

# WOMEN'S AND STORY PAGE

## BURGLAR BRUCE

By JANE OSBORN.

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For the first minute Constance lay trembling, in such a state of alarm and terror that she was quite incapable of moving. What had awakened her she did not know, and save for the far-off trickle of the little stream behind the house all was quiet.

Presently she heard the sound of footsteps. Someone was walking on the side veranda. And to have someone walking about at that time of night was a serious matter, for Constance Preston was the only person in the house except her temperamental helpless mother, an aged grandmother and a new cook. The boys were away. Billy was with his regiment and Alan was detained in town on business.

With an extraordinary burst of courage and the sense of her own importance, Constance dashed into her mother's room and found her awake and trembling. "Call your grandmother!" she cried, pulling the blankets from the bed and wrapping them frantically about her.

"Hush!" whispered Constance, trying to steady her own trembling voice. "Be quiet or they will hear you." The sound of footsteps was again distinct, and then a long, low, terrifying whistle.

"Heavens!" whispered Mrs. Preston. "If one of the boys were only home!"

"Perhaps I could make the cook; she is so big and strong—" "But you never could rouse her. But, Constance, you must get your grandmother; her room is right over that side porch."

Constance groped her way to the door and opened it stealthily. The low flickering light in the hall cast long, wavering shadows on the floor and walls. Almost petrified with fear, she dashed across to her grandmother's room. Grandmother Preston, fortunately, was a very diminutive sort of old lady. So Constance, wasting no words on explanation, lifted her up, bundled her into her slippers and dressing gown, and led her, dazed but docile, to Mrs. Preston's room.

"Oh, if Alan were only here," thought Constance, throwing on what clothes of Mrs. Preston's she could find by the low light of the night candle.

Grandmother Preston, who hadn't heard a sound, was sitting huddled in a chair, her feet drawn under her and her head covered with a blanket. She was peering anxiously around.

"Hush! you better cover your heads!" she asked slowly. "If they once get in it's hard to get them out."

"What?" asked Constance aloud frantically looking herself into an evening gown of her mother's.

"Do you think it came in by the chimney?" Grandmother Preston went on in her gentle old voice.

"Oh, it isn't a hat, grandmother; it's a burglar!" Constance shrieked. But without her ear trumpet the old lady could hear nothing.

Just then there was a heavy stamping of feet below. Mrs. Preston clung to her daughter for protection. "I'd give almost anything for a man," Constance whispered.

"Let's telephone for one," suggested Mrs. Preston.

"The burglar might shoot him," objected her daughter.

"But you could call up the police."

Then with desperate resignation, Constance swept half way down the stairs to the telephone. There, with Mrs. Preston's nerve-racking whispers from above and the possibility of an attack from the burglars from below, she gave the message.

"Central," she said, holding the receiver with trembling hands. "The police station—tell them to send up someone to the Preston place—at once."

Without waiting for a reply, she sped back to the haven of Mrs. Preston's room, where, speechless, they sat waiting, the monotony of their anxiety broken only by the occasional sound of footsteps below.

Then, after what seemed hours, came the pounding of the old brass knocker, ringing strong and clear. Without a moment's hesitation, Constance ran downstairs, and, as she passed the hatrack, she seized an old raincoat of her brother's and bundled it around her to hide the rather elaborate array of Mrs. Preston's evening gown.

With trembling hands, she opened the front door, and there before her anxious and prayerful eyes stood—Bruce Morrison himself.

"Well, of all the confounded dough-heads," was what he started to say when he caught sight of Alan's old coat.

"Bruce Morrison!" Constance gasped, overcome with joy at seeing a protector. "I always knew you were an angel. I've waited so long, and now you've come."

The suddenness of what Bruce took to be a complete surrender rather took his breath away.

"I knew I'd win out some time," he said, as he led Constance to the living room and settled her in the old sleepy hollow chair.

