

WOMEN'S AND STORY PAGE

VERA'S TRUSTEE

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When Judge Linwood died his large estate was left in trust to his only child, Vera, who, now doubly orphaned, went to live with her aunt, Mrs. Henry Hendrick.

The Hendricks entertained lavishly and spent money recklessly, so that when Henry Hendrick's money vanished, together with most of Vera's fortune, that unfortunate gentleman promptly took himself out of the world, leaving his widow to open a fashionable boarding house in the suburbs.

As for Vera, she had decided to go West and claim possession of the old Golden Eagle mine, which her father had left in trust for her. The western trustee was his old friend, Anthony Burgess, and it was through Anthony Burgess that Vera received the semi-annual dividends which now constituted her sole income.

"But, my dear child," protested Mrs. Hendrick tearfully, "you can't go out there alone! Why, you've never even seen this Burgess man!"

"That he was father's friend speaks sufficiently in his favor, Aunt Emily, and, besides, I shall only stop in Eagle City a short time. There is an excellent hotel there."

"I am afraid to have you travel alone," objected Mrs. Hendrick.

"Nonsense! I am twenty-one, and father trusted me thoroughly. You forget that I once spent six weeks at Eagle City."

"But your father was with you."

"Yes, Aunt Emily, but I shall get along nicely. I thought perhaps that there might be some business connected with the mine that I might learn—that I might become a real business woman—not a drone living on the income father left me. I want to be useful."

"Have your own way, child," sighed the widow plaintively. "I can't say too much, Vera, because my poor Henry's selfish business methods lost your fortune as well as our own. I told your father not to make Henry your trustee. As for the other trustee—have you ever seen Mr. Burgess?"

"He was in Mexico when father and I were in Eagle City."

"I hope he is trustworthy?" was Mrs. Hendrick's final remark.

Eagle City basked in the warmth of an Indian summer day. Vera loved the fresh, sweet mountain air and the low-lying haze reddened by the sun.

"Burgess?" repeated the lantern-jawed stage driver as Vera made inquiries. "Anthony Burgess? Oh, he lives over beyond the mountain."

"How shall I reach his place?"

"Stopping in the city?"

"Yes; take me to the best hotel, please."

"That will be Mrs. Lizzie Smith's, ma'am. To get to Burgess you'll have to get a horse. Can you ride?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then going will be easy. A good horse will take you and most anybody will p'nt out the trail to the Golden Eagle. I suppose you've heard of the lucky strike there?"

"No. Do you mean that they have discovered more gold?"

"That's right. Struck the richest vein ever found hereabouts. Seems it's faded out in Burgess' own mine, the Double Eagle, and the lead has been uncovered in the Golden Eagle. There's been a regular stampede for these parts in the past week."

"And the new discovery has made Mr. Burgess poor?" asked Vera.

"Almost. He wasn't expecting it, you see, ma'am, and he's been laying out a lot of money on his own mine; he's trustee for some folks back East, who own the Golden Eagle. If he was anything except the straightest man God ever made he could help himself out of the Golden Eagle and nobody would ever be the wiser."

Vera was thoughtful the rest of the day. She spent a restful night at Mrs. Smith's homelike hotel, and the next day she hired a horse to ride over the mountain.

"You'll not want to go alone, honey," admonished Mrs. Smith.

Vera displayed the little six-shooter which her father had taught her to use.

"I am not afraid," she laughed, and rode away.

Down the street she met the stage driver; he pulled in his steaming horses and held up a warning hand.

"Not going over the mountain alone, are you?" he asked.

"Yes. I am not afraid," she assured him.

"There's likely to be rough characters about," he warned her. "It's pay day at the Golden Eagle and there's a rumor that some of the Rio gang are going to hold up the paymaster. You better wait till tomorrow."

"But someone had better warn the paymaster," protested Vera.

"Burgess has been warned, but he ain't the kind to heed such a warning; he don't know what fear is, doggone him!" And the stage rumbled on.

