

# UNDER THE WILLOW

Story About the Man a Girl Fell in Love With.

By CLARA INEZ DEACON.

It is said that no two members of the average club can sit vis-a-vis in the smoking room for five minutes without making a wager. This statement is probably exaggerated, but when a clubman refuses to make a little wager that a camel with one hump has more sentiment in his soul than a camel with two he is spoken of as a back number.

In the Jefferson club it was acknowledged that Victor Winters was the most reckless among the bettors.

He bet \$1,000 even that he could climb a certain church steeple, and he climbed it. He was arrested for breaking the peace of about five thousand people who gathered to see him fall, but didn't see it, and the judge called him a fool and fined him \$50.

He got odds of three to one that he couldn't bluff a well-known prizefighter, and he not only worked the bluff successfully, but gave the fighter a black eye.

He laid a wager of \$5,000 that he would kill a wild tiger within a year, and he posted off to the jungles of India and killed an extra one for good measure.

A score of other incidents could be related of what was termed Winters' mania, but these will suffice to show that a good fellow may be a very reckless fellow. Everybody liked him, and everybody said there was no harm in him.

There was just one thing that the young man refused to bet on, and that was matrimony as personally applied. He would bet that So-and-So would be married within a specified time, but when challenged on his own account he shook his head. No one could understand him in that regard.

"See here, Winters," said Captain Frayne to him as they met at the club, "that man whom they call the country Raffles is cutting a very, very wide swath."

"I am told that at least thirty officers of the law are on his trail."

"Well?"

"How do you want to bet—will they get him or not?"

"Captain, I have been reading about him, and what they say of him makes me tired. They haven't caught him, and yet he is a bungler!"

"Is a burglar who can rob twelve houses and not create a single alarm a bungler?"

"I could do as well, and have had no experience."

The captain did not want to encourage such talk and the results that might come from it, and sought to change the conversation. Young Winters carelessly replied to two or three of his questions and then said:

"This Raffles gets into a house and takes whatever he comes to and gets out. He even carries off plaster of paris ornaments, and he is shy of searching rooms where anyone is sleeping."

"But he's got rich jewelry among his plunder."

"Yes, it was left for him on the dresser. He didn't have to pull out a drawer to get it, and I can't find that he has entered a house where a dog was kept. He's a longshoreman trying his hand at a new job. Captain—"

But the captain feared what was coming, and said he had an engagement.

"Let it wait," was the reply. "Captain, I'll wager you a thousand dollars even up that—"

"I won't do it!" was the interruption.

"Hold on. I'm going to out-raf- ffe Raffles."

"You will do nothing so foolish as to attempt it!"

"Not with criminal intent, of course, but just to prove to you that burglary is a fine art, or should be made so, and that our country Raffles ought to be driving a truck. Name a country residence that you'd like to try my hand on."

"And get shot?"

"Not even be fired at."

"But if arrested?"

"That's one of the arts—to escape arrest."

"Winters," said the captain after a long look at him, "give up any foolish idea you may have in that direction. We will all agree that you could beat Raffles' work, but don't try it."

There are plenty of men, young and old, who will get an idea into their heads that they know is foolish, and yet they will cling to it as if it were full of sense and wisdom. Young Winters' common sense warned him of the risks of a burglary, but the adventure of it appealed to him just as strongly. He did not talk with any of the other members of the club, but there were those who said:

envious of Raffles took a trip into the country, driving himself in his runabout. He passed grounds after grounds, and house after house. In a furtive way he surveyed the latter and made mental notes. When he slowly passed a fine colonial mansion with an oldish man and a young lady sitting on the veranda, a man running a lawn mower and two dogs lying on the grass, he smiled and said to himself:

"I'll bet that is one of the houses that that bungler, Raffles, has had to pass by as too hard a nut for him to crack."

Half a mile further on he turned about, and as he passed the house again the girl looked up and queried: "Father, that may be Raffles."

"Yes? Well, I'll give him a job at mowing the grass."

"They say he drives around by day to pick out houses to rob by night."

"Well, I bought you a gun the other day, and it's up to you to protect the house o' nights."

"But if I shoot him, then what?"

"Why, you would be a heroine and have your picture in the paper. Perhaps you could sell enough of your photographs to pay for a trip to Europe."