"Honest, Constance," he asked, sitting down on the floor at her feet, "do you really think you are going to love me a little bit after all?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said Constance rather sharply; "but why don't we look for the burglar? He's been trying to get in for over an hour. Maybe he's in now. Oh, I'm so glad you came."

"Well, I'm blessed!" was all Bruce dared to say. It dawned on them both all at once what had really been going on.

"But why did you keep up that phantasmic whistle? It was enough to drive one wild."

"And why don't you have a civilized doorbell?" he retorted, "instead of that beastly old knocker? I'd been feeling around for a bell for an hour or so."

"Why, that old brass knocker is so picturesque, Bruce. But why don't you tell me about that whistle?"

"Oh, that's an old college whistle of ours. I thought Alan was home, and he'd recognize it and know I'd arrived. I didn't try that dodge until I had given up every other known means of waking you. Alan expected I'd come out some night this week. I told him I was going to make one last dying entreaty before I sailed for the South Sea Isles or the Fiji's or the North pole, or—"

"Oh, but you're not going away ever, are you, Bruce?" Constance begged. "Please don't leave us alone—"

"Constance! Constance!" came feebly from upstairs. "Have they caught him?"

Constance hurried to the stairs. "Yes, mother," she called. "It's all right. It's Bruce."

"But haven't the policemen come yet?" asked Mrs. Preston.

"I say, Constance!" interrupted Bruce, who was peering anxiously out one of the side windows. "What the mischief is that policeman doing prying around the house at this hour of the night?" he asked.

"I suppose he came because we sent for him when we thought someone was trying to break in," she said.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here, because you can explain."

Just then the old knocker sounded again. "Patch it up any way," Constance whispered, "only don't tell him who you are. This is such a gossip place." Then she vanished behind the portieres and listened.

"Say, this is a nice trick, this is," it was Bruce talking. "You fellows had better get out on your job. Do you think a burglar is going to sit down under a tree and wait for you?"

"But there wasn't anyone at the stationhouse to send when the lady phoned, and—"

"Well, I'm not finding fault with you personally, captain," said Bruce. "But it was a mighty slim way to treat a couple of unprotected ladies. Say, you don't mean to say that they sent you up here alone? Well, that is a fine way to do business. A lot of good one man could have done with a tough like that."

"Then you saw him?" queried the policeman.

"How could I? Just got here myself and found my mother and my sister in a dreadful state of excitement. But it's all right this time," said Bruce, handing him a five-dollar bill. "Here's the price of a cigar for you. You'll find it worth while not to report this case; d'ye understand? Say, you might tell the boss sometime when you think of it, that he'll never catch many burglars sending out one man at a time."

"Well," explained the policeman, "we've had so many false alarms this summer, that whenever a lady calls us up in the night it's ten to one it's only a mouse. Ladies is very apt to be mistaken. I find."

"You're right there, captain, but this time it was the real thing, and no doubt about it. Good night," he said, closing the door. "Good luck."

**JUDGED HIM BY HIS LOOKS**

Somewhat Humorous Incident in Railroad Dining Car That Led to Matrimony.

A young man, born in America, the son of French parents, went West as a civil engineer. His company completed one of the railroads terminating at the Pacific coast. This work had necessitated his living in the open for more than three years. His skin took on a deep copper shade. He did, indeed, present a picturesque figure as he boarded a train for home, the New York World states.

In the diner he shared a table with two young French girls who were touring the United States with their parents. Their parents sat at a table opposite.

To the young man's amazement, the girls immediately began to comment upon the "brown man," evidently an American, who sat opposite them. They laughingly took stock of everything from his fine eyes to his hurried manners. Their parents, however, did not seem quite so much amused, now and again calling in French, "Have a care, have a care."

After the close of the meal, after rising, the young man, in exquisite French, told the young women he was glad to have afforded them so much amusement. They were dumfounded. Their father hurried after the young man and profusely apologized. Introductions followed, and the acquaintance so propitiously started ended in a warm friendship. The engineer married the elder daughter and they now have two sons.