Vera followed the trail winding up through the hills. She did not meet anyone, and although her sure-footed pony sometimes stopped and sniffed inquiringly at the underbrush or heaped-up rocks along the way, she could not guess that the animal instinctively knew that there were men lurking, ambushed, waiting for the paymaster of the Golden Eagle.

At last she glimpsed a dark, evil face as it disappeared behind a rock, and she was glad that she could command her features so that the man could not guess she had seen him.

She must go back along the way

she had come and warn the paymaster of the impending danger. Yet the men in ambush must not know that she was suspicious.

She swung her pony about and hummed a gay little tune as she rode down the trail; she talked to the pony in bantering accents.

"Oh, Nicodemus Alexander," she sighed, "I could remain on this mountainside all day and admire the view, but you must get me back to town for dinner; I'm hungry."

So she rode back along the downward trail, hoping to meet the paymaster at the round of every curve in the road.

At last, far below, she glimpsed a black horse flying along the trail and a rider who seemed part of his beautiful mount.

"He doesn't ride like an old man," she thought with quickening pulses. "Perhaps he is one of the Rio gang."

Far down the mountain side she met the rider, a tall, sun-browned man whose saddlebags were well filled. He looked curiously at her as she approached.

"Are you Mr. Burgess?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes," he smiled, sweeping off his hat.

"And you are paymaster of the Golden Eagle?"

He looked sharply at her.

"Why do you ask that?" he demanded bluntly.

"Because you are in danger—they are waiting for you up yonder—" And hastily she told him of the evil face she had seen and of the warning uttered by the stage driver.

"I was warned," he admitted, "but I didn't take much stock in it—they've been threatening to hold me up for the past year. I've got to get the money to the boys—they'll be rioting if they don't get it," he ended ruthfully.

"Can't you transfer the money to my saddlebags and let me follow you up the trail? Then, if they want you to throw up your hands, you can, and before they discover that your bags are empty I can ride on to the mine. They won't hurt you?" she asked anxiously.

"No—all they want is the money," he assured her. "But I can't permit you to endanger your life."

"It's for my own interests," she said calmly; "I am Vera Linwood."

"Vera Linwood—why, Miss Linwood, I was going East next week to see you. The Golden Eagle has developed another rich vein."

"And the Double Eagle has lost one," she said significantly.

"You know, then?"

"I heard yesterday and I am so sorry—I feel like a robber myself—the owner of a pirate mine!"

"That's mine's luck. Come, let us get along, if we must. Just put these packages in your saddlebags—so, and I'll stuff mine with grass. Ride on ahead and don't worry. It will come out all right!" He slapped her pony's flank and mounted his black and followed.

When Vera passed the ambush she was talking to her pony as before.

"Once more, Nicodemus Alexander!" she threatened. "I will ride to the top of the hill; then down again for dinner!" She passed the ambush and waited breathlessly around the bend of the trail. Somewhere near by she heard the pounding of the ore-crushers and she knew that she was near the mines.

Below she heard the tread of Burgess' horse, followed by a sharp command, a momentary silence, and then the murmur of other voices. The hold-up had happened and they were going through the mine owner's pockets and searching his saddlebags for the Golden Eagle's pay roll.

Nicodemus Alexander was smitten with indignation surprise when his rider suddenly jabbed her sharp heel into his flank.

He bounded up the trail, his hoofs scattering the stones underfoot. In a flurry of dust, horse and rider appeared at the office of the Golden Eagle.

A dozen men surrounded Vera.

"Mr. Burgess—held up—help him," she gasped, and tumbled from her pony.

There was a shout of anger as the miners grabbed their weapons and dashed down the trail to meet the paymaster.

Vera leaned dazedly against the office door and stared at the blood trickling down the sleeve of her white blouse.

"Someone must have fired at me," she smiled faintly.

"The plucky little angel!" exclaimed one roughly dressed man as he led her inside the building.

Weeks afterward Mrs. Henry Hendrick reread a letter from Vera. It was dated from Eagle City.

