

A POET'S ROMANCE.

STORY OF HARRIET RICHARDSON SON AND JAMES T. ELLIS.

Promised to wed the Bard When He Was a College Student—Plattory of Capital Society Causes Her Affections to wane.

KENTUCKY has long been noted for her romances in real life. The romance of Miss Harriet Bainbridge Richardson and her poet lover, James Tandy Ellis, is fully in keeping with Kentucky's history. The story dates back eight years, when the poet was a stalwart student at the Kentucky State college in Lexington. He had just attained his majority when he first met Miss Richardson at a party. She was the belle of the evening and he a splendid specimen of the young Kentuckian. It was a case of love at first sight. Miss Richardson had been in society several years, had been petted and teased by the society dudes until she was tired of the insipid youngsters. It was no wonder, then, that she admired handsome young Ellis. He is probably an inch above six feet in height, as straight as an Indian and the very personification of perfect young manhood. Besides, he is highly accomplished in music and literature—in fact, he is a genius. He composes music as readily as a Mozart or a Beethoven, improvises on the piano as easily as a Liszt, and he can write poetry as easily as the average man can write prose. He has a prodigious memory and can recite all the best poems of the leading poets. He and Miss Richardson were thrown in each other's company a great deal during his last years at college and their engagement was soon known to their intimate friends. It seemed as if the course of their true love would, contrary to the old adage, run smoothly, but Miss Richardson went to visit her sister, Mrs. Forney, whose husband was an attaché of the Brooklyn navy yard. She was introduced into Brooklyn society and when her sister visited Washington and Philadelphia she went with her. In both these cities she soon became a social favorite, owing to her great beauty and many accomplishments. Naval officers, congressmen, members of legations and other society men were charmed with her beauty and vivacity and it was not long until Congressman Bennett of Brooklyn, began to pay her such marked attention that it soon became reported that they were engaged to be married. Young Ellis had wondered at the infrequency of her letters and at their brevity, and he was not surprised when the report reached him that his sweetheart was engaged to be married to the Brooklyn congressman. It was a cruel blow to the sensitive young man, but he calmly wrote Miss Richardson to the effect that he would release all claims to her hand. After writing this letter he left Kentucky and wandered aimlessly over several of the western states teaching school, writing poetry and trying to forget his love affair with the pretty Miss Richardson. He never heard from her except through the society columns of the newspapers, when her name would be mentioned in connection with some brilliant reception at Washington or Brooklyn or Philadelphia or Boston. Miss Richardson's visit ended and she returned to her home in Lexington. She had been promised by ex-Secretary Herbert the honor of christening the battleship Kentucky. The newspapers from one end of the country to the other had

she picked up a Louisville paper and read a communication criticizing her detractors. It was signed with the initials J. E. T.

Miss Richardson recognized the initials as those of her poet lover, and she immediately wrote to the newspaper which published the card asking his address. When she discovered it she wrote him a letter thanking him for his kind interest in her behalf. He answered the letter and a correspondence sprang up which resulted in a renewal of their engagement and the announcement that the wedding will take place next June.

Mr. Ellis was born in Ghent, Ky., June 18, 1868. His father, Dr. Clarkson Ellis, was a wealthy physician. Young Ellis was educated in the public schools of Carroll county and in the Kentucky State college. He studied music in the Cincinnati conservatory of music. He has written many clever verses the best of which is perhaps the "Golden Rod." He has also composed a number of catchy pieces of music. The best of these is known as "The Kentucky Colonels." At present he is engaged in newspaper work in Louisville. His family is one of the oldest and most distinguished in the state, and he traces his lineage back to King George III. in a direct line. He has two brothers, one older and one younger than himself. The former is a practicing physician in Carroll county, while the latter is studying medicine at Philadelphia college. He has no sisters.

