Women's Page

TRUE DETECTIVE STORY

The Man With the Unusual Voice

One of the mots remarkable detective stories from real life ever known in this country developed from the robbery of Mrs. Francis Walton, a wealthy widow, living in New York, about a year ago.

Mrs. Walton had a home on East Eleventh street, and was alone, with the exception of a maid. During the latter part of the year she engaged a Negro to look after the furnace and do heavy work. One day he asked her to come to the cellar to inspect a defective faucet. The moment she reached the basement two men emerged from a dark corner and bound and gagged her. Then, while the third man watched the maid to see that she did not interfere, the two strangers went through the house and ransacked it of all the valuables they could get their hands on.

Capt. Arthur Carey, of the homicide bureau, was placed on the case, and he started to try to find the culprits from the description that was given him of the furnace man. He was engaged under the name of Thomas Smith, but the detective was satisfied that it was an alias. He made a search of the rogues' gallery and finally came across a picture that corresponded with the description. Mrs. Walton was sent for and said at once that he was the man who had led her into the cellar. His real name was Owen Loop. The police combed the city and succeeded in finding him. At the same time they arrested two other men who were suspected of being the culprits in the case.

Now, the difficulty was in identifying these men. Mrs. Walton was unabel to help the authorities in this particular because the cellar was dark and she did not have the opportunity of seeing the men who had tied and bound her. But she had a vivid recollection of their voices, and recalled the fact that one of the men had touched her face while he was readjusting the gag.

In a word, her sense of hearing and of feeling was acute and she ventured to say that she would recall the voices of the men if she ever heard them again. One man, she recalled, had an unusual voice, and she was sure she would know it if she heard it anywhere under any circumstances.

Capt. Carey thereupon determined to try an original experiment. He had Mrs. Walton call at police headquarters and placed her in a chair behind a screen. To make the test all the more absolute, she was blindfolded. After that seven men were brought into the room and placed on the other side of the screen. Two of them, Tilquist and Burnfield, were the suspects. The others were men who had been brought in on trivial charges. Each man was given a number. Tilquist was the seventh man. Then the detective commanded each man to speak. He was asked a question and told to answer it in a clear voice. They were ignorant, needless to say, of the presence of the woman on the other side of the screen. Mrs. Walton, on hr part, did not see any of the men.

No. 1 spoke, but awakened no interest on the part of the listener on the other side. So it was with No. 2 and others. Finally Tilquist replied to a question. Instantly Mrs. Walton, on her part, did not see any expressing recognition.

'That's the man!" she exclaimed. "No. 7 is the man who spoke in the cellar. I will never forget that voice."

That test was sufficient for one police authorities, but in order to make certain Mrs. Walton suggested that she be given the opportunity of feeling the touch of their fingers on her face. So the second test was made, with the woman still blindfolded. This time Tilquist was given another place in the line. All seven touched her face, or at least four of tnm, for when Tilquist did so she exclaimed promptly:

"That's the man—I'm sure of it."

Thereupon he confessed to his part in the attack and robbery. The others admitted the truth and wtre tried and promptly convicted. All were sent to Sing Sing prison with sentences of five, ten and fifteen yars respectively. It was the most remarkable case of indentification in the history of the police department.

By VANCE WYNN.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

There is no name that is thought of with more affection than is the subject that we write of today. She was born in Florence, Italy of English parents. Very early in her life she became interested in the betterment of hospital service, and she began to study methods to improve them. It was in those days before Morton's great discovery of anasthetic, when all kinds of surgery was agony. Then too, they thought that no fresh air must be let into a sick room, and to let a fevered patient have a glass of water was out of the question. Her intuition told her that all these things were wrong, and when England went into the Crimean war and they found that the hospitals were very poorly equipped she offered to go out and take charge. She supervised the work there making the patients comfortable by making the rooms fresh and airy, and studying every means for their betterment. When owing to her strenuous work there, her health failed and she was obliged to keep her room she still did all she could, being consulted by Drs. and writing books on her favorite subject. To her for advice came the leaders in the civil war in the United States and in the Franco-German war. Among her works are found; Notes on Hospitals, Notes on nursing and Life or Death in India and many other books. As long as there are hospitals and nurses to soothe pain the name of Florence Nighingele will be remembered.