"Dear Aunt Emily," wrote Vera, "I will be home in another week—and I shall bring my husband with me. Don't faint, poor, dear auntie; he is the most splendid man. You can never guess, so I must tell you that I am marrying Anthony Burgess, the son of father's old friend, my trustee. The trusteeship has been transferred to the young Anthony because his father is dead, and Anthony says it is perfectly natural that we should have met and loved and married, for now he can continue the trusteeship forever. And, best of all, you are to give up the boarding house and return here with us, if you will, for the Golden Eagle has developed wonderful riches, and Anthony's mine has a new vein of gold and we are all going to be very rich indeed. And Anthony wants me to add a postscript that we are rich in each other and richer in happiness than all the gold in the world could supply!"

Summer Vogue of White Fur



If there is one thing in the world more becoming than all others, it is the white fur neckpiece. In spite of the calendar and with or without the consent of the thermometer, this neckpiece has flourished through July and shows an undiminished head in August. Its vogue probably came about through the chilly weather in the early summer at San Francisco. All the gay world having journeyed thither, found a fur neckpiece comfortable. All the world recognized the becomingness of white fur and took heart at its appearance in the month of roses to make a vogue for summer furs.

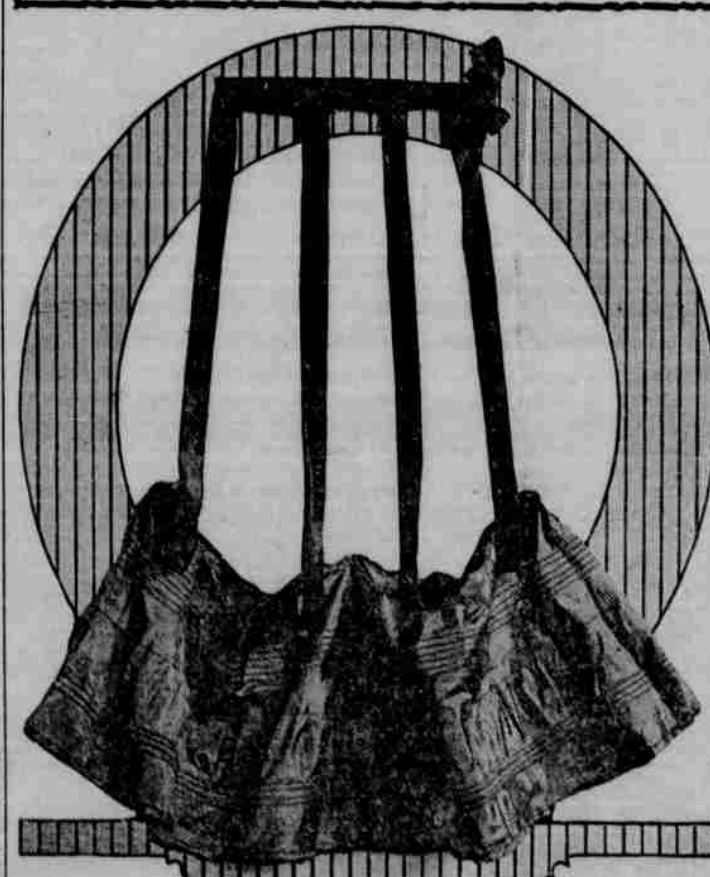
Let us be thankful that the majority of the neckpieces with which the wayward devotees of fashion have chosen to bedeck themselves are not really of white fox. They are as far from the fox as the goat is, or the Belgian hare, or whatever else those clever manipulators of skins know how to fashion into things of beauty. There would surely be few foxes left if every white neckpiece cost the life of one.

These summer furs are worn with white turbans or small white hats, with best effect, although they appear with all other midsummer millinery. In the picture a turban of white satin supports a frill about the crown which gives the appearance of a Tam-o-Shanter. At the left it is decorated with a bead ornament. The hat, the neckpiece, and the dress of cross-bar taffeta, made up with plain taffeta, are all forerunners of fashion and reliable indications of the coming mode.