**Mercenary Motive.**

"What is his chief aim in life?" "He wants to educate the masses."

"A philanthropist, eh?" "Not enough to notice. He wants to educate them to use a little house hold necessity he's put on the market."

**All in the Family.**

Helen—Did I understand you to say Jones was related to you by marriage? Omar—Yes; he married a girl that once promised to be a sister to me.

## QUALITY TO BE CULTIVATED

Not Altogether a Matter of Curiosity in Asking a Woman if "She Is Vain Enough."

That may seem a strange question to ask most women, for, according to the opinions of the other sex, we possess all the vainglorious tendencies of the peacock, and then some; but there are women, and we all know them, who are not vain enough. They really could not care about their personal appearance, or they would not let the wisps of hair float unrestrained about otherwise half-dressed coiffures, or noses go shiny when the least dab of powder would remedy matters. It is not so much one's personal appearance that counts, for, after all, such people will tell you that they would rather take the time for improving their souls or their minds, or something equally intangible; but one should remember that one owes a certain amount of visible personal charm to one's neighbors; that even if you do not care whether your hair lies flat and unbecoming on your head, other people get some pleasure out of seeing you with a fluffy, prettily arranged coiffure. Again, there is a psychological effect from well grooming. A good complexion, beautiful hands and nails, becomingly arranged hair, a good, erect figure all act upon one's manner. A wave in the hair will take the kinks out of one's disposition. So cultivate enough vanity to make you always look your best and to emphasize your own good points.

**MONEY WAS EASILY EARNED**

But Manufacturer Got What He Wanted and Paid for Knowledge Chemist Had Acquired.

A manufacturer of some patent compound came into the laboratory of an analytical chemist one day with a bottle containing an unwholesome-looking mixture.

"I would give \$100," he said, "to know what would make the water and oil in this mixture separate."

The chemist looked at the bottle. "Very well," he said, "write out your check."

"Check?" the other echoed. "Yes, your check for \$100. You say you are willing to give that, and for that price I am willing to tell you what will make the water and oil separate."

The visitor hesitated a moment, and then wrote a check for the sum named. The chemist carefully deposited it in his pocketbook, and then quietly dropped into the liquid a pinch of common salt.

Instantly the water and oil separated, and whether the client was satisfied or not, he had got what he wanted and he had paid his own price for it.

**Legend of Belgian Lace-makers.**

Once upon a time there was a girl, a dark-eyed Venetian girl, who had a lover—all Venetian girls had, once upon a time. She was a lace-maker; he was a sailor; and one day when he had just returned from the Indian seas she showed him the lace she had been making. Thereupon he tossed into her lap a wonderfully delicate piece of coral and told her it was lace the mermaids weave in their caves deep under the sea.

And when he had gone again she set herself to weave her bridal veil; after the pattern of the coral she wove. Fluffy seaweed, futed shells, tiny sea-horses and starfish grew under her hand until at last the veil was finished and it was time for her lover to return. This is a real story, so—he came back, and they were married, she in the veil it had pleased her fancy to make. Whether the wedding was a quiet one or not, all Venice heard of the veil. Queens and princesses sought her out and "point de Venise" became the rage.—Vogue.

**Weeping Trees.**

One of the wonders of plant life is the weeping tree of the Canary Islands. It is of the laurel family, and rains down a copious shower of water drops from its tufted foliage. This water is often collected at the foot of the tree and forms a kind of pond, from which the inhabitants of the neighborhood can supply themselves with a beverage that is absolutely fresh and pure.

The water comes out of the tree itself through innumerable little pores situated at the margin of the leaves. It issues from the plant as vapor during the daytime, when the heat is sufficiently great to preserve it in that condition; but in the evening, when the temperature has lowered very much, a considerable quantity of it is exuded in the form of liquid drops that collect near the edges of the leaves until these members so bend down that the tears tumble off on the ground below in a veritable shower.

