

# "SEÑORITA" BROWN

By HERMANC Woods.

It was in Professor Alonso's "Spanish in Twenty Lessons" class that Tom Edgewood first met her. Tom was learning the Castilian tongue because it was part of his scheme of personal advancement to become a member of the South American agency of the concern for which he worked. But when Tom asked the girl why she was giving her time to the twenty lessons she smiled charmingly and replied: "Why shouldn't I? One has to do something."

"Then have you nothing else to do?" There were several ambitious young stenographers in the class and Tom thought perhaps she, too, was learning the language for business purposes.

"No, nothing much," she answered. "One can't play bridge and dance all the time. Oh, I do go in for suffrage a little, and, of course, there are things to do at home, but I find Spanish very diverting."

There had already been fifteen lessons of the course, and although Tom had never been able to find out the girl's name except that the professor called her "Señorita Brown," he had, as a matter of fact, become, as he thought, fairly well acquainted. At the seventeenth lesson, he had summoned courage sufficient to linger after class with her and beg the privilege of calling on her, but she merely laughed archly and asked him why he wanted to see her outside of class. She didn't exactly discourage him. She gave him permission, in fact, but she did not tell him where she lived and Tom's courage vanished before he had asked her for her address.

But Tom had—for some reason that he couldn't readily explain to his own satisfaction at the time—given the girl a much better idea of his own activities. In fact, he confided to her, as he had confided in no one else, the ambition that was leading him to seek a career in Spanish-America. This all took place before and after Professor Alonso's lessons, and as the girl always arrived early and did not seem to be inclined to cut the after-lesson talks short, Tom felt that she at least possessed a passing interest in him.

"I'd awfully like to know you better," he told her one day—it was the nineteenth lesson in the series. "I have wanted to call, but you didn't seem to want me to."

"But I said you might if you cared to."

"And then you wouldn't tell me where you lived. In the meantime, I have told you everything about myself, my plans and ambitions. There is a lot I would like to talk to you about. We might even air our Spanish a little. I happen to have the afternoon off. Won't you come with me to luncheon—anywhere you say—and let me have a chance to know you a little better?"

"I should like to so much," she said with regret, "although of course, it would be dreadfully unconventional, but I am afraid I can't. I am going to be busy; in fact, I mustn't stop a minute after class. I really ought not to have come to class at all this morning."

Tom pleaded a little. "I didn't want to tell you," she explained, "but I am busy this afternoon with the suffrage parade." Here Tom recalled later that he saw her flush ever so slightly.

your head. We, the Mothers, Demand the Vote, and a lot of other similar mottoes? It was a very pretty sight and as impressive a plea for suffrage as I have ever witnessed, but you can see how I was a trifle surprised. Why don't you ask Professor Alonso to call you Señora instead of Señorita?"

"I'm not married, though," she insisted. "Oh, I want to explain to you, but it is a long story. Perhaps you will come with me now to make that call?"

"Better go to luncheon with me, if you are quite sure that no jealous husband will interfere. Still there is a deep mystery to solve."

Ten minutes later, Tom and Barbara Brown—for that was the girl's name—were seated tete-a-tete at a table in Barbara's favorite luncheon place.

"Now, I shall proceed to explain," she began, talking across the softly lighted table. "You know I asked you not to come. I was afraid that something would happen so that I wouldn't want you to be there. I hurried down to headquarters where the line of march started just as soon as I left you. Well, I had planned to march in the young unmarried women's section—dressed in flowing white robes, carrying all sorts of pretty banners. One of the sections that had been counted on most was to be the mothers' section, with a lot of young mothers pushing their precious babies in baby carriages. Well, about an hour and a half before starting time the chairman of the committee in charge of the parade learned that while there were to be some four or five hundred girls in the unmarried women's brigade there were only just about ten in the mothers' section."

"I heard of the trouble and, being on the committee, I figured that something had to be done and that I was the one to do it. We had got to have some babies and some baby carriages and some mothers. Well, I went to the brigade of young unmarried women, who were already beginning to assemble, and picked out some of the best sports in the crowd and told them what I was going to do. Then I went to the department store on the opposite corner. I happened to know one of the members of the company—friend of dad's. I found him in and told him that we wanted to borrow fifty baby carriages of assorted designs and we'd got to have them delivered within an hour. He staggered a little, but I told him we wouldn't hurt them for future sales and if we did dad would stand the damage. So he agreed."

"Then the question was where to find the babies. I got the fifty girls that were willing to go in for it, and we all went uptown to the founding asylum. The matron is a suffragist, thank fortune. I told her to let us have fifty of her sturdiest young orphans right away, thank you. She was a little nervous about it—said she might get into trouble with the authorities if they heard about it, but I assured her that if she lost her job there dad—his Congressman Brown, you know—would get her something better to do."