However unreasonable it may appear for the fair wearer of fur to cling to it where no keen wind blows, she may be excused. A white fur neckpiece is really a good investment. The opportunities for wearing it stretch through this summer to the coming winter and to other winters beyond. White furs, especially for youth, will be good style, at least as long as any furs continue to be good style.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

The Skeleton Petticoat



A founce suspended by ribbons, to be worn in place of a silk petticoat, is the very latest device for comfort and style. Everyone wants the fashionable flare at the bottom of skirts, and everyone likes the elegance of silk in petticoats. But no one wants added warmth about the body, or bulk about the hips, and here is the solution in the flare without anything else to hamper its wearer.

The skeleton petticoat is merely a more or less fancy and fluff founce of silk suspended by ribbons from a ribbon belt. The very practical one shown in the picture is made of bright green taffeta silk. Eight lengths of narrow ruffles of the ribbon set on the founce in three overlapping rows. The ways of developing the founce with ribbon and lace decorations are innumerable.

This petticoat will commend itself to the stout woman especially, and to anyone who wishes to be as lightly clothed in warm weather as it is possible to be.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Erect Figure Correct.

The fashionable girl of 1915 appears on the scene with a beautiful, erect figure, a free swing to her walk and with clothing of sufficient width to permit her to be graceful in her carriage. The stooped shoulders with head bent forward and slouching gait, once assumed by those who wanted to attain the extreme in style, have entirely passed, and like an old-fashioned dress of several seasons ago, will be discarded by those who care enough for fashion to change their manner of carrying themselves.

WOMAN'S HIGH PLACE

IT IS HER'S BECAUSE SHE CAN KEEP A SECRET.

Miss Margaret M. Hanna is One of the Most Trusted Employees in Office of the Department of State.

There is only one woman in the United States who has knowledge of international events before they happen. Her name is Margaret M. Hanna.

She is the confidential secretary and assistant of the second assistant secretary of state, Alvey A. Adee, who is the only permanent official of high rank in the department.

No matter who may be the executive head of the department, and regardless of whether the administration is Democratic or Republican, the course of the foreign office is steered by Mr. Adee. All of the diplomatic affairs are managed by him. The complex unwritten code called International Law is to him familiar in its every paragraph, and he has all precedents at his fingers' ends.

But it goes without saying that such business involves an immense amount of detail. Which is where the peculiar and exceptional talent of Miss Hanna comes into play. She takes all that part of the work of Mr. Adee's hands. To him she is like a card catalogue to a librarian—and quite a bit more, in addition.

Not until the present generation, strange to say, was it discovered that women are the great systematizers of detail. Even the cleverest men are not in the same class with them at that sort of thing. Hence the fact that nowadays many captains of industry prefer to employ as their confidential secretaries women who, with special capability in this line, know how to relieve them of all bother about the petty machinery of their office business. Thus they are at liberty to devote their entire attention to affairs of major importance.

Such is the function that Miss Hanna performs for the second assistant secretary of state. Incidentally to her duties she helps to prepare many state papers that are in the last degree confidential in character. She is the custodian of many an important secret affecting the welfare of the country; but, from her point of view, this is merely a part of the day's work. She forgets the secret automatically when she leaves the office and goes home.

It has often been said that a woman cannot keep a secret. Perhaps most women cannot. Holding that belief, it was a grand joke, too—all but the woman's escort. He reached out one powerful arm and grabbed the skylarking youth by the shoulder. Then he brought his fist down on the young man's straw hat, crushing it and driving his head through the crown and partly over his ears. Next he turned the young man around and kicked him with all the force and swiftness that outraged dignity and fierce anger together with great strength afforded. If that youth recovers from that kick and throws confetti again he will be careful in picking his target. And, maybe, the handsome woman if she yawns again in a hurry will not do so in such a mob as turns out to see a Coney Island celebration.

With the Essayists.

