

# REPARATION

By FRANCES ELIZABETH LANYON.

Robert Dale—"Old Trusty" the prison officials called him—"the thief catcher" he was designated by the convicts under his charge, went his usual rounds at midnight to make an amazing discovery.

He was called Old Trusty because he never relaxed in his duty as guardian of the men in his especial custody. He was designated the thief catcher because, once a convict made away before his time was up, Dale hunted him to the ends of the earth, but he found his man and brought him back to a double sentence of expiration.

Now Dale halted, caught at a loose iron door, flashed his lantern within, and uttered a muffled word:

"Gone!"

Then he blew the signal for the guard, meanwhile exploring the interior of the cell. By the time the guards had appeared he was out in the corridor again.

"It was No. 921," he reported gruffly. "You all know him. He can't have got far, for I O. K.'d him on the eleven o'clock round. After him!"

Then, the guards dispersing, he traced what had been done. A door bar sawed through, a knotted rope made out of torn strips of sheets led down from a window—and freedom!

More the amazed was Robert Dale because No. 921 was a model prisoner and had been since he came to the prison two years before. Dale went to the record book to revive his mem-



"I Just Want to Rest for a Few Minutes."

ory. One of its pages related the history of No. 921.

Eldred Wareham was his name—a clerk in a big city bond house. He had embezzled some hundreds of dollars to invest in a rising stock. There had come a slump. He had lost and confessed. He had been given a sentence of five years. There were no antecedents. The young man apparently had no living relatives. He had come from the country to fall a victim to the temptations of the city.

The chaplain had taken a marked fancy to the ingenuous-faced, well-behaved prisoner. Wareham was always attentive to his exhortations. His fellows sneered at his "conversion," yet they all recognized his gentle, accommodating ways, and when he was set at work in the hospital he was the favorite nurse.

"He won't go back to the city," growled Dale. "Beyond that we know nothing concerning him. It will be a hard chase, but I will get him."

These were prophetic words, but their fulfillment was a long way ahead. The guards found no trace of the fugitive. Through the best part of a year Dale made many a journey to try to find the only escaped convict he had not caught. It was of no avail and the champion thief catcher was nettled and chagrined.

His promotion to under turnkey somewhat mollified his disappointment. Then, too, he had one soft spot in his heart. Many a mile away, visited only occasionally through the years, but cherished, idolized, his stepdaughter lived a quiet, happy life in a peaceful haven where he had bestowed her. She had been like a real daughter to his dead wife—the only golden thread in the warp and woof of his stern life.

It was almost a year to the day after his escape that Eldred Wareham, pursuing a lonely country road, paused before a typical corner tavern. Twelve months had a good deal changed his appearance, due mainly to the hirsute appendages that well covered his face. He had become an aimless wanderer. He was footsore and penniless. He entered the place to find its proprietor half asleep in his chair.

"I just want to rest for a few minutes," was his plea and the publican nodded agreeably, for he was glad of company. The evident respectability of the casual visitor seemed to impress him. After a few moments of desultory study of Wareham he spoke out:

"I reckon you haven't much cash, nor a job?"

"You are doubly right," was the blunt admission.

"I like your appearance and maybe I can offer you something," proceeded the tavern keeper. "Here's a queer

case! About a week ago a likely young fellow came along on a farmer's wagon. He got off to get a drink. The more he got the more he wanted. He wouldn't go on to his destination, wherever that might be. He's now down with the horrors in his room upstairs. We called a doctor, but he says the young fellow must have led a terrible life, for he don't think he'll ever get up again. He had a pocket full of money, but no paper telling who he was. Will you nurse him for good pay?"

"I'll be glad to do it for nothing," said Wareham eagerly.

Never was there a better nurse, but the ministrations of Wareham proved of no avail. The patient took a great liking to Wareham. They became as brothers, and he told him the story of his life.

He had been a reckless, riotous fellow from boyhood. He was an orphan and brought up by a high-church dignitary in England. The love of drink seemed born in him, he became a confirmed dipsomaniac and finally his uncle had cast him off. He told him he never wished to see him again, and as a last chance he gave Alan Moore a letter to an old friend, an aged clergyman in America. If he behaved himself this man might look after him. Moore was provided with money. He had fallen by the wayside and was now dying.

