

BELLE OF VILLAGE

Edna Wilbur's Startling Discovery; New and Fashionably Dressed Admirer a Burglar.

By WALTER J. DELANEY.

Edna Wilbur never looked prettier in her life than upon the day when the "Industrial Exchange" opened at Millville. Imagine an old-fashioned double store made over into a modern emporium of trade, permanent counters and gaily decorated booths all about it. Add an airy dancing room overhead and you have a more idea of what the Village Young Ladies' club had done for the factory hands down the river and the families of farmers all over the county.

The original idea of this progressive move for the social and business betterment of the district had been born in the busy little brain of the belle of the town. Edna and her girl friends had got rich old Jaber Hull to fix up the ancient building. Her club had set everything at fancy work. The village merchants had donated some of their goods liberally, even the farmers had subscribed handsomely. The place was to hold a sort of permanent fair every Saturday. Admission was free; all the articles carried were for sale or exchange. It was hoped to encourage the poor mill girls in needlework, and give to all cheap household necessities at cost prices.

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It was a pretty sight. The doors of the place were crossed and recrossed with white ribbon. In the center of these, just over the knob of the door, was a great var-colored rosette. All life, animation and beauty, Edna stood at the threshold. The mayor of the town, in evening dress, lifted his glossy silk hat, first to her and then to the crowd. In a neat little speech he welcomed his



The Edge of the Dash Impressed His Neck.

townsmen to the Exchange. Then he drew a pair of silver scissors from his coat pocket. Edna took them, placed them across the ribbons, and snipped them in twain. They floated like streamers in the gay breeze, and, pressing in the doors, the mayor proclaimed loudly:

"The Exchange is open—welcome." A fashionable dressed young man pressed his way through the throng, about the first of those to enter the Exchange. He was at Edna's side as she passed into the cashier's booth.

"The sweetest of all flowers for the belle of the occasion," he said impressively. Edna received the bouquet of red-tinted lilies of the valley with a happy smile and secured them at her corsage.

"A handsome couple—look as if they were mated for one another," said an observant visitor to his companion. "Who is he? Stranger, I see."

"Yes," was the reply. "Been here only a few days. Chicago stock broker; they say, taking a little vacation. Calls himself Eugene Allen."

"Rich, I suppose?"

"Pretends to be. Acts a pretty active figure—automobiles and all that. Taken quite a shine to Miss Wilbur."

Edna was very busy, as were all her assistants, for the next hour. There was a great throng, and the affair was certainly a wonderful success. More than once Edna stole a hurried, disappointed look about the room.

"Why did Robert not come?" she asked herself, and her rosy lips pouted slightly. She had been flattered at the graceful attentions of Allen, but why had not Robert Dean been on hand, as she had anticipated, as she had a right to expect?

"They were lovers, almost engaged. They were neighbors, their homes near together. Mary Dean was Edna's closest friend. And then as Edna at last saw Robert enter the room, a handsome brunette, a stranger to her, on his arm, her face drew down and she turned her back deliberately upon Robert as he smiled at her.

Purposely she avoided him after that. When the band struck up and the dancing began upstairs, she al-

lowed the handsome stranger, Mr. Allen, to take most of the dances on her card.

"I want to introduce somebody to you, Edna," Robert managed to say to her in a crash at the supper.

"Some other time," retorted Edna pettishly, and when the dance was over she again evaded Robert, seeking for her with a hurt, mystified look on her face.

Edna allowed Mr. Allen to see her home and to carry the handbag containing the proceeds of the sales. She listened to his handsome compliments, and spitefully compared his elegant ways with those of the plain but honest Robert. When she got home, however, and reached her room, she sat down with a sigh and a dull pain at her heart.

Her parents were away visiting a relative in another town. Only dear old Aunt Jane was in the house. The place seemed dreadfully silent and lonesome. It was the more so, because of the sentiment that she and Robert had become estranged. Before she knew it, seated in a comfortable arm chair, Edna was asleep.

She woke to the echoes of something falling, a human groan. The light was still burning in the room. With a low cry Edna sprang to her feet. A startling picture was revealed to her.

The window overlooking the porch roof was partly open, and held so by a masked man. The edge of the mask imprisoned his neck. One arm was reached through, striving to reach a pistol that had fallen from his hand and rolled over near the dresser.

In a flash Edna realized that the intruder was a burglar, who had opened the window to have it fall upon and imprison him. Upon a table lay the handbag and her diamond sunburst pin. There, too, were the silver scissors.

The man was struggling to force up the mask. Edna summoned up all her courage. She darted to the table, seized the scissors and ran at the intruder.

"If you move," she cried in a tremulous but brave voice, "I will stick you with the scissors!"