**Who She Was.**

He was a new clerk in the store, and was completely flustered when confronted by a frilly, fluffy young woman whose beauty so dazzled him that he allowed her to buy a large bill of dry goods and depart after ordering the purchase charged to her, but without giving her name.

"Whom are you going to charge those goods to?" asked the department manager. "What was her name?"

"Why, Miss, Miss, Miss—" stammered the clerk, as he scratched his head.

"Just miscellaneous, I guess," the boss cut in sarcastically.

## FAVORITE DISH IN MEXICO

Hot Tamales Worth Introduction into American Kitchens—How They Should Be Made.

The Mexican recipe for making hot tamales is to cook one or two chickens until tender. Remove all meat from the bones, shred it in the chopping machine and add to it the liquor in which the chicken has been cooked. This is seasoned with any desired condiments, especially red pepper, and thickened with cornmeal. The rolls are about the size of link sausages and they are wrapped in the inner husks of green corn. Tie the husks with strings at each end and boil them for three hours. It is best to taste the preparation before adding meal to note whether it is rich or needs more seasoning, allowing for the meal to be added, which will take up the sharp flavor.

To make tamale pie, take one pound of hamburger steak or left-over meat cut fine, add one level cupful of seeded raisins, one dozen stoned olives, salt, pepper and red pepper to taste. Stew until tender and thicken with one tablespoonful of cornmeal. Then stir one and one-half cupfuls of cornmeal into boiling salted water, add one tablespoonful of shortening and cool to the consistency of mush. Line a buttered baking dish with about two-thirds of this mixture, pour in the meat, cover with the remaining mixture and bake for one-half hour.

**FOSSIL FOREST IN AMERICA**

Yellowstone Park Contains One of the Most Remarkable of Natural Curiosities.

Remarkable fossil forests exist in Yellowstone park, the most remarkable, it is believed, of the several fossil forests which have been discovered—there are others in Egypt, in California and in Arizona—because in the Yellowstone most of the trees were entombed in their original upright position and not found recumbent and scattered about the ground.

In Arizona, for instance, the fossilized trunks have evidently been carried a long distance from where they originally grew.

In the Yellowstone the trees now stand where they grew, and where they are entombed by the outpouring of various volcanic materials.

Now as the softer rocks surrounding them are gradually worn away they are left standing erect on the steep hillsides just as they stood when they were living; in fact, it is difficult at a little distance to distinguish some of these fossil trunks from the lichen-covered stumps of kindred living species. Such an aggregation of fossil trunks is therefore well entitled to be called a true fossil forest.

It should not be supposed, however, that these trees still retain their limbs and smaller branches, for the mass of volcanic material falling on them stripped them down to bare, upright trunks.

**Words in English Language.**

The English language is constantly growing and almost every person's vocabulary changes from year to year. The first edition of Webster's dictionary, two quarto volumes, published in 1828, contained 70,000 words and this number was increased by several thousand in the second edition of Webster's dictionary in 1840. An edition of 1890 contained 175,000 words and the latest edition has more than 400,000. Many of these are technical, scientific, or for other reasons restricted to limited use, but nevertheless they are words. Obviously an educated man has a larger vocabulary, or command of words, than an uneducated one and a professional writer or public speaker needs more than a day laborer. Shakespeare had a vocabulary of about 15,000 words, but some that he used are now obsolete, while a large number of new ones have been added. Milton used about 8,000 words. It is not likely that any public speaker or ever uses more than a few thousand words or the average citizen or man on the street more than a few hundred.

**Chamberlain's Recipe for Success.**

One night at Lady Jean's house Joseph Chamberlain said to me that he believed any man of even moderate endowment could attain any given aim which he set before him with unremitting effort and "enduring to the end." To my question, "Why, then, do so many men fall short of their ambitions?" he answered: "They come to the place where they turn back. They may have killed the dragon at the first bridge and at the second, perhaps at the third; but the dragons are always more formidable the further we go. Many turn back disheartened, and very few will meet the monsters to the end. Almost none is willing to have a try with the demon at the last bridge; but if he does, he has won forever."—Princess Lasarovich Hreblianovich (Eleanor Calhoun) in the Century Magazine.