"I am not going to live," he declared; "bury me without a name."

Eldred Wareham was strangely drawn to his patient. He told his own story. It drew them closer together. When Moore died Wareham saw to it that he was decently buried. Moore had told the tavern keeper to turn over to Wareham what remained of his money. He had given to Wareham some papers he had concealed on his person.

It was two years later when Robert Dale left his prison duties for the first vacation of years. He was in fine fettle. He was about to see the stepdaughter he loved and whom he had not seen for nearly three years. He carried in his pocket a notification that on the first of the coming month he was to be promoted to the highest office at the prison within the gift of the state, at a salary almost princely.

Dale arrived at Hopeton to be greeted joyously by Mary Dale. It was the third day after his coming that a man passed the house at whom he stared with a start. Quickly he called his stepdaughter.

"Who is that man?" he almost gasped.

"That is the assistant of our old clergyman," said Mary, and she blushed furiously. "Oh, papa," she continued breathlessly, "he is the friend and helper of everyone. He came here two years ago. He does not preach, although he takes half of the visiting duties off the shoulders of our minister. He is adored by the poor and friendless, he is beloved by everyone. And oh, papa—I love him—we are engaged!"

Robert Dale made an excuse to shorten his visit. He kept out of the way of this Alan Moore, whom he had recognized as Eldred Wareham. He left the place never to return and from the next town sent for Wareham, and learned his story—the story of a reformed man giving luster and glory to the name of poor, outcast Alan Moore.

"Forget me and the past—you shall never be troubled," asserted Dale.

Then he went back to his prison duties. His first step was to refuse the promotion. His next to sturdily settle back into the rut of his inferior capacity, sacrificing to a sense of honor his own preference that two young hearts might be happy.

DIFFERENCE IN LUNG POWER

Woman's Voice Requires Far Less Force Than That That Must Be Expended by a Man.

According to a scientific theory a woman can talk longer than a man and may do so because she uses less force by a large percentage than a man does. A German professor has proved by actual and very delicate measurements that the baritone singer uses far more energy than either tenor or soprano.

This professor declared that the range of voice differs greatly, so the percentage varies to the same extent, but as a general result it was proved that a tenor uses only from one seventh to one-sixteenth of the lung power of the baritone or bass. The difference in the force used by the contralto and soprano is very marked, and the contralto who sings in very deep tones uses at least ten times the force of the soprano.

The explanation is so simple that it is surprising that it was not thought of long ago. It has long been known that the tenor or soprano brings the vocal cords together and keeps the edges vibrating only by the emission of air. The bass or contralto leaves the space between the chords wider open, and has to vibrate much more of the membranes.

Caring for the Human Machine.

If you had an automobile that was your only means of getting about, and that you could not under any circumstances replace with a new car in case you should disable it, you would take the greatest possible care of it. Each of us finds himself exactly in that situation in regard to the machine we call the human body; yet we neglect the body more or less, and sometimes abuse it outrageously. We expect it to endure neglect, to withstand abuse, and after years of hard usage to be in serviceable condition.—Youth's Companion.

# In Woman's Realm

Individual Style of Coiffure Means Much to Woman—Old Styles of Hairdressing Are Revived—Quaint and Picturesque Costume for the Bride's Attendants.

It is the manner of dressing her hair more than by any other means, that a woman can establish distinction—an individual style in her appearance. In this one particular she can afford to be independent of fashions and adopt for herself whatever is best suited to her. But in her coiffure, as in everything else she likes a change and she may experiment with any of the new incoming styles in hair dressing in the chance of improving her appearance or by way of variety.

Along with the revival of old styles in apparel have come revivals of hairdressing from by-gone periods. The

It is the privilege of the bride to select the style that shall govern in making the costumes of her maids. Just how quaint and picturesque the modes of today allow them to be may be gathered from the illustration given above. This costume looks as if it might be a faithful copy of a style worn by some demure maid who flourished a century ago. But both the gown and the bonnet are products of 1916 and, worn together, they testify to the bride's eye for the picturesque. The gown is made of taffeta.

The tight bodice with mid-Victorian shoulders is outlined with a ruffle and



DISTINCTION IN THE COIFFURE.

hair coiled or puffed on top of the head, with short curls at each side of the face is one arrangement that is in the experimental stage. In another the hair is combed to the top of the crown and tied there with narrow ribbon formed into a bow and ends. The hair is turned into a long upstanding puff or loop.