What should she do? She dared not leave the room—the burglar might release himself. Her eyes fell upon a toy telephone apparatus near another window and an electric button near it. It ran over the tress in the Dean home. Robert had rigged it up to enable his sister and his love to hail each other when they liked. The button operated a wire electrically charged, and ringing bells at either end of the line. Soon there was a response. The bell rang in the room.

"Mary! Mary!" gasped Edna, "rouse somebody, send over at once. There is a burglar here!"

Inside of five minutes Robert Dean, his sister, their brunette visitor and a hired man hailed Edna from the garden. She called to them to force a way into the house. The burglar was unmasked—behold Mr. Eugene Allen!

"Oh, Robert! Robert!" sobbed the regretful Edna, when the elegant stranger was safe in the town jail and her lover had explained that the dark brunette was his cousin. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"I can always love you," replied Robert staunchly, "and that should answer every question."

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PRESCRIBED DRESS OF BRIDE

Color of Costume Worn Has Had Its Significance From the Most Ancient Times.

Until the eighteenth century, from earliest Saxon times, the bride of the poorer folk came to the wedding wearing a plain white robe. This was a warning to the public that, since she brought nothing to the marriage, her husband was not responsible for her debts. At the beginning of the eighteenth century brides began to introduce touches of color into their costumes. Blue was for constancy and green for youth. Yellow (never worn, as it stood for jealousy), while golden also was shunned, as it meant avarice.

Although the ancient Roman and Hebrew brides wore yellow veils and the early Christians of southern Europe enveloped both man and wife in one large cloth, it was not until Shakespeare's time that veils for brides appeared in England. Prior to that time the custom had been for the bride to go to her wedding with her hair hanging loose as a sign of freedom. Immediately, however, upon entering her new home she bound up her hair. This was a sign of submission.

Husband's Presence of Mind. Judge M. L. McKinley was talking about presence of mind at the State's Attorneys' association banquet.

"Two West siders," he said, "were riding on a street car with their wives one day when there was an accident. None of the party was hurt. A few days later one of the men learned that the other had just settled with the street railway company for \$1,500 for injuries to his wife. He went around to see him.

"When was your wife hurt?" he asked.

"That day we were in the street car accident together," was the reply.

"Why, she wasn't hurt. She wasn't even scratched. I saw her walk home with you."

"I know," replied the other, "but when I got her home I had the presence of mind to put my foot in her face."—Chicago Tribune.

Surprised Them. Turkish General—Did you surprise an enemy?

Colonel—Yes; they didn't expect to see us run.

Arrangements have been completed for a free maternity service at the Mary Fletcher hospital, Burlington. The directors of the hospital have recognized the need of such a service for some time but it is only within a short time that funds have been available to maintain such a service.

Daniel Gilson, the oldest member of the Junior Order United American Mechanics in Vermont, died Tuesday at his home in East Burke, aged 85. Mr. Gilson had lived 75 years on the farm where he died.

Charles Dolan of Bethel, aged 36 years, was found dead in his bed at his boarding house recently. The physician's certificate attributes his death to alcoholic delirium. He had worked most of the time for four years for the Woodbury Granite company.

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CONVICTS GET HELP

Booth Tells Plan to Men in Joliet Penitentiary.

Tell's Convicts That They Regard Discovery, Not Crime, as Reprehensible—Wife of Official of Volunteer League Reads.

Joliet, Ill.—The big trouble with you men is that you believe crime consists not in breaking the law, but in getting caught at it," said Adjutant Charles Brandon Booth, son of Gen. Ballington Booth, in an address recently to 1,000 prisoners in the Joliet penitentiary.

As secretary general of the Volunteers' Prison League, Adjutant Booth, accompanied by his wife, Naomi Booth, visited the prison in an effort to broaden the work of the league and to hold out to the imprisoned men the offer of parole under the Volunteers' system.

"When you get out of prison you should remember that crime consists in breaking the law of man," he continued, "whether you are caught at it or not, and sin consists in breaking the law of God. The difference is that you may break man-made laws sometimes without punishment, but when you break the laws of heaven there is no hope for escape. Your sin will always find you out."

Mrs. Booth, who is an elocutionist, gave several readings to the prisoners.

Adjutant Booth spoke in the auditorium of the Volunteers at Ann street



Mrs. Naomi Booth.

and Washington boulevard. His subject was, "A New Hope for the Prisoners."

He told of an experience in a prison at Columbus, O., where the singing of "Rock of Ages" brought many of the prisoners to the turning point in their lives.

Mrs. Booth gave a reading entitled, "The Lost Word."

At the Joliet meeting, Mayor M. A. Messlein, in charge of Hope hall, 6036 Ravenswood park, the headquarters of the prison league for Chicago, offered to be responsible for any of the prisoners who could obtain a parole.