We did look pretty impressive, didn't we? I am sure we got more cheers than any other section, and the papers all gave us a big write-up, and said a lot about the pluck of the little suffrage mothers who went through the long march. Well, that's how it happened," Barbara concluded. Tom gave a mighty sigh of relief. "It certainly is mighty comforting to know that you are Señora after all," he said.

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### Ridiculous Superstitions.

Numerous curious and ridiculous superstitions as to methods of preventing disease were believed in years ago, and are not altogether extinct even to-day. Much ancient faith clustered about the mandrake root, which was carved in the form of a doll, dressed in fine clothes, and kept in a box or coffin concealed in some corner of the house. Each month it was washed in wine and water and freshly garbed. Another universal cure was to carry a piece of mistletoe which had been cut from a tree by a golden sickle and caught in a white vessel as it fell. Metal scraped from a church bell or a piece of the rope was supposed to have a similar protective influence against disease, as also a cloth stained in the blood of a murderer, or the rope with which he was hanged.

### Fights Beat to Save Life.

Standing on the bed on which lay his wife and child, H. M. Spencer, a rancher, near Wasco, Oregon, swung the butt end of a shotgun against the snarling jaw of a mad coyote and stunned the beast. Then he beat it to death with a club.

Spencer, who has a place about five miles northwest of this city, was awakened by the yapping of his dogs. Going outside with his shotgun, he found the dogs grappling with a coyote. Spencer fired and missed.

Then the coyote headed for the door of the Spencer cabin. Spencer beat him to it, and fought the animal from the bed.

### Common Sense Reasoning.

"You say you are not at all superstitious?"

"Yes."

"And yet you carefully avoided walking under the ladder we passed just now?"

"My friend, walking under that ladder would not in itself have brought me bad luck, but there was a man standing on the top round and holding a leaky bucket of paint."

### Handicapped.

Budding Young Orator—I wish there was somewhere in the house I could deliver my speech.

Wife—No, my dear; you know very well that the last three cooks have left because they thought I was harboring a lunatic.—Judge.

### Psychologists Meet.

"Did you seize the psychological moment for selling that man some life insurance?" demanded the efficiency expert of the shebang.

"No; unluckily he seized the psychological moment to escape."—Judge.

### Tainted Money.

Willie—Paw, when is money tainted?

Paw—When 'tain't coming your way, my son.



## THE SANDMAN

THE ATTIC BROWNIE.

It was raining very hard and it was Saturday, too, so George did not feel very pleasant when he came down to breakfast.

"I think we will have to eat a picnic lunch," said George's mother. "I have so much to do I wish you would amuse baby after he has his nap. George. That will give me time to get the house in order and the cooking done before father comes home to dinner."

But George did not care about being nursemaid, as he called it, and instead of answering his mother in a cheerful manner he looked very cross and kept on eating his breakfast without making any reply.

He could not go out, that was certain, for the rain came down thick and fast, and there was no place he could go in the house that his mother could not ask him to help her. Yes, there was. George got up from his chair, when he thought of it, and softly tiptoed up the back stairs with a book under his arm.

It was the attic, where there was a storeroom. If he closed the door he could not hear her call him, and if he didn't hear her call he could not be blamed if he did not help. How was he to know when baby awoke?

How long he read he did not know, but suddenly from somewhere near him he heard someone say: "You can't hear your mother call, can you?"

And the baby will cry and you won't know it. You are a fine fellow to grow into a man.

"Who are you?" asked George, looking around.

"Oh, I am just the attic Brownie," replied the voice, "and here I am, if you want to see me." Then right on the window sill beside him George saw a little brown man, so little that George thought he could crush him off the sill if he said things he did not like.

## TRIPLE RUNNERS ON A SLED

New Device Which is Said to Be Both Safe and Speedy—Under Control at All Times.

A couple of novelties in the construction of sleds have been recently introduced. Not long ago there appeared one with a single runner, which is operated somewhat on the principle of the bicycle, which is meant for coasting mainly, but a more recent invention is a sled with three runners, which is said to have the recommendations that it is safe and speedy and also that it is under perfect control at all times. There is



Triple Runners.

one runner in front to which is mounted a handle by which the action of the front runner is controlled in steering. The rear runners are rigidly mounted in the direction of the sled's passage, but are given sufficient movement to accommodate themselves to the inequalities of the ground over which they are passing.

## AMUSING PAPER DOLL PARTY

Original Way of Entertaining Little Girls at Afternoon Party—Winner is Given Prize.

If some little girl is thinking of inviting her girl friends in for an afternoon entertainment a paper doll party will prove most original and amusing. When you invite the girls tell them each to bring a pair of scissors.