Miss Richardson comes from one of the oldest and best families in the state. Her father, John Hall Richardson, was for many years the wealthiest shorthand breeder in this section. Her grandfather, William Hall Richardson, was a revolutionary soldier. Her mother was the noted beauty Jane Shore Stamps. Her uncle, Thomas



MISS HARRIET B. RICHARDSON. Stamps, was a soldier in the Mexican war, and when he returned from the sanguinary struggle he gained considerable notoriety by fighting a big black bear with no weapon save his hands. The fight was a draw. Miss Richardson is radiantly happy over the turn affairs have taken, and she confesses that the christening of the battleship could not afford her half the happiness that the other ceremony will bring her.

MORE WEDDINGS THAN HUSBANDS.

Pennsylvania Enoch Arden Finds the Way is Clear for Him. Fifteen years ago Mrs. Lemuel Woodbridge of Fairdale, near Susquehanna, Pa., sent her husband to the meat market for a pound of beefsteak for breakfast. One day last week he returned with the meat. The intervening years had been a blank to him. Following his disappearance Mrs. Woodbridge went into mourning, then got a divorce and again married. Her second husband died three years later. What was her surprise when the other day a gray haired man unceremoniously entered her home, hung his hat upon the rack and put a package upon the table. The woman did not recognize the stranger at first and the amazed children were about to drive him away when he explained that he was Lemuel Woodbridge. He said that the past, up to two weeks ago, was almost a blank to him. He remembered being in England and Australia, and knows that he sold washing machines in Manchester. He does not know under what name he has been sailing, nor how he has gained an existence. Until informed he did not know whether he had been absent a month or twenty years. He had saved some money. Coming from Liverpool to Montreal in a cattle boat it suddenly flashed upon him who he was and where he used to live. He made haste to reach Pennsylvania, and in Binghamton, N. Y., a railroad man told him that his former wife and children were still living. Riding in the railroad coach something told him to carry "home" the meat, to procure which he had left home fifteen years ago. After being convinced that Woodbridge's story was true, he was given shelter. There has since been a complete reconciliation and the wife and widow will soon be married again to the husband of her youth, thus making the curious record of three weddings to two husbands.

Bigamy Common in Italy. Italy is said to have more bigamists than any other European country. This is made possible because the church refuses to recognize civil marriages, and the state does not regard a church marriage as binding. The result is that unscrupulous men marry two wives—one with the sanction of the church, the other with the sanction of the law.

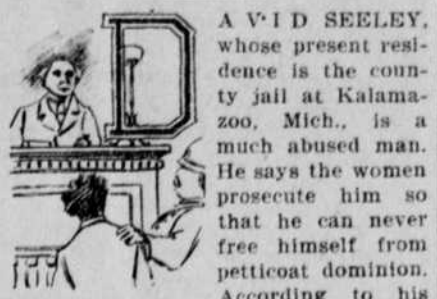
Some people get so tired doing nothing that they are never able to do anything else.

The still-house worm destroys more corn than the cut worm does.

FALLS BY HIS CHARMS

SEELEY IS MARTYR TO THE WOMEN.

Of Ten Alleged Wives One Prosecutes Him for Bigamy—A Result, He Says, of Being Too Kind to the Fair Ones.