DIVORCE PROCTOR TO WED

Court Wife After Marriage, Bring Her Flowers and Candy, Stay Home Nights, Experience Teaches.

Kansas City, Mo.—Profiting by his two years' experience as divorce proctor, W. W. Wright, who is to be married soon, will follow these rules to insure a happy married life.

Continue to court his wife after marriage. Occasionally take her flowers and candy.

Remember that the little things which the ordinary man thinks of slight importance, mean much to a woman's happiness.

Spend all his evenings at home, and never leave his wife alone unless business necessity requires it.

Start the fire in the morning. Never talk in jest about other women caring for him.

Try not to arouse his wife's jealousy; in fact, convince her that every bit of his affection is centered in her.

"My observation has been that clothes and food count for little with the right kind of woman if a husband displays the proper amount of affection and is considerate of her feelings and wishes," Mr. Wright said recently.

"A man who thinks of the little things that women prize so much in everyday life, need have no fear of marital troubles. Of course, the woman must be of the right kind or else any amount of husbandly affection and consideration will not hold them together."

SCHOOLS TO BE DYNAMITED?

Prediction by Fortune Teller Keeps Children From Attending School at Du Bois, Pa.

Du Bois, Pa.—A warning that several school buildings are to be dynamited and others destroyed by fire has caused alarm among the children and their parents. The schools are being attended by one-third the regular quota and the enrollment is dropping rapidly. School officials started the various school houses in an effort to allay the fears of the children, but without success. A "fortune teller" is said to have made the prediction.

Edward J. Harrington of Burlington tried an interesting experiment in keeping apples in cold storage last winter. Mr. Harrington packed a half bushel of fairly good apples in excelsior in a box five feet deep in his garden. This was in November. He dug up the box on April 1 and found all the fruit with the exception of 15 or 20, in excellent shape, and hard, and of as good flavor as when picked.

Barbara E. Smith of Monroe, N. Y., has now been married three times without a change of name. Her first husband was Warren M. Smith, her second was George K. Smith and her present husband is Alva C. Smith.

HE SURVIVED 25 SQUALLS

Patry, who had the reputation of being the oldest Indian in the United States, is dead in his bark cabin near Hallowell, Wash. It is believed Patry was one hundred and twenty-eight years old. He once related his memory to the mayor of Seabeck. He told of having had twenty-five squalls during the first eighty years of his life.

State Events. April 30 to May 3—Annual Vermont automobile show at Burlington.

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July 29 to Aug. 1—National convention of insurance commissioners at Burlington.

Bulletin for The Age. \$1.00

OLD MILL OF NEW LONDON

The old town mill at New London, Conn., was built by Gov. John Winthrop, the founder of New London, in 1651. The stream on which it was built was called Mill river, although scarcely deserving to be called a river. It is still, however, considerable of a stream and still turns the great over-shot wheel that, for the mill is still in operation and grinds the corn in the same primitive fashion of two centuries ago. The shadowy, rocky gully in which it is situated has no appearance of ever having been disturbed since the founder's time, and one could scarcely imagine that the gully was more wild or primeval or its gloom more deep when the first few inhabitants of the town assembled in 1651 to build the dam than it is at present.

That monopolies are not of the present day alone is told by the following, taken from the history of New London. When Gov. John Winthrop built his mill this clause was incorporated in the bargain: "Further it is agreed that no person or persons shall set up any other mill to grind corn for the town of Penikese (now New London) within the limits of the town either for the present or the future as long as John Winthrop or his heirs do uphold a mill to grind the town corn."

The mill being a monopoly, the fall of becoming a grievance to the town. It was insufficient for a growing community. It was leased to other parties and they failing to satisfy the townspeople, a complaint was made to the courts "that they were not duly served and were much damaged thereby," and in 1712 the monopoly was broken and other mills built.

PEACOCK-GOD OF YEZIDIS



When Queen Mary was in India last winter she admired a steel image of the sacred peacock of the Yezidis, in a curio established at Delhi. The proprietor now has given it to the British Museum. The Yezidis, a race scattered over Kurdistan, Armenia and the Caucasus, worship the redeemed devil in the semblance of a peacock under the name of Mallik-Tawus. They believe he has regained his place in heaven as the highest of the archangels. This particular image is thought to have been made about 200 years ago. In the center of the tail is a veiled figure of a man, probably the Yezidi saint, Shalkh Adi.

ORGAN CACTUS OF MEXICO

The giant organ cactus gives a picturesque setting to the desert region of western Mexico. These spiny species of vegetation often tower to heights of 20 to 40 feet, their symmetrical columns rising upward in clusters, giving the cre a unique and attractive appearance. This particular cactus is of very slow growth, and some of the trees in the Pacific coast country of Mexico are said to be several hundred years old. The trunk is often three or four feet in diameter and the limbs to which the columns are attached are very thick and woody.

