

# The Winning of Hulda

By Charles L. Doyle

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Hulda was having a hard time of it, for she found herself unable to decide which of her two suitors she preferred. Hans, she had to confess, possessed some advantages which weighed heavily in his favor. Mr. Ball, the man across the street who owned the big apartment building, was particular about his furnace man and she knew that he liked Hans. Besides, Hans could speak Swedish and the acknowledged that it was pleasant to talk with him in the language of the dear old home across the sea.

But whenever his plain, open countenance with the blue eyes twinkling below the yellow hair was pictured in her mind, she blamed him for being a little too ordinary. She could see a dozen such any Sunday in the little Swedish church. Now with a man who wore a fine blue coat with a five pointed star on the front of it, and carried a mahogany club it was different. No one who looked at him could fall to see that he, being a part of the government, was superior to the common run of men. Michael had told her that he was the right arm of the law, and she had looked her admiration. She had known him almost as long as she had Hans and he was very good to her.

On Sundays in the park he would get her a seat close up to the band stand. Then when the concert was over, he would stroll across that part of the park that had signs to keep off the grass erected upon it. Of course Michael the all-powerful could walk



He Would Get Her a Seat Close to the Band Stand.

wherever he pleased. He was aware that Hans was his rival, for one Saturday night he had come to see Hulda and found the Swedish swain there. Hulda had said:

"Hans, this is Mr. Flanagan," and Hans had responded cordially, but Michael accepted the introduction sulkily, and sat scowling at the sink all the rest of the evening.

After that the sagacious Mr. Flanagan ceased visiting Hulda on Saturdays and obtained a transfer to another platoon, so that he could do his calling on Monday or Tuesday nights. Hans did not alter his visiting schedule, so the rivals never met at Hulda's home again. Indeed Michael took so little pains to cultivate Hans' acquaintance that he never even dreamed of inquiring what the former did for a living, and this disdainful indifference was destined to prove costly in the end. How Hulda would have learned to know the true sentiments of her heart had not Hank O'Day, the iceman, set in motion a fateful train of circumstances, one cannot guess. Hank did not know Hulda, he does not know her to the present day. And yet it was none other than the guardian of the ice wagon who unwittingly unmasked her heart's desire.

Hank O'Day drove a pair of remarkably high-spirited horses. One morning when the ice wagon was empty, his aesthetic instincts led him to return to the yards by way of the street that skirted the park. Just as the chariot of fate was nearing Hulda's home, the chain at the back of the wagon slipped and let the end gate drag upon the ground. Hank swore impatiently, stopped his team and jumped to the ground to fasten the chain. He jerked it quickly through the iron rings and then, swore vividly again as the team, becoming alarmed by the sudden noise, sprang forward and galloped madly down the avenue, making straight for the nearest entrance to the park. The horrified Hank stood still long enough to see the end gate hanging out defiance. Then he started after as fast as his rubber boots would let him.

When officer Michael Flanagan turned from his faithful guardianship of a bevy of sniping nurse girls in the park, he saw coming toward him at full speed a pair of wild-eyed horses with an ice wagon swaying from side to side. Behind the seat of the wagon stood a man trying desperately to get hold of the reins. At once Michael recognized the waving yellow hair and pale features of the driver as those of the detested Hans, and in the same moment there came to him the realization of his opportunity for revenge. He ran into the roadway and as the flying wagon passed, caught the chain of the end gate and swung himself in-

to the box. As he gained his feet the wagon slowed suddenly and he lurched forward, bringing up against the back of the sturdy driver. Seizing him firmly by the collar, Officer Flanagan gasped:

"I arrest you in the name of the law." Hans did not quite understand, but the hands on his collar in the moment of success made him angry.

"What you want?—let me go," he cried indignantly.

"Not me," retorted Michael triumphantly, "you are under arrest for driving a traffic team in the park, and must go with me to the station."

Hans clung to the reins and refused to come. In his broken English he explained and expostulated, he all but exploded. Another officer was approaching, and when he came within earshot the victim of circumstances appealed to him volubly. But the newcomer was indifferent. If Hans was arrested why of course he must go to the station, and so to the station he went, in charge of the exultant Flanagan.