The most promising of coiffures recently shown calls for waved hair parted at one side and arranged in coils at the back of the crown. Three short curls are placed at one side on a level with the lobe of the ear. There are no styles in which the ears are uncovered, although in some a glimpse of

supported by narrow straps. It surmounts a skirt which is just one flounce after another until four of them have fully occupied that space from waist to instep. They are finished with narrow hems.

Color plays a part so important in the bridesmaids' gowns that taffeta silk is a happy choice in materials. It comes in so many beautiful colors and changeable effects. This will be appreciated by the bride whose aim is to make a fascinating background for her own incomparable white.

The old-fashioned poke bonnet shown in the picture is covered with plaited chiffon and has a soft crown



IN THE BRIDAL PROCESSION.

It is permitted, just enough to display a jewel.

The coiffure pictured is a familiar style of the type most fashionable and is shown as developed for evening. The hair is marcelled and coiled across the back of the head just above the nape of the neck. Three short curls are pinned in below the coil.

An arrangement of the hair in a short French twist at the back surmounted by one long puff suggests the return of the psyche knot. The front hair is loosely waved and parted at the middle in a very shallow part. This is a graceful style and becoming, which is more than can be said of the most popular of off-the-face coiffures. Even to youthful faces they are somewhat trying and they lend nothing of softness to older ones.

There is a small wreath at the edge with little roses set far apart. A big and sprightly bow with long sash ends is perched at the back. So quaint a costume is suitably completed when the maid carries a basket of flowers rather than a bouquet.

The return of the always-loved big leghorn hat, trimmed with roses, to high favor, should not be overlooked by those who plan for hats that may be useful after the wedding. Wide brimmed hats for mid-summer made of georgette crepe and trimmed with flowers offer the bride a choice for her maids that is sure to please them and all those who see them.

Julie B. Bromley

# War Times in Berlin

WE HAVE been having some wonderful days here in Berlin. Beautiful sunny days like spring. The day

when the rumor came that old Kink Nicholas wanted peace was a glorious day. Everybody was celebrating a little bit, and the school children were given a day off. It is not so bad to be a child in war time, for they get so many vacations, but think of the poor youngsters that follow and have to study the entire history of this war, writes Mary Ethel McAuley in the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Tiergarten was packed with people and thousands of nails for the iron Hindenburg were being sold. At Brandenburg gate I saw the crown princess go by in an open carriage. She was having an awful time trying to get her glove buttoned. I had never imagined that real princesses had troubles of that kind. She is a fine, handsome, big woman, bright and clever, and much beloved.

Unter den Linden was one stream of flags and banners. They looked glorious in the bright sunlight, and the wind swished them every which way. The Bulgarian flag is very beautiful—red, white and a lurid shade of green—that makes one think of spring.

We had our second breakfast in Cafe Victoria. I like this cafe. It is not in the least fashionable, in fact most of the frequenters are middle-aged Jewish people, who transact business over a cup of coffee. Selling diamonds seems to be their chief occupation. But everyone tends to their own business, and foreigners are not stared at and made to feel uncomfortable. The windows are so large that you can sit here by the hour and watch them go by. Them, of course, means the soldiers.

In the last few weeks I have learned a whole lot about soldiers. I can tell an underofficer from a common soldier, a sergeant from a feldwebel, and a lieutenant from an oberleutnant. It is not easy to learn, and took much studying. But I like brass buttons and gold braid. The dress of the German officer is so simple and elegant that Beau Brummel would be jealous if he

the bullets were kept. Along the top of the trench many bags of sand were piled, but there were holes through which the soldiers could shoot. Of course, it was not a real trench, but just the same it gives one a good idea of all the cold and suffering that the men in the trenches must stand. In the field they have hospitals right under the ground, and here the first aid to the injured is given.

Outside the exhibition building, in another part of the trench lot, was a display of wire entanglements. They were made by a firm in Berlin, and I am sure it would take some cutting to get past them. The most interesting part of the whole show was the exhibition of war posters from all Germany's enemies. They had posters from France, Italy and Russia, but the ones from England were the most read. They were all urging the men to arms.

