

LITTLE ROMANCES.

SHORT STORIES WITH THRILLING CLIMAXES.

A Chicago Judge Takes the Record for Quick Severing of the Conjugal Knot - Happy Ending of One Woman's Drama.



ELDOM has a decree of divorce given rise to so much criticism and comment as Judge Payne's record breaker, in Chicago, the other day, in which he released Nettie Poe Ketcham from the bonds that bound her in matrimony to John B. Ketcham, the millionaire son of Toledo's late multi-millionaire banker. Unprecedented in the history of Cook county's divorce courts was the action of the well known jurist, and the manner in which the proceedings were hurried through fairly took away the breath of all who witnessed them. The bill was filed at 3 o'clock, and 20 minutes later Mrs. Ketcham hurried out of the court room a free woman. In the morning the question of the appointment of a conservator for John B. Ketcham came up on a petition before Judge Kohlsaat. The case was continued. At 3 o'clock a bill for divorce was filed with the clerk of the Superior court, and an immediate hearing was had, which resulted in the decree being granted.

The bill was exceeding brief, containing but one page, and two charges—those of drunkenness and infidelity—were made. The prayer was devoid of all customary red tape. Neither answer nor default was entered in the usual manner, the default being entered in the decree, which was granted 20 minutes later. Although the attorneys for the defense were present, no cross-examination of witnesses was had. Everything was in secret. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ketcham wanted a divorce, and that was all there was to it. Both parties to the suit admitted that there had been a standing offer on the part of the millionaire to give his wife a large sum of money if she would only procure a divorce. He had agreed not to contest such a proceeding should it be instituted. Mrs. Ketcham declares the sum offered was \$100,000, while Ketcham says it was \$167,000. She compromised on \$150,000 and got it. This is not the first time wealthy people have secured divorces in Chicago courts without getting vulgar publicity.

John B. Ketcham is the eldest son of the late Valentine Ketcham of Toledo, Ohio, who died about eight years ago, possessed of an estate approximating \$10,000,000, the largest ever amassed in Toledo. He left three sons and his daughter, besides his widow. The exact amount of the estate was never made public. It was largely in real estate, and John B. Ketcham still holds many valuable pieces of property in that city. Only two years ago he disposed of a valuable tract of land to park commissioners for \$100,000. He married a Miss Granger, who died a few years after. About this time he organized the Ketcham national bank, one of the soundest and most conservative financial institutions in Toledo. His second wife was Nettie Poe, who was a mere school girl at the time of her marriage. She, like her husband, came of a good Toledo family, her father I. N. Poe, being an early settler in the city and a man of considerable wealth. The Ketchams occupied a splendid suite of rooms at the Boody house, Toledo, and in recent years were the leaders of a gay set. Mr. Ketcham and his wife went to Chicago about two years



JOHN B. KETCHAM, ago and took quarters at the Lexington, paying \$1,000 a month for their rooms.

Family Skeleton in Court. Jacob N. Gunst, a wealthy young man, president of the Gunst disinfectant company, of New York, has brought suit against his wife, Elizabeth H. Sheridan Gunst, for absolute divorce on statutory grounds. Mrs. Gunst is a niece of the late Gen. Phil Sheridan and is well connected socially. Her brother is John Sheridan, manager of the New York and Brooklyn brewing company. The action is a sequel to a proceeding brought by Mrs. Gunst against her husband in April, 1895. She charged him with cruelty and inhuman conduct and with the unwarrantable abduction of her two daughters, Florence, aged 7, and Henrietta, aged 5. At the time Mr. Gunst made the allegation that his wife was addicted to drink and was therefore not the proper custodian of her children. After a judicial inquiry the children were sent to a Catholic institution for proper instruction and treatment. It is claimed by the defense that the case is one of conspiracy. Mrs. Gunst's attorneys will attempt to prove that her husband engaged a man to keep watch on her, that this man took a room in the same house where she was stopping; that he

A SOCIETY WOMAN.

MAY BE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION.

Mrs. Alice Ives Breed of Lynn, Mass., is Among the Prominent Candidates for the Honor. Has Two Daughters Also Conspicuous in Socialdom.

MRS. ALICE IVES BREED of Lynn, Mass., is the woman most talked of for the next president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Breed is a woman of fashion. She is also a great traveler, a systematic worker in her intellectual and club life, and, above all, is a devoted mother and homemaker. Mrs. Breed has hosts of admirers in Chicago, gained during her visits to Mrs. H. O. Stone, whom she has known for many years. Her home on the rock bound coast of Massachusetts is rich in evidences of wealth and culture. There the most distinguished men and women in the world of art, music and literature may be met, drawn as they are to the beautiful place by the intelligent sympathy of the gracious hostess. Personally Mrs. Breed is most attractive, combining in her manner the graceful charm of the well bred woman with a simplicity and sincerity and tender her wonderfully engaging. Besides discharging the social duties that fall to her lot Mrs. Breed superintends the education of her five children. Two of them, Miss

Her Love Affected Her Mind. A peculiar case of dementia has developed at Harmony, Ind., which is creating much excitement. Miss Jennie Frazer fell desperately in love with Arthur Walton, a Vandallia telegraph operator, a few months ago, and has permitted her infatuation to develop to such an extent that it has affected her mind, and she is suffering with the hallucination that a number of girls are trying to kidnap him, and she vows she will kill him and any girl she finds in his company. Her actions became so suspicious last week that Walton caused her arrest, and an insanity inquiry was held, but the board having the affair in charge disagreed as to the



ARTHUR WALTON, condition of her mind. She was released, but a watch is being kept over her.