There was silence for five minutes, and then the girl said: "I should hate to kill Raffles."

"But you needn't, dear," smiled the father. "It will be just as well if you shoot him in the shoulder."

"And then—"

"We can nurse him right here, and it will give you a chance to fall in love, marry and reform him."

"You silly old goose!"

An hour later Miss Estelle Purdy asked the man who was mowing the lawn: "James, do you think Raffles will try to get into our house?"

"I do, miss," was the prompt reply.

"When?"

"Tonight."

"Lordy, but what makes you?"

"I've got a hunch that he will."

"And when will he come?"

"On the stroke of midnight. If you get up at midnight and look out of the window you'll see him stealing under the big willow tree."

"And I'll call to him that he is known, and that he'd better make himself scarce."

"I wouldn't, miss," replied James, who kept a very sober face, but was nevertheless "joshing" a bit. "You should open fire on him without a word. If you called to him he might shoot."

"I see."

That evening the girl read until ten o'clock, and then going to her room she prepared to stand sentinel until midnight. She realized that were she to lie down for five minutes she would fall sound asleep and miss midnight and Raffles. As it was, she had hard work to fight drowsiness, and had to think of ghost stories to win out. At eleven o'clock she shaded her light. Half an hour later she carefully peered out. As the old colonial clock down in the hall struck midnight she took her revolver from the dresser, knelt by the window, and her heart jumped into her mouth as she looked toward the big willow tree.

A man was standing under the tree. It was dark under there, but he was a darker spot against the darkness. The girl waited until she saw a movement that left her no room for doubt, and then she fired. There was an exclamation and a fall, and she ran to her father's room and pounded on the door.

"Hurry—hurry, father! I have killed Raffles!"

But she hadn't. The bullet had buried itself in his shoulder, and he was found trying to sit up.

"Anything to say before we telephone for an officer?" asked the judge as the household gathered around the victim.

"Yes—don't do it!" was replied.

"Got a trick to play?"

"I am not armed. Please send for a doctor instead of an officer. I'll make things clear to you presently."

# Ideals Make Possible Big Accomplishments of Life

By NELLIE R. UMSTOTT

Along life's way we often meet those who betray the fact that they doubt the practicability and value of ideals, but if, as such men believe, ideals are nothing but dreams, rosy and beautiful, yet perishable, why do men achieve great things in the face of every obstacle placed in their pathway? Is it not because they had an ideal and clung to it until it was realized?

Ideals, to be worth anything, must be made practical, and making them practical is the test of manhood.

Had our beloved poet, Longfellow, said, "Ideals are mere dreams; we are but common clay, filled with besetting sins, born to meet temptation on every hand and fall," would he have had the courage to write his immortal poems by which so many men have been inspired and strengthened? He is only one of many.

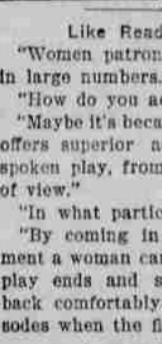
If we have an ideal, be it of manhood or womanhood, let us cling to it with might and main and make it a part of our lives. Then, perchance, some day someone, if only one, may strive to reach our ideal because he loves us.

Just as "thoughts are things," ideals are realities and we are the weavers.

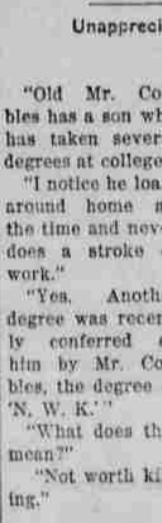
## A FEW SMILES



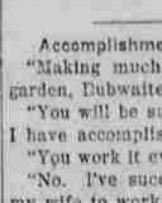
**Blissful Ignorance.**  
"Do you know how many miles an hour your car is capable of making?"  
"No," answered the cautious motorist. "You see, I have never been in such a hurry to reach a certain destination that I was willing to risk breaking my neck trying to get there."



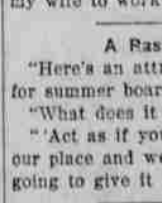
**Like Reading a Book.**  
"Women patronize moving pictures in large numbers."  
"How do you account for that?"  
"Maybe it's because the silent drama offers superior advantages over the spoken play, from the feminine point of view."  
"In what particular?"  
"By coming in at the proper moment a woman can learn how a photograph ends and she can then settle back comfortably to see all the episodes when the film is reversed."