**Capitalizing Our Time.**

Believe me when I tell you that the thrill of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and in moral stature, beneath your darkest reckonings.—W. E. Gladstone.

**One Appropriate Place.**

Peace at any price is much derided these days, but it is all right in the family.—Ohio State Journal.

## IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA

MOST ADVANCED REGION OF THE MUSCOVITE EMPIRE.

Characteristics of the People Are in Strong Contrast to Those of the Central Districts—Are More Like the Westerners.

The South Russians, or the people of Little Russia, from among whom the colossal Muscovite empire draws some of its bravest, staidest fighting men, are a people distinguished for their contradictory characteristics in a land that is a puzzle of contradictions. The South Russians, the toughest fiber of the Russian armies, are a people full of interest, of quaint philologies, and of pleasant ways, according to a bulletin issued by the National Geographic society. The sketch reads:

"Between Central and South Russians the contrast is as strong as between the Prussian and the Bavarian. As in Germany, the vigor of the czar's mighty empire is more sharply expressed in the north than in the south, and yet, in the case of both empires, much of the national strength and energy are furnished by the south.

"Russian life is sprightly in the south. In the north, it is sullen, monotonous, oppressive. In the south, too, there is a far greater display of well-being and comfort. The northern peasant lives in colorless villages, in grayish-brown thatched houses built of logs, which are stretched along unsanitary streets, redolent with the accumulations of carelessness. Around these houses there are almost never any signs that their occupants are making homes, there are no efforts toward improvements. The roads are mostly just ground left between two rows of houses; the yards are just ground left bare around them.

"The South Russian builds his home and orders his village, in his rule, picturesque and inviting. There are gardens before the door, and orchards round about, and the houses of the village are painted white or pale green. Porches, balconies, glass and vine-covered verandas relieve the architectural uniformity. There is more cleanliness, gaiety, and softer manners in the south to tempt the friendly judgment of the stranger.

"The people of Central Russia confess that they are often more harsh and more neglectful of appearances than they of the south, but, also, they claim that the northern Russians are more faithful, consistent, sturdy and more tender than their brothers in Little Russia. North and south, east and west, all agree that in South Russia true laziness may be found in unsurpassed expression. It is said that the indolent South Russian will say to his wife: 'Little wife, say "woa" to my horse; I have a pain in my tongue.'

"Otherwise, the South Russian has become more like the Westerners. He dresses as the German, or the Englishman, and he more often takes an interest in the world without than the peasant of the north. He is better nourished, better educated, and, possibly, a trifle less religious. He is also of purer Slavonic stock, less melancholy Finnish is in his blood, and his dialect is strongly marked.

"He runs more to ornament, more to bright colors, to singing and to story-telling than does his northern compatriot. He is an unabashed and all-inquisitive questioner, asking the entire stranger whether the stone in his scarpin is genuine or not, how much his neckwear cost, what his religion is, and other things somewhat personal and unexpected. But he is generally willing to be as free and frank himself, as he demands. Lazy, the Little Russian is vigorous and successful; of elastic, friendly temperament, he is an unpeered fighter; argumentative at all times, about all things; he is clannish and a patriot, and a stay-at-home he is, yet burning with interest for all that goes on in the world."

**Need of Reforestation in Japan.**

The forest area of Japan is decreasing at the rate of one million acres a year. This area is being cut away partly for timber and lumber and for firewood and partly to make the land available for the cultivation of rice.

The forests of Japan at the end of 1914 covered about 45 million acres. Extensive efforts are being made to increase the acreage of forest lands by planting surfaces now cleared off with young trees of quick growth. It has been urged that it is necessary to replant all surfaces as soon as they are cleared for commercial purposes in order to lessen the great loss annually caused by floods in the mountains.—Vice Consul Harold C. Huggins, Yokohama, Japan, in Commerce Reports.

