

WHAT A NIGHT!

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM.

It was the coldest night Boston had had in many years. Two days' snow-fall, accompanied by a freak blizzard sweeping down from Newfoundland, had buried the entire city in a heavy blanket of white. It was but nine o'clock this Saturday night, and the elements, unrestrained, played at will in the empty streets.

Doris, wrapped up in a bathrobe of carmen-colored corduroy, pushed the hassock closer to the fire and snuggled in the comfortable warmth of the burning logs.

"Just a year ago tonight," she murmured dreamily, "but it was not so cold."

"Come, sis," remonstrated a comely lad of sixteen, who squatted Indian fashion, close by her, "you mustn't always figure how long it is since that day. I'm big enough to know what men do, and I'll bet my new rifle Stanley Chalmers ain't no coward. What'll you bet?"

The boy extended his cramped legs, and cocking them up before him, clasped his hands about his knees. He knew he would again hear the entire account of why his sister broke her engagement with Stanley Chalmers, and he wanted to be comfortable during the recital.

"It was not so cold as it is tonight," Doris began, as if reciting a well-learned lesson, "when we turned the corner of Dorchester and Saxton streets. He had just been telling me he would protect me from all ill, when a horrible-looking fellow bumped into me and swore out a terrible oath. I surely expected Stanley would knock him down, but all he did was grab my arm and hustle me off."

"When we got home," she continued, pulling the bathrobe closer about her, "you were in the hall and heard me tell him I could never marry a coward."

"Aw, I guess I'll get some more wood," Bob answered practically, and in an effort to change the subject, "the fire's dying down."

In a few moments Bob returned from the kitchen, his arms laden with roughly chopped pine boughs. As he crossed the threshold between the two rooms and stopped to adjust his burden, from the upper regions of the house a terrific crash reverberated. The wood dropped from his arms and he dashed across the room swiftly to his sister.

"What is it?" his lips formed the words his voice refused to utter.

"We must see who it is," she whispered, thoroughly frightened, and grasped the rod used to stir up the embers.

They must get help. With a dash through the short hall, they threw open the porch door. Doris' shrill call was lost in the shrieks of the wind.

What went there? Was that a man, bucking the gale? Was that figure enveloped in a great coat a real man—sent by Providence to help them in their predicament? Would he pass their house? Did he not hear them?

"Help! Help!" they called out in unison, "we're being robbed! There's a murderer upstairs! Help!"

The man did hear. He was turning. He was coming towards them. As he vaulted the low stoop, Bob pointed. "Upstairs."

He cleared the first three steps with a single bound, ignoring the poker Doris mutely held out. "Better than that nothing," she subconsciously thought, and followed up in his wake.

Into one bedroom and then the other he cast the glare of his pocket flashlight. Under the beds and in the closets, no corner escaped his rigid inspection. And then into the bathroom.

The door stubbornly refused to open. Someone was holding it. They entered the bathroom, and the door banged tight as the flashlight went out. Alone in a dark bathroom with a strange man and a burglar!

What a night! Doris screamed.

The man located the electric switch and light filled the room. A slight stir against the opposite wall brought them about face on the defensive. And they saw—an extension lead to the dining-room table slip from its moorings and join its mate at the bottom of the bathtub in a crashing embrace.

The man laughed. Doris sank to the floor. He assisted her down the stairway, where Bob sat in frightened patience. In a few moments she was composed.

"That we found no burglar does not lessen my gratitude, Mr.—"

The man lowered the high collar closely concealing his head.

"Stanley?" Doris gasped.

"Didn't I tell you he was brave?" called Bob, pulling the hero toward the fire.

And as they gathered about its comforting warmth, Doris looked up into eyes of soft brown and gently asked: "But, Stan, won't you explain about a year ago?"

The man squared his shoulders. "I knew that the fellow wouldn't hurt you, for he was only drunk. But I didn't want to embarrass you by the crowd that would have gathered had I struck him."

"Why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"You never gave me the chance to explain. You just judged me."

Doris hung her head in contrition.

"Forgive me, Stan," she whispered, and as she sought the comfort of his protecting arms, naively added: "Can't you see I'm catching cold without my ring?"