The magistrate was busy when they arrived and Hans was allowed to go until the afternoon, when he was told he would be given a hearing. Police-eman Flanagan smiled grimly to himself as he strolled back on post. There was a goodly chance that Hans' employer would fire him for carelessness, and what would Hulda say when she heard that Hans had offended the majesty of the law and been arrested. There was no fear that she of the flaxen hair and bright eyes would not hear of the occurrence. Michael would attend personally to the conveyance of the tidings.

In the afternoon Officer Flanagan made his appearance in court. Hans came in due time, accompanied by no less a person than Hulda. With them were also his employer, Mr. Ball, and Hank O'Day, the iceman. Michael narrated the details of the arrest, and then Mr. Ball had his sayings.

He told the magistrate how Hans, at the risk of his life, had sprung into the runaway wagon as it dashed by the building where he was employed, and succeeded in bringing the maddened team to a halt after passing the park entrance. This statement was corroborated by Hulda, who had witnessed Hans' daring leap, and lastly Hank O'Day testified that he was the regular driver of the team.

Before discharging Hans, the magistrate addressed a few remarks to officer Flanagan which made that zealous member of the force wilt perceptibly. Michael left the courtroom with such sentences as "odious interference, bungling stupid work, utterly unfit to wear a police uniform"—ringing in his ears. But the hardest part to bear was the sight of Hulda clinging to Hans' stalwart arm as they walked away together.

## GUARDING TOWER TREASURES

System Is Said to Be Most Perfect That Has Ever Been Devised.

The Tower of London has the most perfect system of burglar alarms that has yet been devised.

From Scotland Yard, from the governor's headquarters, and from other places known only to a few responsible officials, the whole tower can be closed electrically within a few seconds. Even the ponderous gates at the middle tower, which weigh some tons and through which visitors pass, swing to automatically, and the escape of every one within is instantly barred. At the same time an alarm bell rings to warn wardens, police and soldiers.

In particular the precautions in the apartment containing the crown jewels are of a most scientifically elaborate kind. One of the beefeaters on duty in the room has merely to press a button, whereupon the heavy door closes, the alarm bell below rings, the other gates slam to and lock, and every person within the tower is instantly cut off from the outer world.

"The man who can get away with any of the crown jewels deserves them," observed a tower official. "From where I am standing I could close every important door and gate in the tower in as short a time as it takes me to utter these words."

It was mainly to insure the safety of the crown jewels that the system was installed.

No order was issued for the closing of the tower on a recent day, when greatly to their alarm, the visitors found doors locked, bolted and barred against them for about ten minutes, preventing any one leaving the tower.

"The tower simply closed—that is all," remarked an official. "Who caused it to do so we do not know. It might have been Scotland Yard, where the pressing of a button would imprison every soul within the tower until the police gave the signal for their release. Or it might have been the governor, anxious to learn whether we were all at our posts. At any rate, it was none of the minor officials."

"In fact, who closed the tower and why is a secret known only to the highest authorities. There was no alarm—no attempt to seize the crown jewels."—London Daily Mail.

## Millinery Modes



By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

JUST now there is nothing more interesting to the shopper than the milliner's windows. They are ablaze with their autumn millinery, and their offerings seem much more to the taste of the average woman than were the early showings of the season just passed. These new hats will not be the sport of the caricaturist, as many modes for spring were. They are not startling, and they are elegant and attractive. Dame fashion seems to have adopted a new fad—judging by the new fall styles, it is fashionable to be sensible in choosing a hat. There is a drift toward durability in all millinery and especially in hats for the street.

Hats of silk, cloth or leather predominate and trimmings are of quills, wings, well-made fancy feathers combined with ribbon, velvet or maline. This last looks fragile, but since the process of water-proofing, it has been discovered, it holds its own with other millinery fabrics.

Three pretty new models illustrate the season's modes. The round hat trimmed with quills is a draped turban made of beaver cloth over a buckram frame. This hat is also seen made of broadcloth, felt, silk and of chamouis skin combined with velvet. Some of the best models shown for fall so far are made of chamouis. As it may be successfully cleaned, it will appeal to those who require a durable hat and want a pretty one.