When all have arrived seat them at sewing tables and allow them to choose from the colored fashion plates the dress each likes best. Heads already must be cut from advertisements so all the children will have to do is to cut out the dresses. Tissue paper, lace paper and all sorts of odds and ends of gilt and silver paper are placed on the sewing tables and with jars of library paste a happy hour will follow. Simple prizes, such as a pair of scissors, or a paper doll outfit which is put up by crepe paper houses in attractive form will prove satisfactory.

One mother who employed this party to entertain twenty little girls declared that she never gave a party which was so little trouble or gave so much pleasure. Perhaps the reason is that the secret of making children as well as grown people happy is to keep them busy.

## MAKING A TRAP OF NETTING

Gate Arranged to Permit Rabbits to Enter Inclosure, but Prevents Them From Getting Out.

A rabbit trap of a new type that is quickly and easily fixed in position for use consists simply of an inclosure formed of wire netting and equipped with a gate of such form that it permits the rabbits to enter but prevents them from getting out. The trap is made up of two pieces, one straight and the other bent to a semicircle, and it is set up simply by joining these pieces together at the ends.

## WHAT BOYS DO IN IDLE HOUR

In Spite of Devotion to Outdoor Sports Much Reading is Done Between Friday and Monday.

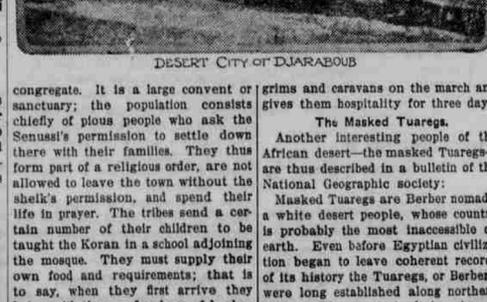
# The SENUSSI and HIS CITY

FROM time to time there have appeared in the newspapers reports that the Senussi were about to begin a holy war on the allies, having been persuaded to take this action by the machinations of Teutonic emissaries. Indeed, once or twice there have been stories of actual hostilities on the part of these dwellers in the desert of Sahara. Curiosity concerning this great body of Mohammedan people has naturally been aroused, but information about them is not plentiful.

The following account of the Senussi and Djarabouh, their capital, is part of an article by George Remond published in L'illustration of Paris some two years ago, incorporating the experiences of a member of Enver Bey's mission to the Senussi in 1912: Djarabouh is built on one of the hills which cover this part of the country. Sidi Mohammed el Senussi, passing through it in 1858, "by order of God" founded a little zaouia. This holy man was an Algerian, pious and learned, who had done the pilgrimage to Mecca several times. He received hospitality from the tribes to whom he commented on the Koran, gaining thereby a great reputation for wisdom and knowledge. Seeing in what state of barbarism and ignorance the inhabitants of Cyrenaica lived, he decided to teach them the word of God, and built in the Green mountain the first zaouia, which got the name of zaouia el Beida (the white), taught his disciples, and founded a religious order, the authority of which extended throughout the country, and has spread today in the greater part of the Moslem world. He died at Djarabouh and was buried there, and his son, Sidi el Mahdi, set up a magnificent tomb in his memory.

There are now 140 Senussi zaouias in Africa, eleven or thirteen of which are in Egypt, five or six in the Tripolitania, the remainder in Cyrenaica and the Sudan.

The zaouia of Djarabouh is surrounded by an inclosure to which five doors give access. The houses, built of stone, are two-storied; each has its own bath. The population is of 350 inhabitants; there are neither merchants nor shopkeepers nor cafes, which are to be found in all places where Arabs



DESERT CITY OF DJARABOUH

congregate. It is a large convent or sanctuary; the population consists chiefly of pious people who ask the Senussi's permission to settle down there with their families. They thus form part of a religious order, are not allowed to leave the town without the sheik's permission, and spend their life in prayer. The tribes send a certain number of their children to be taught the Koran in a school adjoining the mosque. They must supply their own food and requirements; that is to say, when they first arrive they bring with them a few bags of barley, which they set against the wall of their little room, a blanket and a mat. There are also 80 black slaves who tend the mosque, the tomb and the gardens—for there are gardens.

Great Mosque of Djarabouh. One large mosque, an extraordinary erection in this desert, consists of a rectangular court, 35 meters long and 30 meters wide, and bordered by arcades. These give access by doors of sculptured wood, brought from India, of fine workmanship, into a nave of columns seven meters high, covered by a rounded ceiling, then into a chapel with cupola (the "Turbe"), where is the coffin of the founder of the sect. This wooden coffin is covered with stuffs, and rests on a large marble slab, and is surrounded by a wrought-copper railing into the inside of which one gets through a door adorned with silver plaques. An inscription shows the genealogy of Senussi from the prophet Mohammed, his ancestor. A passage behind the

An Electric Floor Brush. An improved electric brush for polishing wood floors uses an electric motor at the top and a large round flat brush underneath the motor. To keep the motor from turning about along with the brush, there is used a steady-lying device in the shape of a pair of square-shaped flat brushes at the sides of the central one. Each square brush is mounted on the end of a shaft projecting from the middle casing and is geared up so that the shaft works in and out as a plunger, so as to produce a to-and-fro movement of the side brushes. This steadies the whole set and at the same time allows of moving the whole very rapidly over the floor by means of the long handle.