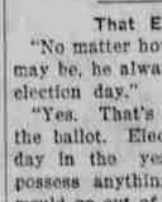
**Unappreciative Parent.**  
"Old Mr. Cobles has a son who has taken several degrees at college."  
"I notice he loafs around home all the time and never does a stroke of work."  
"Yes. Another degree was recently conferred on him by Mr. Cobles, the degree of 'N. W. K.'"  
"What does that mean?"  
"Not worth killing."



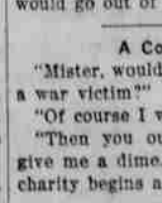
**Accomplishment Worth While.**  
"Making much progress with your garden, Dubwaite?"  
"You will be surprised to hear what I have accomplished."  
"You work it every day, I presume?"  
"No. I've succeeded in persuading my wife to work it."



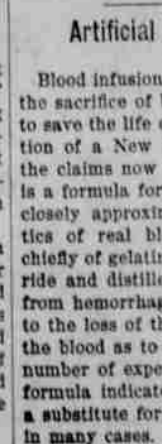
**A Rash Promise.**  
"Here's an attractive advertisement for summer boarders."  
"What does it say?"  
"Act as if you owned the earth at our place and we'll act as if we were going to give it to you."



**That Elusive Vote.**  
"No matter how insignificant a man may be, he always feels important on election day."  
"Yes. That's due to the power of the ballot. Election day is the only day in the year when some men possess anything that anybody else would go out of his way to get."



**A Cogent Plea.**  
"Mister, would you be willin' to help a war victim?"  
"Of course I would."  
"Then you ought to be willin' to give me a dime. You know they say charity begins at home."



**Artificial Blood Latest.**  
Blood infusion will no longer require the sacrifice of blood from one person to save the life of another, if an invention of a New York physician meets the claims now being made for it. It is a formula for artificial blood which closely approximates the characteristics of real blood. It is composed chiefly of gelatin solution, sodium chloride and distilled water. The danger from hemorrhage is due not so much to the loss of the actual corpuscles in the blood as to the loss of volume. A number of experiments with this new formula indicate that it will serve as a substitute for human blood, at least in many cases.

## MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

**Washington Omelet.**  
Soak a cupful of breadcrumbs in a cupful of hot milk. Beat six egg yolks and add to the crumbs with salt and pepper. Fold in the beaten whites of the eggs and bake in a thickly buttered pan in a rather hot oven for 15 minutes. This is very good served with a garnish of green peas or tomato sauce.

**Apple Salad.**  
Take equal parts of diced apple, celery and a few blanched walnuts, mix with enough mayonnaise to moisten well and add one tablespoonful of horseradish to each pint of salad. Diced pineapple may be used instead of the nuts, making a pleasant variety.

**Spinach.**  
This is one of the valuable vegetables which supply us with iron. Wash it carefully and put it to cook with no water but that which clings to the leaves. Cover at first until its own juice flows, then open and boil till tender, watching it carefully and turning it to keep it from scorching. Chop very fine and serve with hard-boiled eggs as a garnish, or simply with vinegar and a seasoning of salt, pepper and butter.

**Whole-Wheat Pudding.**  
Take two cupfuls of whole-wheat flour, a half teaspoonful of soda, a cupful of milk, a half teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of dates and a half cupful of molasses, beat well, and steam 2 1/2 hours in a buttered mold. If thick sour milk is used, add a teaspoonful of soda. Serve with whipped cream, plain cream or any preferred liquid sauce.

**Rhubarb and Raisin Pudding.**  
Here is one you can give the children: Take a pint of rhubarb cut in half-inch pieces, sprinkled with a cupful of sugar. Let stand an hour or more. Toss a pint of breadcrumbs into three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Put in layers into a baking dish, sprinkling a cupful of raisins in between, having the crumbs on top. Cover closely the first half hour and bake one hour. Serve with a sauce or with beaten cream.