This model is a happy choice if one happens to own a piece of good broadcloth, or other heavy fabric, left over

from gown or coat. There is nothing smarter than its trimming of quills, and nothing that will stand wear so well. The turban is just as pretty when finished with a group of wings at the left side, and an ornament placed to hold the drapery at the right.

Fig. 2 shows a model covered with blue kid piped with white and trimmed with a pair of large white wings. The bow at the front is made of the leather so that the entire hat is of this material. The same model is very pretty with the hat of moire or corded silk, and the trimming of velvet or kid. It has already proved popular made of black moire, faced with white and having a band of white kid about the crown finished with a flat bow of the same at the left side. This model is very elegant with broad black velvet ribbon used for the front bow, mounted with wings in white or black (or both).

Silk-covered hats hold the center of the stage, and those of moire and corded silk most popular. One of them is shown in Fig. 3. They are to be found in all sorts of colors and color combinations, but black and white in this hat has outdistanced all others in the race for popularity. The model shown is of white moire faced with black. Its trimming is a triple ruche of box-plated maline about the crown and upper brim, and a crushed tie of velvet finished with a knot at the side. Such a model is the best of between season's millinery, and as near to all-the-year-round wear as can be found.

## STYLISH FALL BLOUSE.



Predictions of plain skirts and plaid waists seem to be coming true, if one can put faith in the advance fall displays. One importer includes among his samples a frock with plain gray cashmere skirt and blouse of coral pink surah checked with fine lines of black. Chemise and stock are white valenciennes insertion and fagoting, and the flat collar and turned cuffs are of the gray material and fagoting. A large bow of soft black satin ribbon is placed at joining of collar, with ends protruding from beneath pointed piece below bust line.

## Peasant Modes.

The peasant skirt is a case in point, with its deep kilt and its broad sash draped round the hips and tied at the back in a loose bow. Then there is the chemise paysanne of the Swiss type, expressed in snowy muslin slightly gauged into a narrow band of embroidery so that the throat is left entirely bare. The chemise paysanne has balloon sleeves cut off at the elbows and finished like the guimpe with a band of lace or of embroidery. Such guimpes as these are extremely useful for the frocks of girls and children, and of great beauty as a finish to cloth and serge frocks.

## Separate Skirts.

Separate skirts of soft cloth are very wide, in fact they could scarcely be much wider for actual comfort, and they are plaited. The sheer ones are over tulle foundations; those for street wear are not stitched on the plaits, but they are pressed into shape. This is more stylish than practical, for pressed plaits soon lose shape, but that is the style at any rate. Skirts made of serge are smart and hold their shapes well. They show some good patterns with panels at the front and back, though many new models are merely kilted all around.

## GATHERED FRILLS OF LACE

Useful in Arranging the Fullness on Corset Covers Used with Thin Waists.

A girl who is a little inclined to be thin will often find it hard to make the fullness in the front of her summer waists sit just as she would like to have it. These thin waists cannot, of course, be kept in the proper lines all the time, as thicker ones with bones can, and they need adjusting when they are put on. A great help in arranging the fullness is to have little gathered frills of lace or embroidery on the corset covers to be used with thin waists.

These frills are also most useful with all lingerie gowns. Many of the most beautiful of these gowns have fronts that are largely made of very thin lace insertions, and they need something to hold them out. Besides, the effect of these little ruffles is much better through the transparent lace and lawn than when the buttons of a corset cover can be seen.

The frills should not be sewed to the corset cover, but to a separate piece of muslin, which must be arranged to fasten on the corset cover with tiny buttons, or can be fastened with the very small safety pins under the upper ruffle. A piece of muslin or lawn must be used large enough to cover the front of the corset cover from near the top to below the bust line. On this are sewed two or three ruffles—the number depends on the height of the wearer and the width of the lace used—made of a lace strong enough to stand considerable washing, or of embroidery.