Besides the poster show they had many interesting war pictures. Each country had a section of pictures, and America was represented by photos of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Ford, Mr. Edison and Mr. Daniels. "Teddy" was not there.

We had our dinner in the Paulanerbrau, a new restaurant that was opened before Christmas. It is a very nice restaurant, and the things to eat are very reasonable. Among other things I had two pork chops and potatoes and they just cost 30 cents. You can't do any better than that in America.

Bathing is "verboten."

After dinner we went to Grunewald to a little inn we know there. It was such a day, such a beautiful day! The sun shone through the trees. To go to the inn you must first walk through a bit of forest, and after a little you come to a little lake. It is a very pretty lake where bathing is "verboten." The walk runs along the lake and it finally leads to a little hunting lodge, which looks like a tiny castle. It has many red-roofed towers and latticed windows, and in the center is a large court, which is decorated with many deers' heads.

At the other end of the lake is the inn, which was packed, of course. Everybody was drinking coffee and chatting. Half of the men were sol-



BISMARCK MONUMENT, BERLIN

could see it, for Brummel always said that simplicity and elegance were the keynotes of fashion. German generals wear great bright red stripes down their trouser legs. These stripes are about six inches wide, and can be seen a German square. Most of the generals are rather pompous looking, and I find the lieutenants, oberleutnants, oberarzts and hauptmann more fetching. They are all very handsome and they are the finest, cleverest men in all this glorious, young Germany. They stand so straight and look so soldierly.

After we left the cafe we went to see the exhibition of war things that is being held at Zoological gardens. They have everything here that belongs to war and a soldier. They have a number of captured cannon, British, French and Russian. They have two English aeroplanes and a number of motorboats. They have uniforms of all the warring nations. Some of the costumes were very beautiful. The Bulgarian were especially so, but they were almost too gay to be very practical. The models that wore the uniforms were very funny. They have hands and feet of wooden dolls, but their faces were most realistic looking; indeed, some of them seemed to be winking at you.

Just Like a Real Trench.

Outside the main exhibition building, on a large lot, a trench had been built. It had been built by soldiers that had been in the war, so it was exactly like the real ones. You enter a trench by going down steps, and this one was about seven feet high and about three feet wide. Radiating from all the sides of the main part of the trench were other passages and rooms. The officers' room was, of course, the finest. It was lined with canvas and cloth and was furnished with an old couch and some chairs. Iron lanterns hung from the ceiling and these make both the light and the heat for the trenchmen. On the wall hung a large sign, "Butter ausverkauft" (butter sold out). Empty tin cans were also hung on the wall and they are used for matches, and cigars, etc.

The common soldiers had a larger room, but not nearly so fine as this officers' quarters. Every here and there on the sides of the main passage of the trench were little cupboards, where

diets, and most of them officers. It was just marvelous how many German damsels had managed to scrape up officers with whom to go walking on this fine afternoon. Most of the people had brought their cakes along with them, and then ordered coffee. This would not be considered the thing in America, but in Germany it is in very good taste.

When we returned home we went by another way, and over on the other side of the lake were a number of Russian prisoners sawing wood. A guard was watching them from the hill. He was not stationed there to keep them from escaping, but to keep them working. One soldier in our party—we had a soldier, too—asked them in Polish how they liked Germany. "Oh, it is fine," they answered. "Such better than Russia." They wanted to talk more, but the soldier on the hill shouted something and they all commenced sawing as hard as they could.

In the evening we went to a variety show. The performance was rather poor, but the large theater was absolutely packed. Men composed half the audience, and more than half the men were soldiers. Between the acts everybody paraded up and down the corridor and drank beer. Some of the hungry ones ate sausage sandwiches. The show lasted until 11:30.

The next day all the flags were taken down, and Unter den Linden was dull gray stone once more. I only hope that I can be on Unter den Linden when peace is declared.

What We're Coming To.

"And," continued the lecturer, "I warrant you that there is not a man in this entire audience who has ever lifted his finger or in any way attempted to stop this awful waste of our forests and our lumber supply. If there is, I want that man to stand up."

There was a slight commotion in the rear of the room, and a nervous little man rose to the occasion—and his feet.

"And now, my friend, will you explain in just what way you have conserved the forests of our nation?"

And with the utmost gravity and sincerity the little man said: "I have used the same toothpick twice."