

WHAT WILL MRS. FAIR'S HUMBLE RELATIVES GET?



BILL SMITH AND WIFE
(BROTHER OF MRS. FAIR)



WHERE
MRS. FAIR
WAS BORN



MRS. FAIR'S MOTHER.



THE FACTORY
WHERE MRS. NELSON WORKED



MRS. FAIR'S NEW YORK HOME



HERMAN
OELRICH

The bodies of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Fair, victims of the terrible automobile accident in France, are now on their way to San Francisco. William B. Smith, a brother of Mrs. Fair, has sold his modest grocery store for \$500 and will follow his sister's body to the grave. The question of dividing the property of the deceased has yet to be decided. The humble origin of the late Mrs. Fair and the claims of her plain relatives to the Fair millions add great interest to this part of the story.

enger showing undue interest at the remark and I immediately concluded that they didn't pay any more attention to that salutation than they would if the man had said, 'Hello, Smith.' The newcomer was a personal friend, as was the other one and both were in sympathy with my undertaking.

"I soon became convinced that I was still safe and gave the matter no further thought until we stopped at Norfolk for supper. I went into the railroad dining station with my two friends and pretty soon overheard a man at a nearby table say, almost in a whisper, 'There is the game warden sitting over there.' A few minutes later an echo of that remark came from another direction and before we finished the meal I seemed to be the object of undivided attention. But even then I didn't think anyone would be interested enough to send any warning ahead.

"I got off at O'Neill and rode at once to the hotel. Evans, the proprietor of the establishment, met me with a cordial greeting and said he had a room already assigned for me.

"A room assigned for me?" I asked, "Why have you given me a room before I arrived in town?"

"Well, I knew you were coming and supposed you would want one. We heard up here an hour ago that you were coming up on No. 3."

"Someone on the train had tipped it off by telegraph and the news spread all over the town. Nobody knew I was going to O'Neill, but the stranger, whoever he was, thought that was a possibility and took the precaution to warn his friends. Anyway it spoiled the game for me for everybody seemed to be on the lookout.

"I had another strange experience in the same town a little while ago. I rode into the town at night with George Carter of North Platte, the deputy game and fish commissioner. We met nobody we knew and the clerk of the hotel apparently thought we were strangers in the country. I registered as George Wilson and Carter put his name down as George Rogers. That was about 11 o'clock at night. After registering we went out for a little walk and when he returned, about 30 minutes later, noticed that some one had scratched out the names we had written and substituted the correct ones, with a bracket connecting the two, followed by the inscription, 'game wardens, everybody look out.'"

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Tottie—Dollie is assuming an air of great virtue, isn't she?

Dimples—I should say so. She sues the papers for all scandals they publish about her that have not been supplied by her press agent.

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Giglamps—How did Wordslinger make a reputation as a critic?

Paresis—By condemning good verse in bad prose.

The Penalty of Fame

"I never knew how quickly a man could spring into prominence and be the object of such widespread concern until after I had served a few weeks in this position. The ordinary fellow doesn't know what fame is until he sees himself scrutinized by people wherever he goes, watched constantly as though he were accountable to the public for all of his movements, and whenever he goes for a little trip on a railroad train to learn that persons in stations ahead have been kindly notified that he is coming and to look out for him."

George B. Simpkins, chief deputy game and fish commissioner, was swapping experience stories with a few sportsmen who drifted into his office at the state house. One after another the visitors recounted the thrilling details of hunts in which they had participated and then it came Simpkins' turn. Mr. Simpkins, too, has hunted bear, but on this occasion he gave that much libeled animal a deserved rest.

In his capacity as head of the game warden department Mr. Simpkins has

had direct control and supervision of the enforcement of the game law enacted by the last legislature. The governor, by that law, is made the chief game warden, but it is merely a nominal title for he attends to none of the work of the department, further than to sign the necessary papers which come before him. Mr. Simpkins has several active assistants and besides is the chief officer of an effective and far reaching secret service.

"A few months ago I boarded an Elkhorn train at Omaha, bound for O'Neill, and was gratified to find that there was only one person in it who knew me," continued Mr. Simpkins. "At least I thought there was only one. I sought out that person immediately and cautioned him in an undertone not to speak my name aloud. I was off for O'Neill on a delicate piece of work and didn't want my plans to go awry. You can never tell how much interest strangers may have in your affairs.

"Well, we sat together in the smoker and I began to feel that my entry into the enemy's domain would be unheralded. There was not a man in the car, besides my friend, that I could remember having seen before. But at Fremont a man came in the rear door, tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Hello, Simpkins.' I glanced hastily around and failed to detect any pass-

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