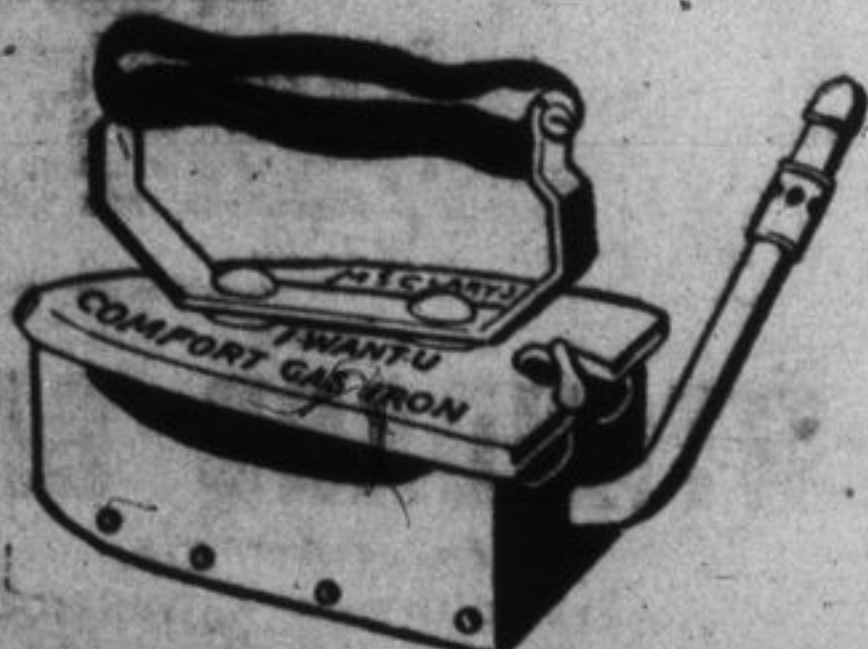
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