## High-Waisted Skirt.

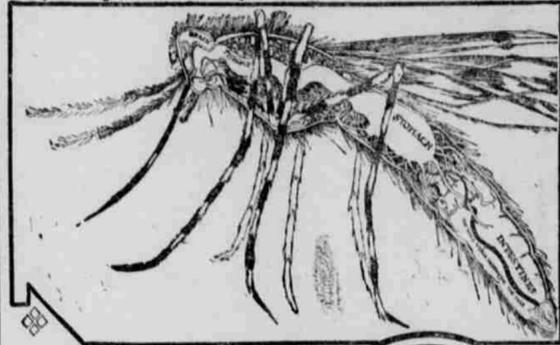
There is a line in gowns that threatens to keep its popularity. This is the one that brings the skirt material up to a sharp point at the bust in front and between the shoulder blades at back.

Not even the woman who is having her best frock fashioned in this manner admits that the upreaching point is a pretty one. The human figure seems to demand points and curves that go downward, but in the turn-about-face of the universe of clothes in the twentieth century one is thankful to escape with merely a perverted point.

## Change in Coiffure.

The entire change in the coiffure, the low head dress, with the absence of rats or pads of any kind in the front of the hair, has completely altered the look of the fall hat. The heads of all the hats are enormous, and would slip down over the face if they were not re-enforced with halos, or lids, which permit them to rest on the crown of the head. The turban and large cavalier shapes are most prominent among the coming fashions, and velvet, plush and fur, with the inevitable and magnificent aigrette, are especially in evidence.

# A MOSQUITO EXTERMINATOR



THE ANATOMY OF A MOSQUITO

THE scientists in the service of the United States and the states which are waging war on the mosquito have discovered a new method of exterminating the pest. This method consists in propagating and distributing a parasitic worm which lodges in the body of the mosquito and kills it or checks its egg-laying powers.

It has for several years been recognized that the mosquito is one of the worst public enemies of the American people. Upward of 15,000 deaths occur from malaria, which is spread by the mosquito alone. This figure does not count the vast number of people whose systems are weakened by malaria and thus easily succumb to other diseases. The discomfort caused by the mosquito in many parts of the country is also a grave injury to prosperity. Therefore, anything which tends to exterminate the mosquito is of immense public benefit.

How greatly some regions are in need of relief from mosquitoes has just been shown by the dispatches from Chenier au Tigre, a large and fertile island in the Gulf, off New Orleans. The mosquitoes there have bred in such quantities that the inhabitants have been forced to keep indoors altogether, while the cattle have been killed by the mosquitoes filling up their nostrils and throats and choking them.

The new worm which kill the mosquito is known to science as *agomeris culicis*—meaning "roundworm of the mosquito"—and is recognized as a destructive parasite of the wicked insect. It is also called the "hairworm" in many places on account of its resemblance to a small hair. It spends at least part of its life in the belly of the mosquito, and, in the case of the female, when it does not kill her, it prevents her from reproducing her species—a result equally satisfactory.

Very little is known of the life history of the worm, or how it spends the early stages of its existence. It is a new discovery. It was first found and identified, only a short time ago, by Dr. John B. Smith, who, as entomologist attached to the New Jersey agricultural experiment station, at New Brunswick, has charge of the mosquito survey of his state, which has a wide-spread reputation for producing a remarkable crop of mosquitoes.

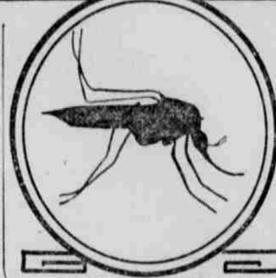
There are, as is well known, many species of mosquitoes in New Jersey. But the worst of them all, so far as ability to annoy goes, is the brute with striped legs. This is the real and original "Jersey mosquito." It breeds in marshes, though it flies thence for great distances, and scientific men know it as "*Culex sollicitans*."

Necessarily, this species cuts a very large figure in the problem which Dr. Smith is engaged in tackling. With a view to studying its life history in detail, he has built on a marsh a cage of wire net, with a framework of scantling, big enough for himself to occupy. In this cage he has reared the marsh mosquitoes, watching them through all the stages of their development, in the midst of their natural surroundings. Incidentally, he has subjected many specimens to microscopic examination, to find out how the eggs-sacs of the females developed, and other such points.