DAVID SEELEY, whose present residence is the county jail at Kalamazoo, Mich., is a much abused man. He says the women prosecute him so that he can never free himself from petticoat dominion. According to his harrowing tale there is no town which he has ever visited where some bold adventuress did not throw herself at him and demand that he marry her on the spot. Neither shortness of acquaintance nor his plea of other engagements nor his bashfulness has availed to save him. "In short," says David Seeley, "there was never a martyr like unto me." Mr. Seeley does not attribute his sufferings entirely to his personal beauty nor to the magnetic charms which he exercises on the other sex. He is not ignorant of the fact that he is 68 years old, that his eyes blink weakly, and that his manners still hint at the lunatic asylum in which he was once confined. He thinks that his wealth has much to do with his persecution. He is the fortunate possessor of a pension of \$24 a month from the United States government. True, he has not drawn any of it for a number of years. But that is another story. The women Mr. Seeley has known do not look upon his adventures in the same way he does. In fact, one of them has been unkind enough to prosecute him for bigamy. A little investigation has brought to light a list of ten alleged wives, but nobody thinks it complete, as several counties are yet to be heard from. The following is the list revised up to date: 1, a woman married during the war and deserted soon after; 2, Margaret McCrumb, Otsego, Mich.; 3, Mrs. Vrooman, Mishawaka, Ind.; 4, Mrs. Patience Burch, Elkhart, Ind.; 5 Mrs. Stanley Sturgis, Mich.; 6, Mrs. Allman, Pittsburg, Pa.; 7, Ada Frawl, Jonesville, Mich.; 8, Mrs. Johnson, Berrien county; 9, Mrs. Lucy Killam, Kalamazoo; 10, Mrs. Clara Davidson, Grandville, Mich. All of these women but the first on the list have told their tales of woe. They say that Seeley is not only a gay deceiver of female hearts, but also a purloiner of females' wealth. They charge him with selling their chickens, with driving away their cows and with knowing how to turn into cash almost every movable thing on which he could get his hands. They say that, far from his pension being an attraction in their eyes, it was their live stock and wardrobe which were the attractions to him. That is not all that is charged against Seeley by any means. One banker in western Michigan is anxious to punish him for obtaining money under false pretenses. Somebody else has a charge of forgery against him. He is said to have been in the penitentiary three times and to deserve to be placed there several times more. Seeley was arrested at Pierson, Mich., on a charge of bigamy sworn out by Mrs. Lucy Killam, the penitentiary in the long matrimonial word which he has coined. She said it was really too bad that within a few weeks after deserting her he should marry another woman, and that in a town only a few miles away. So she swore out the warrant and offered a reward of \$50 for his arrest. The prize stirred up a constable who had never made an arrest in his life before, and the result was the present sad plight of this unfortunate victim of woman's wiles.

Seeley's matrimonial history has been a rapid one ever since the days

had to leave, so he says, one evening without any supper. He wandered around for awhile, but no evidence has been found about a crop of wives having been grown by him until he returned to Mishawaka, from which town the McCrumb wife had in the meantime removed. Back in his old haunts, Seeley wooed and married Mrs. Vrooman. For some time he was unrecognized, but finally the day of reckoning came and he had to flee again. In the meantime he is credited with having made way with a fair amount of the worldly goods of Mrs. Vrooman. He admits this marriage, as well as the previous one, but they are the only two of all his adventures which he says were really marriages at all.

To judge from all reports, his later matrimonial experiences were carried out from a strictly financial point of view, and he seemed to prefer dealings with confiding widows in the possession of small properties. Mrs. Patience Burch reports that he gathered up her sole cow, drove it away and sold it for \$32, and then swiftly departed with the proceeds. Ada Frawl tells a tale of woe in a similar strain, and Mrs. Stanley, of Sturgis, also says that she would be richer in worldly goods had Seeley never crossed her path.

Occasionally Seeley turned his practiced hand to other things. At St. Joseph, Mich., he secured \$300 from a banker by pretending to have land and giving a mortgage upon the pretense. The banker wants him on account of this little transaction, and forgery is also charged against him at the same place.

The last two plunges into matrimony were the swiftest of all. Last October Seeley met Mrs. Lucy Killam, of Kalamazoo. In short order he induced her to discard the widow's weeds she had worn for thirty years. Only a few dollars the richer, he deserted her soon at Battle Creek, and before long was the husband of Mrs. Davidson, of Grandville. This last wife had considerable means, but she proved more than a match for the old man, and the