**Nellie Maxwell**  
**Fashion's Decrees.**  
Pelerines of taffeta are in for evening wear.  
Pajamas and bed jackets are being made of colored jersey.  
Pompadour ribbons are run through and trim fine nightgowns.  
Petticoats show colorings such as mulberry, watermelon, lime and dewberry.  
Canvas is being used for some new hats. It may be embroidered, fringed or appliqued.  
Round-mesh val, real Alencon lace, organdie and swiss embroideries all trim fine lingerie.  
Drawnwork is made much of on a parasol of pongee in natural color. The handle is a carved oriental wood.  
Youngsters' hats are being made of transparent straws and hair laces. They are trimmed with straw trimmings.  
The cape collar may be called a Beau Brummel, a coachman's cape, a highwayman's cape or the Newmarket cape.

**Will Aid Chinese Girls.**  
Mrs. Howard Gould is in Peking for the purpose of establishing a school for Chinese girls in which the Montessori method will be used. Mrs. Gould recently had an interview with the Chinese minister of education and is co-operating with a number of missionaries in educational work. She will finance the new school, which will serve as a model for Chinese teachers.

**Right Back at Him.**  
Freddy the Pop—you women have no need for the ballot. You simply want it as a sort of decoration.  
Sarah the Suff—you men have no real need for mustaches. You want 'em, that's all.—Judge.

## IRON JEWELRY NO NOVELTY

Patriotic Prussian Woman Wore Such Ornaments With Pride More Than a Century Ago.

Many months ago, almost from the beginning of the war, we were told that German women, following the example of their great-grandmothers, voluntarily gave up their gold rings, necklets, earrings, bracelets and ornaments of every description, to be made or coined into money for the national need.

Whatever truth there may be in this story, there is no doubt that many German women have been presented by the government with iron rings to replace the gold ones they have parted with.

But that happened a century ago. Then Prussia, crushed by Napoleon and bankrupt, was in dire need of money, and the Prussian women gave up all their jewels and ornaments to help cope with the prevailing poverty. And out of this sacrifice a new industry arose.

This was nothing less than the manufacture of east-iron jewelry to replace the gold and silver ornaments which the great ladies of the kingdom had given up. At first sight no material would seem less promising as a substitute for the precious metals than iron. It was entirely owing to the wonderful craftsmanship of the iron workers that the results were so extraordinary.

Strength, of course, would be a distinguishing mark of such jewelry, and a complete set of these iron ornaments, now in the possession of a Toronto (Canada) Jeweler, is as rigid and firm as on the day it was made. This particular set, comprising a pair of earrings, necklet, locket and bracelets, has not been looked after until lately.

The ornaments have a wonderfully fragile appearance, due entirely to the exquisite workmanship. Their weight, too, is astonishingly small, the lightness of every article being quite a feature of the set.

**Talk—The Manner of It.**  
The high schools and colleges of the day ought to do something more to teach students how to talk. The young men would be better off for some instruction of the kind, but in the case of the young women it is little less than a necessity. Their voices, to be candid, are by no means as pleasing as they might easily be were their possessors even reminded occasionally of the value of modulation, variation, softness and correct and fairly precise pronunciation. As it is, however, the sweet girl graduate has anything but a voice and a manner of speaking consistent with the refreshing charms with which she is otherwise so generously blessed. In one university in the state—typical of others—a visitor recently observed that nearly every young woman in the senior class was woefully addicted to habits of mispronunciation. "And their voices," he added, "were most distressing. What they said was well enough, but the manner of their saying it was—agonizing." The indictment, it must be admitted, is well founded. It is one, however, that should never be brought—for which there should be no support. And there would be none of it, either, if no more than casual attention were paid to the matter in our schools and colleges. Singing is taught—to be only rarely used. Why not teach talking?—Indianapolis News.

**Curing the Drug Habit.**  
The drug habit can be cured. At least, so say the authorities of the Philadelphia General hospital, after four months of experimentation with the drug victims who sought its aid, after the enactment of the new anti-drug law. Since March 1 the hospital has dealt with 260 of these unfortunate, and, in every case the craving for the drug—whether opium, cocaine, morphine, heroin or laudanum—was checked and broken. The victims came from dives and from homes; they were of all ages, and eighty of them were women. But they were all successfully treated.