**Silver Mine Under City.**

Embedded under 100 feet of solid earth, a silver vein more than a mile long and 7½ feet deep, and said to contain nearly a million dollars' worth of pyrites of silver ore, has been discovered on the United States bureau of mines site, Forbes and Craig streets, Oakland, by Chief Engineer J. D. McTigue.

This discovery was made when Engineer McTigue was surveying land where the boiler room of the new Bureau of Mines building is to be erected.

Italian workmen blasting slate saw little white objects, which looked like diamonds to them, nestled among the rocks, and this led to the strike.—Pittsburgh dispatch Philadelphia Record.

## Ready to Say "Good-Night"



The night clothes of little lads and maids, when made for other seasons than winter, do not differ much from those worn by their elders. For little girls, nainsook and batiste and the light muslins are used for the gowns and narrow lingerie laces for trimming. The trimming is simpler, that is, not so much lace is used, and the methods of applying it are less intricate.

With the return of fancy needlework to fashion in the belongings of grown people, it is sure to appear on children's clothes, where it seems more appropriate than any other sort of trimming. The small and dainty patterns in laces are chosen when laces are used.

The little empire gown shown in the picture has a body of narrow lace and fine embroidery. It is sleeveless, with a ruffle of wider val lace finishing the arm eyes. This is a pattern for summer wear and few sleeveless gowns are made for little girls. For between seasons, little models are made with high neck and long sleeves, finished with fancy needlework and small tucks. These are to be replaced, as the cold weather comes on, by gowns of canton flannel, made long.

The small boy's pajamas hardly need description. They are made of light cotton materials. The pants are fastened at the waist with a tape which is run through a hem in the top. They are as plain as can be and so is the coat. This is usually bound with braid and provided with a pocket at one side. The same pattern is used for the canton flannel pajamas used in cold weather.

For the comfort of little ones who sleep in cold rooms and are liable to kick their feet from under cover, bed shoes of canton flannel or of elderdown are recommended. They are easily made and easily laundered and they are most comforting.

There are numbers of patterns for little nightdresses—the simplest ones are the best. For the little boy, pajamas, like those shown in the picture, cannot be improved upon.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## A Lovely Negligee of Yellow Crepe



Some of the most beautiful tones of yellow are even more delicious in crepe, it seems, than in any other material. The adorable negligee pictured here, has been made up in all the flowerlike colors: rose, blue, lavender, pink and in pale green, and it is exquisite in all of them, but in light and glowing yellow it is simply a glorious garment.

It is combined with a net-top lace in deep cream color and is very simply cut. Anyone with any knowledge of sewing can undertake to make so simple a pattern. The bodice portion is cut in kimono fashion with sleeves and body in one piece. It is gathered to a narrow soft belting at the waist line. The long plain skirt portion, with hemmed opening down the front, is straight and is also gathered to the belt. The bottom is finished with a three-inch hem.

When the body and skirt have been made and joined at the belt the lace is to be set on. Choose an open mesh pattern and one having a pretty finish at its top edge. The lace should be ten to twelve inches wide, or it may be wider. Gather a ruffle of the lace to be set about the waist line. Turn the

top edge of the lace down about an inch and a half, to form a standing ruffle. When this ruffle has been set about the waist, small chiffon roses in light pink, blue and yellow with pale green chiffon leaves, are to be set over it in a row, with one color following another. These roses are important and the negligee would lose character without them.

A width of three or four inches is cut from the top of a length of lace to form the ruffle for the neck and front of the body. The remainder of this length will make the ruffles that are set on to the ends of the sleeves. The narrow, standing ruffle makes a heading and a single chiffon rose in pink, with its little, pale green leaves, is set at the top of each ruffle against the net.

The negligee is worn with a cap to match. It has a small lace plaque at the center of the crown. A puff of crepe is gathered to this and edged with lace. It is drawn up about the face on an elastic band. A few very small chiffon roses are set with bows of narrow satin ribbon in the founce of lace that falls about the face.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.