On a number of occasions, while thus studying the female insects, he noticed that their abdomens seemed abnormally enlarged. Finally, his curiosity being aroused by this phenomenon, he tore open the belly of one of the insects, and found inside of it two hair-like worms about a third of an inch long, and nothing else. They were something new to him, and so he sent the worms to the government helminthologist—signifying "worm man"—in Washington.

The worm man, Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, promptly identified them as "round worms" of the kind popularly known as "hair worms" or "wire worms." He also gave them the long Latin name already mentioned, and said that they were undoubtedly parasites of the mosquito. But in the meantime Dr. Smith had started in to examine large numbers of marsh mosquitoes for worms. In a lot that was sent in from Barnegat bay he found many infested. In fact, every collection received at the experiment station from Raritan river to Cape May yielded numerous worms.

He thinks it beyond doubt that the parasite shortens the life of the mosquito. It infects—though this, of course, is a matter unimportant compared to the prevention of reproduction. Apparently, the worm does not diminish the insect's appetite at all.



THE WAY A YELLOW FEVER MOSQUITO BITES

One afternoon, at Angleses, Dr. Smith occupied himself for an hour in capturing marsh mosquitoes that came to bite him, and found that fully half of them were infected.

On the other hand the infected insects were noticeably sluggish and easily recognized by their actions and appearances as diseased. Investigation showed that they were less numerous in places where the worms were most common. Evidently, then, the worms are agents of nature for keeping mosquitoes in check to a certain extent. They do the work with great effectiveness. It only remains to be ascertained whether their efficiency in this line can be importantly increased by artificial means.

In other words, is it practicable to breed the worms artificially and introduce them into mosquito-cursed places? The first thing to be done, obviously, in making such an attempt, is to obtain definite and exact knowledge of the life history of the parasite. Fortunately, although almost nothing is known as yet on this subject, there is a good deal that can be inferred with reasonable certainty. For example, there is hardly any question of the fact that the worms breed in marsh mud.

Dr. Smith has found them not only in the adult mosquitoes, but also in the abdominal cavities of the larvae and pupae—the two forms of mosquito life following the egg, both of which are water-dwellers. It seems evident, then, that infection takes place in the water and nowhere else. That is to say, the worms (themselves water-dwellers) attack the "wrigglers" and the pupae into which these larvae transform themselves, and bore into their bellies.

## DISSERTATION ON THE DAWN

Humorous Writer in Lippincott's Makes a Few Remarks of More or Less Value.

The most difficult, exasperating and rantankerous pessimist with which the smiling, festive and irrepressible optimist has to deal is the fellow who takes some stock in the old saying that it is always darkest just before dawn. There is, of course, no argument over the fact that dawn is a joyous occasion, even if it is more pleasant to stay up for it, under proper conditions, than to get up for it, but, says the pessimist, admitting the truth of the adage, one cannot tell when it is darkest, until he actually sees the dawn. He is likely to say, furthermore, that if it's going to bring dawn any sooner, let it get dark as—almost anything, and the sooner and darker, the better.

One positively cannot argue against such logic, for, as aforesaid, dawn is a joyous occasion except to the man who is asleep, and he doesn't count. As for the man who is intoxicated, it is also a question whether many of the beauties of dawn are not lost, because he is already so busy with his own responsibilities that he cannot take on any new joy.

Then there is the man who would stay up all night in a brilliantly lighted room, practicing auto-suggestion by repeating the word "good." Under the glare of artificiality such a man would be prone to claim that there was no darkness outside, but that it was all inside. But, after settling up, he went out at the first faint blush of dawn, it would look to him like about 30 cents' worth of adulterated tallow candles, and it might require several subsequent sittings with the cards running better to dispel the hallucination.

All these, of course, are exceptions which cannot be considered. Normally, darkness and dawn have to be taken just as they come, and they continue to come with regularity, pessimists and optimists to the contrary notwithstanding.—Lippincott's.

## Czar is Largest Landowner.

The czar of Russia, with 90,000,000 acres, is the biggest landowner in the world.