Health

Health, is one of the greatest blessings that man can have for however, successful, and full of pleasure our lives promise to be without good health there is no enjoyment. One of the chief conducers of health is sound and restful sleep. The poets speak of it as; "Tired nature's sweet restorer" and the Psalmist says. "It is but lost labor that ye rise up early and so late take rest for so He giveth his beloved sleep." One of the saddest bits of literature is Henry the Fourth's Apostrophe to sleep where he speak of the sailor boy sleeping on his mast and his subjects enjoying their slumbers, while he their King seeks it in vain. Most doctors recommend 8 hours sleep in spite of Franklin's testimony to the contrary. It is not necessary to take it all at once for those who are fortunate enough to snatch a nap in the daytime may count it in their eight hours for too much sleep is apt to induce stupidity.

To secure good sleep one should have the room and bed fresh and well aired, and try to banish that enemy to sleep, "Worry" It is a hard enemy to banish and requires a real effort of the will. Sometimes try imagining ones self on the sea shore watching the waves break one by one or counting slowly always rmembering that there is one who tells us to "Cast all our care on Him for He careth for us."

Receipes

In making cake the cake maker would find it much easier, before begining the regular making to have every thing ready to begin. Have the pans well greased and floured a teaspoon for measuring, sugar and flour measured out and well sifted. A good way is to sift your flour on a large piece of paper which can be taken up and put in the sifter again for it is always well to sift the flour three times. Mix the dry ingredients together. Cream butter and sugar together, add well beaten eggs then flour with yeast powder and then fold in white of eggs if eggs are beaten separate ly. Have a very moderate oven when you are baking cake. If too hot put a pan of cold water and open door for a few minutes before putting cake in oven.

Coffee Cake—Three-fourths cup sugar, two cups flour, six teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one beaten egg, one cup milk, four tablespoons melted butter. Sift dry ingredients and add others. To make crumbs for the top, mix two tablespoons hard butter, two tablespoons sugar and half a cup of flour, also one teaspoon cinnamon, and put on top. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Ice Cream Cake

Cream together one-half cup butter, one cup of sugar and three well beaten yolks of two eggs, two-third cup of milk, two cups of flour sifted with two teaspoons of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Add last the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and flavor to taste. To be eaten with ice cream.

Styles

Modified leg-o'-mutton sleeves, the short cap sleeve and those of elbow length, are all mentioned as high lights in Paris fashion openings.

Puffed effects are varying the new sleeves.

Long flowing panels give the fashionable effect of length to many tiered and circular skirts of evening dresses.

Velvet is used for the crushable type of hat this Fall, usually developed irto baby cap themes with length in the back.

Head Alone Lives

"In October or November every year," writes Prof. J. Arthur Thomson in "John o' London's Weekly," "when the moon enters on its third quarter, for half an hour before sunrise, the long palolo worms back out of the crevices among the coral reefs and jerk off their whole body, except the head end, which keeps its hold in the coral cranny. Then the sea teems with wriggling greenish worms; it is like vermicelli soup for several inches deep. The worm-bodies wriggle and burst, liberating millions of egg cells and sperm cells. All the bodies die; but the heads live on and grow new bodies for next year, thus avoiding the nemesis of total death. Subtlety at a low level!"

National Capital

Histories of Washington mention that when Virginia and Maryland ceded their state sovereignty over land for a national capital, the ownership of the land remained vested in the individual owners, the government having to buy what was needed for federal purposes. There were 19 original proprietors, including four principal landowners, Daniel Carroll, David Burnes, Samuel Davison and Notley Young. Carroll's property included the present Capitol hill. Burnes owned a large part of the land covered by the present city, including the sites of the White House and treasury building.