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"DONT'S" IN USE OF MACHINE PUT HYPNOTISM TO GOOD USE

Don't forget to oil the sewing machine frequently. The treadle and pitman should be oiled in their bearings almost as often as the working parts above the table.

Don't allow the machine to stand uncovered when not in use, as it collects dust and lint. The working parts below the cloth plate should be dusted and lint removed frequently with a small camel's hair brush. The parts above the cloth plate should be wiped free with cheesecloth.

Don't run the machine when the presser foot is down and there is no material in the machine, as this roughens the underside of the foot and blunts the feed.

Don't run the machine while it is threaded without a piece of material under the foot, as this causes the thread to knot around the bobbin and makes a big, ugly, bunch of thread on the underside of the work when stitching is begun. There is often a tendency on the part of the operator to stitch several inches after the end of the seam has been reached. This is a bad practice.

Don't pull the material while it is being stitched, as this causes a stretched, tight, ugly stitch and very often blunts or breaks the needle. The feed will take care of this unassisted and will push the material through as fast as the machine can take care of it.

Australian Physician Announces That He Has Cured War Stammering by Its Employment.

Writing in the Medical Journal of Australia, Dr. Clarence G. Godfrey states that during the past two years a number of cases have been referred to him for treatment by hypnotic suggestion, in which stammering or stuttering had developed, or had been revived, after years of disappearance, as the result of shell shock or of various war stresses. Sometimes a hypnotized patient has been told to keep on repeating some well-known nursery rhyme and not to cease at the signal to awake, although in the middle of the rhyme, but to keep on talking. He will usually manifest his astonishment at finding himself talking without difficulty. Sometimes a patient will converse on waking without realizing that his stammering has disappeared until his attention is drawn to it with amusing effect. In one case the patient spoke perfectly in sleep at the first attempt to hypnotize him, although he had had a very bad stutter for eight months past, being almost inarticulate. He woke in a few minutes apparently cured and has been free from stutter ever since.

It has been noticed that every case treated, even the worst, has been able to speak far better in the hypnotic state than out of it.

Little-Known Hero.

Of the many stories of heroism during the war on which official records are silent but which are being brought forth with relaxation of the censorship is that of Captain Larcombe of the anti-aircraft defenses of the London (Eng.) district. His job for four years has been to find and dispose of German aerial bombs that failed to explode when dropped on London.

After each air raid, and in the early part of the war there were many, Larcombe and his men would go about the city seeking the "duds." It was dangerous work extracting them from wherever they happened to drop, transporting them out of the city and exploding or otherwise destroying them. During the excitement after a raid few people thought of the bombs that failed to "go off," but all of them have ceased to be a menace to the city.

Large Offer for Map Haig Used. Offers up to \$1,750 have been received for the map used by Sir Douglas Haig in the direction of the British armies on the western front October 8 and three following days, and sent to the lord provost of Glasgow's secretary for disposal in aid of the king's fund for disabled officers and men. The map eventually will be put up at auction.

Collar Button Causes Divorce Suit. An elusive collar button was responsible for Andrew J. Emmert abusing his wife, Angelina Emmert, according to her testimony before a master in chancery in suing for divorce. She said when he dropped his collar button and she would not search for it he struck her. A divorce decree is recommended.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

"Ware Souvenirs.

Even "kultur" has its limitations. One of these is brought out in a letter from Private Ralph G. Kilbon of the Sixteenth engineers. He says: "I am in a dugout that was very hastily abandoned by a 'kultured' Boche. He was 'kultured' enough to have a nice feather tick in his bunk, which I appreciate in spite of the fact that even his 'kultur' didn't keep it from being alive. However, he left me his helmet for a box and plenty of candles to light up the place. There is everything in the line of souvenirs that one could ask, but everything I have goes on my back, with an overcoat, blankets, raincoat, shelter tent and extra clothes, so the souvenirs will stay just about where they are, unless somebody comes along with a truck."



PART CAPE AND PART COAT



A practical and graceful garment, part cape and part coat, is among the endless interpretations of the cape that have answered the demand for spring-time wraps. It is in fact a short, full coat with flowing sleeves and a girde, having a long cape lined with figured satin hanging from the shoulders. The full collar and bands on the sleeves are of satin.

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