Of all the displays of art the essay is the most indefinable, the most subtle, because it has no scheme, no program. It does not set out to narrate or to prove; it has no dramatic purpose, no imaginative theme; its essence is a sympathetic self-revelation, just as in talk a man may speak frankly of his own experiences and feelings, and yet avoid any suspicion of egotism. If his confidences are designed to illustrate the thoughts of others rather than to provide a contrast and a self-glorification.

The essayist gives rather than claims; he compares rather than parades. He is led by his interest in others to be interested in himself, and it is as a man rather than as an individual that he takes the stage.

He must be surprised at the discoveries he makes about himself, rather than complacent; he must condone his own discrepancies rather than exult in them.

Trained Crabs Catch Rabbits.

Crabs are put to a curious use on certain parts of the Devonshire foreshore. They are used to catch rabbits. Having located a promising burrow, the snarer takes a crab and affixes a short length of lighted candle to the back of its shell. The behavior of a crab which finds itself in a narrow inclosure is well known. It begins to run. It therefore starts away up the burrow at top rate, and presently the rabbit is horrified at the sight of a joggling flame coming to his sanctuary. Off he goes for the other exit, only to find himself, when he emerges, in a trap.

Two Babies.

Mrs. Newma—O, I wish you could see Mrs. Winkler's baby. It's perfectly lovely. Such a delicate little creature as it is! It's a perfect little cherub, with the loveliest eyes, the sweetest little mouth, the cunningest little nose, and eyes of heavenly blue. It looks as if it just dropped from heaven and every tiny feature had been fashioned by the angels.

Conscience Fund Grows.

The United States treasury conscience fund is growing. It now exceeds \$500,000, received from stamp givers, tax dodgers and others.

HER PART OF THE OUTPUT

All That Girl Really Had to Do to the Gloves Was to Put on the Finishing Touch.

"I've got a new place," said Gertie. "Where?" asked Sadie.

"In the Right & Left glove factory." "Isn't that nice?" said Sadie. "Make me a pair of gloves some time, will you?"

"Yes, maybe, after a while. I like the work awfully well."

"But isn't there a lot to it?" "No, not much. It's real simple. And we girls have lots of fun."

"But how do you ever get those little pieces sewed in between the fingers?"

"Oh, you mean the—the—well, I've forgotten what they call them; but I don't do that."

"Oh, you just do the rest of it?" "No, not exactly. You see, the cloth is woven in one department— it's just like silk gloves, you know—and the gloves are cut out in another. Then they send them to another department, where they put in these little pieces you spoke of. And then someone else puts on the tips of the fingers, and someone else does fancy stitches on the back, and someone else closes them—sews they up, you know, and someone else puts the buttons on, and—oh, there's lots more to it! And it's so interesting. And then they all have to be looked over, and the mean old thing that inspects is always sending them back to the girls to be done over."

"And what part do you do?" Sadie asked.

"Oh, me? When you buy a pair of gloves they are always stitched together in pairs. Well, that's what I do.—Wheeler Register.

ESCORT COULDN'T SEE JOKE

Incident at Coney Island That Probably Taught Confetti Thrower a Lesson He Needed.

A large well-dressed man and a handsome woman were in the Mardi Gras crowd at Coney Island, New York. They had been waiting some time for the parade and the woman began to yawn. Now yawning is a very un ladylike performance in public, and rather a dangerous one in a Coney Island crowd, for while the woman had her mouth wide open and was getting all the worth there is to be had out of a good healthy yawn a young man bent on mischief threw a handful of confetti right plump into the orifice. The woman coughed and spluttered, and the hoodlum shrieked with delight. Those about him thought it was a grand joke, too—all but the woman's escort. He reached out one powerful arm and grabbed the skylarking youth by the shoulder. Then he brought his fist down on the young man's straw hat, crushing it and driving his head through the crown and partly over his ears. Next he turned the young man around and kicked him with all the force and swiftness that outraged dignity and fierce anger together with great strength afforded. If that youth recovers from that kick and throws confetti again he will be careful in picking his target. And, maybe, the handsome woman if she yawns again in a hurry will not do so in such a mob as turns out to see a Coney Island celebration.