Cocoons for Donald

By JANE OSBORN

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MARDY DAWSON was riding along Black Duck road in a preoccupied mood. How could she take much note of the familiar scenery when only ten days more separated her from the much planned European trip with twelve months' study and travel? She would have ridden straight on without noticing the car at the side of the road or the young man who had alighted if it had not been for his remarkable antics. He was apparently intent on doing something to a young wild cherry tree that grew up from the roadside ditch.

Mardy reined in her horse a little as she approached.

"Couldn't I help you—at whatever it is you are trying to do?" she asked.

"Why, yes—thanks awfully. You see I'm trying to get that thing—that cocoon up there."

"But I can get it easily," laughed Mardy. With that she had turned her horse, deftly taken the small ditch with him and with the greatest ease plucked the branch that bore the coveted cocoon.

"Do you collect them?" asked Mardy drawing her horse back into the road. "Butterflies, I mean?"

"Not much, only there's a youngster up the road, a boy that ought to be playing football and hockey, but he's sitting off there in his room—crippled. He's turned his mind to butterflies and moths—and I promised to get some cocoons for him."

"Do you mean Donald Dawson?"

"That's the lad," said the young man sadly—"You don't happen to know the family?"

"I know the family well enough," flared back the girl, "to know that Donald was injured at football practice, but the Dawsons have spared no expense, and as for sitting off there in his room, why, he has a post-graduate hospital nurse with him all the time. He has a professional entertainer out from the city every week to amuse him, the local doctor comes every day and the Dawsons have the very best specialist in the country."

"You seem to know the Dawsons well—perhaps the doctors are doing their humble best, but they'd do a lot more if that room up there on the hill was flooded with hope and inspiration. Professional entertainer once a week—pooh!"

The young man held out the cocoons, the one that the girl had plucked and a dozen more of his own culling. "You are Miss Dawson, of course. The resemblance between you and Donald is striking. May I ask you to carry these to the boy—your brother—and if you don't object to deception, say that you brought them of your own accord."

Mardy gave rein to her horse and, still holding the twigs gingerly, galloped at top speed back to the Dawson estate on the hill.

During her childhood and the lifetime of her mother it had been their year-round residence. Then business had kept her father more and more closely confined to his duties in the city, an elder sister had married and gone away and Donald had gone off to prep school. The old place was then retained only as a less and less frequently visited summer place. Then had come Donald's injury, and the doctors had ordered quiet residence in the country.

"But perhaps—" she thought as she left her horse with a waiting groom in the driveway—"perhaps after all I might cheer him up a bit," and without changing from her riding togs she bore her odd little offering of cocoons to his room. "I happened to find these," she told him.

The boy's pale face had brightened, his eager hands reached out for the treasure and the alert eyes and mind were at work identifying each of the little gray cocoons. He asked for his books on butterflies and moths and for a half-hour harangued his sister on the lore of the moth collector. Then the nurse came in quietly and announced Doctor Turnbridge, and Mardy left, promising to come back.

"It's all right, though," the boy had called to her. "Even when he has to hurt a little I don't mind—he's a regular prince."

In the hall Mardy stood aside to let the celebrated specialist pass. It was the stranger she had met on the highway.

A half-hour later when the doctor had come out of the sickroom and passed down the hall, Mardy was still standing there.

"I'm sorry for what I said," she said simply. "I want to tell you how much I appreciate what you have done for my brother—I've been thinking—marveling that you, the great Doctor Turnbridge, should take time to gather cocoons just because we were too selfish to think about it—" here the young voice almost broke down, but she went on—"I have decided to stay home, right here with Donald until he is all better."

The doctor's voice wasn't quite steady when he replied, "That's all we need to win the fight."