One of Three Worst Wives. St. Giles, Camberwell, whose vicar, Canon Kelly, has just resigned, is the burial place of Mrs. John Wesley, wife of the famous preacher. Southey grouped Mrs. Wesley with the partners of Socrates and Job among the three worst wives in history, and she seems to have deserved the distinction. One of Wesley's friends, says

## HAS HIS OWN PREFERENCE

Native of India Objects to the Flute, but Delights in Playing the Vina.

I had thought China was a queer place and that the Chinese had queer customs, but China can't entertain on the same afternoon with India. Homer Crox writes in Leslie's. If someone had told me about their manners and customs before I got to India I would have laughed courteously and set him down in my little book. There are some things that a Hindu will do and some that he will not do; work is placed prominently on the latter list. One thing that a Hindu will not do is to play the flute. He would rather go to a flogging post than dash off a selection on a flute. But he will play a stringed instrument, called a vina, similar to the instrument played by David in the tent of Saul. This instrument looks as if it had originally been intended as a carpet stretcher, but had fallen into the hands of a musically inclined person who had borrowed a couple of piano wires and was determined to lower rents. After hearing an able-bodied Hindu pick on an instrument of this kind one can't help wishing that they would put it in the same class with the flute. A Hindu's idea of music is to make all the noise he can. He doesn't care anything about rhyme or rhythm; all his energy is expended in volume. Hindu musicians are all large, splendidly muscled fellows, who play as if they were going to gymnastium regularly. When one hears them playing on a vina one can't help wondering how David ever came to make such an impression on Saul.

## USE FOR THE BELGIAN HARE

Little Animal May Be Made an Exceedingly Valuable Source of Food Supply.

The Belgian hare is one of the best rabbits for table use. It weighs more than most breeds, develops very rapidly, and the quality of the meat is superior to all the others. The Flemish giant is a Belgian hare bred exclusively for large size, but with the result that the meat is coarser and less delicate in flavor. These characteristics are regarded by some persons as desirable, but this is largely a matter of individual taste. Most people would prefer the white, finer-grained flesh of the original Belgian hare. It should be remarked, however, that much of the excellence of the rabbit as food depends upon its cooking. As often prepared, it is



Belgian Hare.

dry and insipid; while in the hands of an experienced cook it becomes all that the most fastidious taste can wish. An especial requirement in cooking the Belgian hare is that none of the natural juices of the meat be lost in the process.

### Fringes of the Fleet.

Recently Rudyard Kipling visited the fringes of the great battle fleet, the Uniteds, Clambles, Stormcocks, once humble tarriers, now "On His Majesty's Service" and proud of their new positions; the E-1's, E-2's, E-3's, hog-backed submarines, and the long, low destroyers, the spies of the sea and always in closest touch with the enemy.

It is this fleet that keeps watch for submarines, sweeps channels clear of mines, patrols the coast for enemy cruisers.

It keeps the sea in all weather, scorns "Fritz's" hidden dangers, traps his unwary U-boats. It is unheralded work, dangerous, but well done. Thanks to it, the great commerce of England goes on almost unmolested.

In "The Fringes of the Fleet," a small volume similar to his "France at War," Mr. Kipling now describes the work of this heterogeneous but picturesque fleet.

### Complex Melting Pot.

Hawaii's extraordinary complexity of races, brought about by induced immigration to meet the economic needs of the planters, makes the islands most interesting for study of problems of state, education and religion. Just as on the mainland, recently, some of the more perplexing phases of contiguity of persons of varied culture have been apparent, so in the Pacific outpost it is becoming necessary to know just how far there is unification and loyalty to a distinctly American ideal. There are 92,000 Japanese in the islands. If adults among them seek naturalization, as one now does with insistence, will they be admitted? So recognized, would they be welcomed to California? What would Japan consider the status of such men to be, Japanese or American?—Christian Science Monitor.

### Grieves for Dead Horse.

Her grief over a dead horse which she saw in East Thirty-fourth street cost a woman, who said she was Miss Mary Elliot, a trip to police station. The policeman who made the arrest thought the mourning was a menace to traffic, as it caused a crowd to collect.

Miss Elliot explained she entertained a great affection for horses, and declared she was merely "trying to find the pulse of the dead horse" in the hope of finding traces of life.

Captain Sexton, who was in charge of the desk at the police station when she was brought in, said he had a similar feeling of pity for dumb beasts, but said that such sentiment could not be permitted to obstruct traffic in the streets. However, the woman was discharged.—New York Dispatch Philadelphia North America.