Outward in a regular and well formed fashion. To the native Mexican, this cactus is often used and drunk as well as fuel. The more tender portions of the plant contain a bland supply of pure water which may be had by tapping or cutting them, and each section they bear large quantities of edible food. The trunk makes a fine fuel and is often used for that purpose.

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GRAVE POST FOUND

Marker at Burial Place of Illinois Pioneer Uncovered.

One Present at Ceremony Tells of Weird Rites of Fox Indians in Placing Memorial Over Grave of Col. George Davenport.

Rock Island, Ill.—An old cedar post placed at the head of the grave of a murdered Illinois pioneer by friendly Fox Indians, who mourned the death of a man who had been a friend of the state, was uncovered in a heap of rusty legal papers in the office of an attorney here. The post, worn and partially decayed, was the end, the unique grave marker, still shows weird traces that were of a kind of memorial to the dead. A band of white, brilliant, woven down upon the head of Col. George Davenport, a wealthy settler who owned the land in the Mississippi valley which the government arsenal is now built and murdered him. The grave was committed July 4, 1845, to the old residents in Rock Island and Davenport, Iowa, which town by the way is named after the victim. About the same time that one of the murderers was hanged for the bloody deed some Fox Indians who, through their dealings with the government, had come to have a downy tale, for him, fashioned this old cedar grave post and erected it at the head of his grave.

For some years the post marked the grave of Colonel Davenport. Then his body was removed to a family lot in Chickadee cemetery south of Rock Island and two years the old cedar post of the Indians was thought to be lost. Recently it was discovered when the many papers of an old law office were moved into modern quarters. The founder of the firm had been Davenport's attorney.

The weird rite with which the Indians placed the grave post was narrated by one who was present at the ceremony and to whom, according to his statement, the facts stand out in his memory as clearly as ever.

"It was on a Friday afternoon, about the middle of the year 1845, that I went to the island where the Davenport home had been and where there I beheld a head of Fox Indians, with whom the Davenport home was friendly, doing in a solemn and hushed manner, in the presence of the grave of the pioneer, the placing of the post. The ceremony was solemn when two of the Indian men and three women came to the grave and placed the post. Others did the same in pairs and in threes. A third Indian, wearing a war club advanced and struck the post to the head of the grave. Then they all three bowed their heads and the ceremony was over. This was the end of the ceremony. The ceremony was solemn when two of the Indian men and three women came to the grave and placed the post. Others did the same in pairs and in threes. A third Indian, wearing a war club advanced and struck the post to the head of the grave. Then they all three bowed their heads and the ceremony was over. This was the end of the ceremony."

"Following the ceremony of placing the post a huge feast was set upon the grass. A fourth was drunk to the health of the dead. The feast was a most sumptuous one. The women that were present upon the post were to represent the crowning achievement of him who died there and at the same time were meant to display the grief of the Indians at the loss of their friend."

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WINS BY PEN; VOICE LOSES

Plumber Refused License When He Can Not Remember What a "Bump" Is.

New York—Harry Segal of 107 East 115th street, is living proof of the accepted theory that most men who wield a facile pen do not express their views so well orally and that the extemporaneous speaker is not always a literary success.

Segal is a plumber, and he did well in the written examination before the examining board of plumbers for his certificate of competency. But there were seven other candidates who did exactly as well as Segal; in fact, in the same language, which caused the board to investigate. The result was that they and the commissioners of accounts, who took part in the investigation, believed fraud had been perpetrated by the eight whose answers to the questions were the same.

It was decided that either some one had impersonated Segal or else he had a list of the questions asked him before the examination. The certificate granted to Segal was revoked. He applied to the supreme court for a writ of mandamus directing the examining board of plumbers to return the certificate to him. Justice Hendrick denied the application.

Segal was called on when the board first became suspicious to repeat orally some of the things he wrote in his first examination. First he was asked to repeat certain words that appeared on his examination paper. Diameter appeared as "diametre" in the original examination, and on the oral try Segal spelled it "diametre."

Friction, which he got right the first time appeared the second time as "frichsen." Circulation he spelled "kerkelosen."

Segal explained that his answers to questions were based on his reading books on the subject. An examiner of the examining board of plumbers asked over the books, but could find nothing that related to the subject on which Segal was examined.

Here are some of the questions put to Segal by the commissioners of accounts and his answers.

"What is the action of a suction pump?"

"It is known as a pump that takes water from the cellar to the top floor."

"What is a receptacle?"

"It is like a receptacle."

"What does impede mean?"

"Impedes is a thing like—I can't remember."