USED BRAINS TO WIN

HOW ATHLETE ACHIEVED TRIUMPH IN RACES.

Ted Meredith of University of Pennsylvania Had Carefully Thought Out Methods That Brought Him Victory in Contests.

There is a belated story of how Ted Meredith of the University of Pennsylvania defeated Bill Bingham of Harvard in the half-mile race in the intercollegiate championships, which carries with it a lesson valuable to participants in practically all lines of sport, the New York Times remarks. Meredith, it will be remembered, won both the quarter and half-mile races.

The quarter was won in his usual style. Meredith allowed one of his competitors to go out and make the pace, and then came like a streak in the last furlong and won about as he pleased.

When it came to the half Meredith completely reversed the order of things. He raced at top speed in the first quarter and had all the rest of the field on their toes and practically beaten, doing the quarter in :54. He then slowed down and even allowed a couple of his competitors to pass him, content with the fact that Bingham, whom alone he feared, was plugging along in the rear, hopelessly out of it. With him disposed of, Meredith again sped up in the last furlong, caught and passed the two who had headed him for a short distance, and won very cleverly without being exhausted.

Meredith's overwhelming triumph was due to the use of brains coupled with his powers as a racer. Before the race he had taken the trouble to find out the way in which Bingham, the Harvard man, ran his races. He discovered it was his habit to take it easy in the first quarter, running the distance in about a minute flat, and reserving himself for the final quarter, which he would do in the neighborhood of fifty seconds. Meredith's heartbeating pace in the first quarter completely upset Bingham's plan for the race, and so bewildered the fleet Harvard runner that the latter had no time to think out and put into operation a new plan.

Possibly there is no better example of the superiority of brain over brawn than in the career of George Bohnert, the wrestler. His lack of bulk was more than compensated for in the ability to think quickly and almost uncannily to anticipate and thwart the particular "hold" his opponent intended making.

John McGraw's success as a baseball manager has been entirely due to exceptionally acute brain power. From the beginning of his career on the diamond he analyzed every play made in a game in which he participated or witnessed. It was the study that developed the baseball strategy he made his own, and which made him so much of a clairvoyant in foreseeing the "breaks" of a game for or against his team.

If Jim Jeffries had been possessed of enough gray matter he might never have lost the heavyweight championship to Jack Johnson. But the punch in the eye in the second round, which was the turning point in the contest, angered him. After that it was brute force against brute force.

Football is so entirely a matter of brains that everybody familiar with sports admits that the best eleven of the physical boxers or wrestlers, for instance, would have no chance whatever against an eleven such as represents any one of the great universities on the gridiron each fall.

The thinking athlete gets more sport out of the game he happens to indulge in, also, than he would if merely an exceptionally good natured athlete or one who is able to absorb the ideas of a trainer and carry them out in purely mechanical fashion.

To the young athlete the lesson modern sports teaches us: Attend as well to the cultivation of the mind as to the training of the body and its muscles if you would enjoy competitive athletics to the full. The first is as necessary as the last to become superexcellent at any sport, to get the greatest enjoyment from sport and to cope with its emergencies.

Victorian Hobby.

The announcement offering for sale the wedding shoes of Queen Victoria recalls the fact that her majesty was a keen collector of historical relics. At a sale held in November, 1899, she commissioned a well-known dealer to secure for her a walking-stick carved to represent "Wisdom and Folly," once the property of Prince Charles Edward. The royal agent had carte blanche, and the stick was knocked down to him for \$160. This was a monstrous price when we consider that shortly before the young pretender's death, with flint-lock pistol attached, realized only \$23 15s; while the great Rob Roy's claymore, made by Andrea Ferrara, with its shark's skin grip and all, went for \$37 16s. At the Stuart exhibition organized in London some twenty years ago a number of most interesting exhibits came from Queen Victoria's collection.—Dundee Advertiser.

Too Suggestive.

Manager—If you want to make any money from the audiences at your new play, change its name.

Playwright—Why so?

Manager—What can you expect from a play you call "A Passing Crowd?"