And Mardy did stay—for ten long months. And then just when Donald was ready to go out again with nearly his former vigor she determined to postpone the European trip indefinitely, deciding that to marry a man like Dr. Homer Turnbridge was an even more wonderful and serious business in life than completing her musical education.

Easy to Don Coat

Two men were chatting. "Why is it that Greeks and Italians can get into a coat easier than anyone else?" asked one. "I don't know," replied the careful one. "Did you ever notice the graceful overhead sweep of their arms as they slip on the coat with one complete motion?" queried the first speaker. The other admitted that he had noticed the phenomenon in question. "It's because their Roman and Grecian ancestors used that method in slipping on their togas and they haven't gotten over the idea," asserted Speaker No. 1.—Detroit News.

Ladies of Long Ago

The ladies to whom the troubadours sang had invariably hair of the color of flax, as soft as silk, and shimmering with a sheen of the finest gold. In ancient Spanish romances the hair is either of pure gold, or definitely fair. In ancient Germany, Gretchen had to have "fair hair, like gold; long, bright, and curly." There is a famous description of a French lady of the Thirteenth century. "Her hair had the brilliance of gold, and was twisted into rebellious curls"—so evidently permanent waving was known.

Tomahawk Not Indian

The tomahawk, which is sometimes considered a weapon peculiar to the American Indian, was originally a club carved into some convenient shape. It was most commonly a stout stick about three feet in length, terminating in a large knob, wherein a projecting piece of flint was often inserted. The hatchets of the Indians that are now called tomahawks are a European device and the stone hatchets so often found in our fields, called by the same term, were not military weapons but mechanical tools.

Gas Freezes Fire

Carbon dioxide, which is expelled from your body whenever you exhale, has been put to use by the Los Angeles fire department to put out fires in which streams of water are of little use, as in chemical and oil fires. The gas is carried in high pressure cylinders and when released a cloud of dry ice like that used in certain kinds of refrigeration is squirted over the fire. This reduces the temperature and prevents oxygen from reaching the blaze, thus smothering it.

No Need to Reckon Years

The numbering of years is a man-made artificiality, having little to do with the soul or the mind or the heart. An old anecdote of Napoleon tells of his conversation with a Hungarian officer who said he had fought in the army of Maria Theresa.

"You must be old," said Napoleon.

"Yes," said the officer, "I am sixty or seventy."

"Why, colonel," said the emperor, "you have certainly lived long enough to know how to count the years a little more closely."

"General," was the man's reply, "I reckon my money, my shirts, and my horses; but as for my years, I know that nobody will want to steal them, and that I shall never lose one of them."—Boston Herald.

Broad Hint

A business man who has just become engaged to be married is a good hearted fellow and popular with his

[redacted]

If!

The small boy, aged six, was making a tiny wreath.

"What is it for?" inquired his mother.

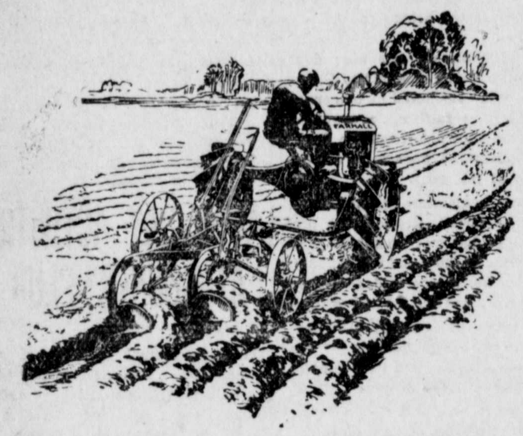
"You know you said you heard a mouse in the pantry?"

"Yes."

"And you know you said you thought of buying a trap?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you buy a trap, and if you catch the mouse, and if they drown the mouse after it is caught, and if the mouse is buried, and if we give it a nice funeral, we shall need a wreath, shan't we?"



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