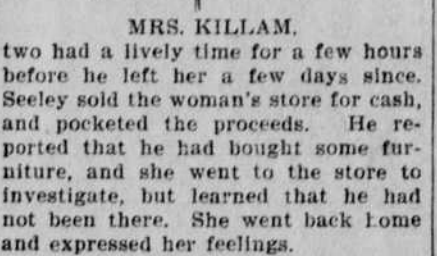
DAVID SEELEY. when he served his country during the civil war. It was fast enough at the start, but it has been growing steadily faster until of late three or four wives a year do not seem too many for him. Of his relations to the wife of his soldier days little is known save that he showed her a clean pair of heels soon after the war was over. He next appeared in Leroy, N. Y., where he married Margaret McCrumb. With her and the family of nine children that belonged to the pair he had various wanderings. He is said to have served a two years' sentence in 1874-5 in the Jackson penitentiary on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. Two other terms of imprisonment are ascribed to him during this period, one being in Milwaukee. Seeley lived with this wife until about nine years ago. Their home was then at Mishawaka, Ind. He says he did not desert her when he left her, but instead was driven away. His wife called him such awful names as "looney" and "old fool," and that was more than a man of fine sensibilities could stand. He

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MRS. KILLAM. two had a lively time for a few hours before he left her a few days since. Seeley sold the woman's store for cash, and pocketed the proceeds. He reported that he had bought some furniture, and she went to the store to investigate, but learned that he had not been there. She went back home and expressed her feelings.

"You old fool," said he, "don't you know that the retail department is no place to go to find out about goods that are going out of town? You should have gone to the shipping department." While Mrs. Davidson was thinking the matter over Seeley disappeared, and the next thing that happened to him was his arrest on the charges made by Mrs. Killam.

Seeley persists in looking upon himself as a victim of persecution, and says that not only have the women persecuted him by marriage, but also women have tried to get his wealth by sending him to the lunatic asylum. He says that three years ago he was thrown into an asylum in Indiana and a guardian was appointed who has since drawn his entire pension. He says he has not dared to go back to claim the money, because he would certainly be thrown into a dungeon, and he would rather let his pension go to the winds than be treated like a lunatic again.

Seeley is a wreck both mentally and physically, and he ascribes his condition entirely to the cruelties and deceptions practiced upon him by the women he has been so weak as to befriend when they pleaded with him to take care of them. His eyes blinked, his hands shook, and his voice trembled as he made his statement.

"All my trouble," said he, "has come from women loving me or loving my money. It has driven me mad and I am sorry that I have tried to be so good to them. The cruelties to which I have been subjected have been more than any man could stand, and I am glad I am in here away from them."

Despite his conspicuous martyrdom, Seeley occasionally lapses into another tone and gloats over the conquests which his personal charms have given him. He is not even averse to hinting that, if he gets out of the present trouble, there are numerous other hearts which he can easily add to his string.

A Mystery Explained. Telephone: The strangest telephone mystery yet reported comes from Glasgow. Conversations were either interrupted altogether or diversified with such strange sounds as to be unintelligible. Engineers and mechanics tried in vain to discover the cause of these irregularities, until they decided to remove the casing through which the wires were conducted into the instrument room. A swarm of rats were immediately let loose, and it then became apparent that the rodents had devoured the gutta percha casing of the wires, and twisted up the latter into a state of hopeless confusion.

Money is useful as a servant, but tyrannical as a master.

WRECKED IN SLUMS.

PITIFUL STORY OF A ONCE GOOD WOMAN.

Ex-Convict Received in Evangelist's Home Coolly Wrecks It—Victim and Self Convicted of Conspiracy to Kill Husband.