"The habit," said the chief resident physician, "can be cured. The process is one of giving the victim a backbone. But right here is the crux of the whole matter—if a man doesn't want to be cured, he can't be cured."  
It is a great and important message, full of hope to drug victims everywhere and to those who love them and grieve to see them in the bonds of a destructive slavery.—Columbus Dispatch.

**Girl to Receive Precious Gift.**  
A birthday gift beyond price is planned for little Lina Cunningham, aged eight. It is her sight. The sight of both eyes was believed destroyed by an arrow, which struck her while she was "playing Indian" some time ago. Her parents were unable to pay for the services of a high-class specialist.

The Humane Society for Children became interested and canvassed the hospitals, with the result that the Good Samaritan hospital offered to give the child a room free for two weeks. Dr. Rose P. Kerschbauer of Salzburg, Austria, will perform an operation she believes will restore Lina's sight.—Los Angeles Dispatch to Kansas City Star.

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## DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

WHERE MR. SUN GOES FOR LUNCHEON.

"Now you will admit I'm pretty fine, won't you little fairies," said Mr. Sun. "Just stop for a moment and think how bright I am—just the most cheerful, warm, good-natured soul you ever knew. And what would the doctors do without me?"

"I'm sure we've no idea," said the fairies. They always so enjoyed a chat with Mr. Sun. "You certainly are much better than all the nasty medicines. Yes, it's true, you make ever and ever so many little sick boys and girls all well again."

"Indeed I do," said Mr. Sun growing brighter and prouder by the moment. "I just can't help thinking pretty well of myself when I hear the doctors say to the mothers and daddies, 'Now see that the boys and girls play in the warm sun. Then they'll get rid of their colds.'"

"Well," ventured one very brave little fairy. "I know you are wonderful



"Often I Have Fine Chats With the King of the Clouds."

and we all love you, Mr. Sun. But sometimes you know folks think you're very selfish when you go off on those long visits of yours and it rains all the time. Today I did hear some grumbling about you—I really, really did."

"And pray tell me what I did do?"

"Just at noon today when so many people were starting out with picnic boxes to the woods and with shopping bags to the city—for the longest while you disappeared and no one saw a sign of you. Everyone was afraid that you had had a fight with the King of the Clouds and that he had won and that soon he and his army of rain drops would fall to earth and it would pour."

"Well, now if that isn't the silliest—" said Mr. Sun. "And the idea of grumbling! Couldn't they understand that I had a luncheon party on for today behind the clouds?"

"Oh, was this the day for the party?" shouted the fairies. "Do tell us about it."

"Every time you hear the grown-up people say, 'The sun has gone behind a cloud,' then you may know that I'm having a luncheon party—. I always call it luncheon, no matter what it is, because that does just as well as supper or afternoon tea or breakfast and it saves time and trouble. Very smart, eh?" And Mr. Sun beamed.

"You know how I love it back of the clouds," Mr. Sun continued. "If I didn't have a party once in awhile I wouldn't have any fun, for when I'm out shining over the earth people I have to use all my strength to see that flowers grow and the boys and girls keep warm."

"Ah, but it's fun behind the clouds. We had such a good time today. I never tried to shine at all. I just sank back and rested and dozed. Often I have fine chats with the King of the Clouds to be sure, and his army of raindrops. In the winter I talk with Old Man Snow and the little icicle princesses. But now I must get to work. The King of the Clouds is sleepy today so I said I would go on shining and the rain won't come until tomorrow when I'm giving the biggest luncheon of the year."

"That means a hard rainstorm, then tomorrow," laughed the fairies.

## BOY CLUB MEMBERS CONTEST

Fruit Trees in State of Washington Practically Freed From Injurious Insect Pests.

A contest among boy club members which resulted in direct and material benefit to the community is reported by the state agent at Washington. Last spring and early summer the fruit trees in a certain locality were heavily infested with tent caterpillars. The local leader offered prizes to the boys bringing to her the greatest number of big tents full of caterpillars. As a result the trees were practically freed from the pests, 2,731 tents having been brought in and destroyed.

**The Value of Learning.**  
A precocious child who had been attending one of the public kindergartens fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming:

"Oh, darling, how did you fall?"

"Vertically," replied the child, without a second's hesitation.