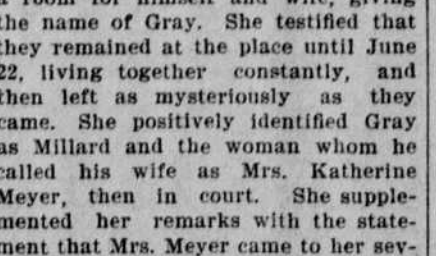


RELIGION, mission work, infatuation and fall. Such is the history of Mrs. Catherine Meyer of Chicago, whose strange experiences and associations with Corydon Millard placed her before a bar of justice to answer to a criminal charge. Safely ensconced in a comfortable home, with naught to disturb but the household duties, this heroine of one of the strangest tales that was ever chronicled from the facile pen of novelist grew interested in the mission work performed by her husband and entered into the duties attendant on a crusade in the slums with all the ardor of an enthusiastic disposition. While thus engaged she made the acquaintance of Corydon Millard, who had just been made a convert to the faith of the mission, and whose prepossessing appearance made him a favorite with all connected with the work. Mr. Meyer invited Millard to his home, and it was through his instrumentality that Millard's appearance, which was indicative of a vagabond life, experienced a startling transformation. The evangelist readily sympathized with Millard, who told pitiful tales of a good home lost through love of liquor, and at the suggestion of his wife he supplied funds to clothe and feed his convert. Millard soon proved a valuable adjunct to the mission. Being possessed of a melodious baritone voice, he was delegated to lead the singing. Before many days the wife of his benefactor became infatuated with him. Daily he called at the Meyer home and nightly escorted its mistress to the mission fields, where she listened in rapt attention to his songs of the Zion. So constant were their attentions, one to the other, that neighbors soon began to whisper "that Meyer had best let his convert go." But this he refused to do, alleging that Millard was a true Christian and deserving of help and sympathy.

About the first week in May, 1897, Mrs. Meyer left her home for the purpose of visiting friends, and Millard also disappeared from the Meyer residence. The absence of both at that time has remained a mystery until the other day, when Mrs. Kate Conlin, housekeeper at the Haight hotel, 12 Loomis street, was called to the stand by the attorneys engaged in prosecuting the couple and testified that in the first week of May, 1897, Millard came to the hotel on Loomis street and rented a room for himself and wife, giving the name of Gray. She testified that they remained at the place until June 22, living together constantly, and then left as mysteriously as they came. She positively identified Gray as Millard and the woman whom he called his wife as Mrs. Katherine Meyer, then in court. She supplemented her remarks with the statement that Mrs. Meyer came to her several weeks before the trial and asked her to answer any inquiries relative to her residence at the place in the negative, and to tell anyone who called that she, Mrs. Meyer, had resided there alone. The long summer evenings were tedious to the couple. Soon they fell away from the mission work and it was alleged that they spent the majority of their evenings on the back

porch of the Meyer home, busily engaged in the consumption of large quantities of beer, while the husband continued his labor in the slums. It was on one of these occasions that Meyer alleged that his wife and Millard had been overheard planning a conspiracy to deprive him of his life. One day in the spring of last year Mrs. Meyer learned of the arrest of Millard on the charge of stealing a pair of shoes. Then ensued a great difficulty. She went to the home of Attorney Phillips and, according to Mr. Phillips' story, she wanted to sign bonds for the partner of her platonic friendship. So he went with her to the East Chicago avenue station and, leaving her in a drug store near the station, he went to the desk sergeant to learn of the exact condition of affairs.

While there he said he first heard of the conspiracy charge against Mrs. Meyer and Millard. Hastening back to the pharmacy he called her. While walking up La Salle avenue he informed her of the charges preferred against her, and she dropped to the pavement



CORYDON MILLARD.

ing, but her wan face and fever-parched lips on that day turned a tide of sympathy in her favor. It was conceded by all present in the court room that the days of Katherine Meyer were numbered and that her appearance before the higher tribunal to answer to the crime of conspiracy to murder would be in an interval of a few months.

She still clings with vigor to the man who has wrecked her formerly peaceful existence and avers that the trial is but the part of a gigantic scheme on the part of her husband to have her incarcerated in some asylum or cause her death through the excitement attendant on the trial and thereby obtain possession of the property that is recorded in her name.

ATTEMPTED MURDER. A Woman Shoots a St. Louis Policeman and Then Herself. Richard J. Halloran, a policeman of the St. Louis force, was fatally shot with his own pistol the other night by Miss Nellie Mangan, who then turned the pistol on herself and put a bullet in her brain. The attempted murder and suicide was the result of disappointed love. The shooting followed a quarrel, during which Miss Mangan begged Halloran to marry her. He refused, and she, in mad desperation, began shooting. For several months it has been understood in the neighborhood of the girl's home that Halloran and Miss Mangan were engaged. The patrolman walked the beat on which the girl lived. Recently it became noised that there had been a quarrel and Halloran had broken off the engagement. Both are dead.

A Courageous Woman. At Penze police station last evening, in the presence of the local detachment of the P division, Mrs. Jane Gower, of Arthur road, Beckenham, was presented with a silver teapot and purse of money for having rendered assistance to Police Constable George Hamblin on Dec. 28. The constable was endeavoring to arrest two prisoners and was violently attacked. Several men looked on and refused to help. Mrs. Gower went to the constable's assistance. She took his whistle from his tunic and blew it till another policeman came to his aid. When the men were brought before the bench the magistrate commended Mrs. Gower for her plucky action.—London Telegraph.

Even Foggiest than London. Esquimaux, in British North America, is the only place in the British empire, according to a recent climatological report, that exceeds London in cloudiness. Esquimaux is also the dampest place in the empire, while Adelaide, in Australia, is the driest. Ceylon is the hottest, and Northwest Canada the coldest possession that the flag of England floats over.

For use in place of toe clips on a bicycle a plate is attached to the shoe, having a recess in which a projection on the pedal fits to hold the rider's foot in place.

In a faint, Phillips alleged that she came to his house that night and begged permission to stay until she could arrange bonds, meanwhile asking that he negotiate a loan on some property that she possessed. In this refuge she remained for a period of three weeks, and during the trial she accused Attorney Phillips with unlawfully detaining her there. Some time after she was arrested and with Millard, arraigned before Judge Baker to answer to a charge of conspiracy against the life of Meyer. But the experiences had been too much for the delicate woman, and her system began to break down under the strain. The case was called many times, but each time was postponed on account of her illness. Finally Judge Baker, growing weary of the continued delay, ordered that the case proceed. The disclosures were startling. The man who had imposed on the simple evangelist proved to be an old jailbird, with a history well known to the police. He was the son of a minister, 42 years of age, and during the course of his existence had served many terms in the state and county institutions for burglary and larceny.

Millard's voice made him many friends. During one of his terms in the Joliet penitentiary his religious air, and splendid singing abilities brought to him the post of leader of the prison choir. He appeared utterly indifferent of the woman whose ruin he had caused during the days of the trial. Whenever she was able to be present in the court room he would not deign to vouchsafe her a look. For four days the jury listened to the evidence in the case and returned a verdict of penitentiary for Millard and \$100 fine for Mrs. Meyer.

Throughout the last day of the trial, the woman had arisen from a sick bed, to be in attendance and remained propped up in a chair in the ante-room. When the judge called for her to be brought to the bar of justice it was necessary to carry her. It had been suspected that the woman was sham-



CATHERINE MEYER.

ing, but her wan face and fever-parched lips on that day turned a tide of sympathy in her favor. It was conceded by all present in the court room that the days of Katherine Meyer were numbered and that her appearance before the higher tribunal to answer to the crime of conspiracy to murder would be in an interval of a few months.

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JAMES T. ELLIS. printed her picture and full accounts of how the gallant secretary had bestowed this honor upon her at a dinner party in Washington. But no word of congratulation came to her from his discarded lover. While the skies seemed bright above her she maintained silence and she really did not know whether he was alive or dead. Later on, when Secretary Long was about to wrest the honor of christening the Kentucky from Miss Richardson, and when Governor Bradley was about to appoint his own daughter sponsor for the war vessel named after this commonwealth there came a time when it seemed to Miss Richardson as if every friend had forsaken her. Even ex-Secretary of the Navy Herbert declared that he had not selected Miss Richardson to christen the Kentucky.

It was in this dark hour that her young poet lover came to her rescue, but he came without notifying her and without her knowledge. One day while the storm was raging about her, when the newspapers were full of articles on the christening of the Kentucky, when she was being criticized by editors of alleged society journals and by others,