He Died for Love. Dillard Ragland of Texas, who was to have been married in Atlanta, Ga., to Miss Bessie Rosamond Gurley, daughter of Mrs. Julia A. Gurley, a wealthy widow of Dallas, Texas, committed suicide at his rooms in Washington the other day by asphyxiating with gas. Ragland went to the capital to enter government service, but failing to get the promised place accepted a position as messenger in the treasury department. He was 27 years of age and a native of Goliad, Texas. His father is a wealthy professional man of that place. Finding that he would not have sufficient money from his salary as treasury messenger to go to Atlanta for the marriage, Mr. Ragland wrote to his father asking him to advance him a sum sufficient to meet nuptial expenses. The father replied to his son's request, declining to let him have the money, and also seeking to discourage him from entering the marital state. This letter had a depressing effect upon the young man. Already his intended, one of the prettiest girls in Texas, had made elaborate preparations for the ceremony, and was in Atlanta awaiting the coming on Sunday of her affianced. He, on the other hand, had engaged handsome rooms and board in this city for himself and bride. He tried to raise money among his acquaintances in the treasury department, but failed. Mr. Ragland became despondent. He realized that each hour brought the time nearer when he was supposed to meet his affianced at the altar. The thought maddened him, and suicide then suggested itself as the only means of escaping impending shame and humiliation. At night, after joking with his companions, he retired to a small hall room, carefully plugged up all the crevices, turned on the gas and went to bed. His lifeless body was discovered in the morning when he failed to answer the breakfast call. A pathetic feature of the case is the fact that the same day a telegram came to the dead man from his father in Texas stating that the funds for his trip and for his marriage expenses had been placed to his order in a local bank.

Another Girl's Face on His Arm. Attorney C. W. Sparks of Cincinnati is preparing a novel exhibit for the divorce court. He represents Louisa Kelch of Indianapolis, whose husband, Frank Kelch of Addyston, has sued her for a divorce. Mrs. Kelch has filed an answer and cross-petition. She says she left her husband because of his fondness for one Clarissa George. Sparks will cause a rule to issue for Kelch asking that the latter be compelled to appear before Judge Kumler, and bare his arm, upon which Mrs. Kelch says is tattooed a good likeness of the woman in question in a sentimental attitude, and with her name indelibly inserted under the skin, amid a cluster of roses, hearts, cupids and doves. A St. Louis negro swallowed a silver quarter last week and his life is in danger. He should send for Mark Hanna, who can make him cough up the money if anybody can.—Straits (Ill.) Independent Times.

MUST TAKE ROBBERS ALIVE.

Each San Pays No Reward for Dead Postoffice Thieves.

Some very curious cases have been decided by the law department of the postoffice department relating to rewards for the capture of robbers of postoffices. Judge Thomas has just rendered a decision against a claimant at California, Mo., where a postoffice safe was robbed. In such cases the department pays \$200 each for the conviction of the persons engaged in the robbery. There were five persons in the affair, but the authorities had no clue to the men. It happened that the guilty persons were in a saloon some time afterward, and one of the crowd got into a dispute with a farmer. A row ensued in which the farmer shot and killed the man. The other men ran and were captured by other persons, not because they were postoffice robbers, but because they were engaged in the row. It turned out on examination that the man killed was the ringleader and had the bulk of the booty on his person. His death resulted in proving the complicity in the robbery of the four other men. The men who captured the four have been allowed \$500. The farmer made application for \$200, but it is said that, the reward being offered for the "arrest and conviction" of the robbers, he cannot be paid the amount. The dead robber was neither arrested nor convicted of the offense. Judge Thomas said that it was rather hard, but under the law he could do nothing else. He recalled a case in Oklahoma, where there had been a robbery and three notorious desperadoes were pursued, and, after a fierce encounter, one was killed, another mortally wounded and the other captured. The dead robber was the leader and had nearly all the stolen

property on his person. The others were tried and convicted and the wounded man died. The reward of \$100 was paid for the capture of the two, but, although the special agent reported in favor of paying the reward for the dead robber, it was found not to be in accordance with the law and was refused. Postoffice robbers must be taken alive in order to secure rewards.



ALICE IVES BREED.

Alice Breed and Miss Florence Breed are just out in society, and passed a couple of months of last winter in Chicago, where they were the guests of Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Fernando Jones. Mrs. Breed has also given much time to philanthropic and reform work, being the president of several large charitable societies in Boston and Lynn. Since the organization of the General Federation she has been prominently connected with its plans, her general experience in club work making her a valuable counselor in its deliberations. It is this wide experience, together with her unusual executive ability and delightful personality, that has marked her as the strongest candidate for the highest position in the gift of the great Federation of Women's Clubs.

Danger to Pearls. It is pretty generally understood by women who have achieved choice pearl rings that while clear, pure water does not injure the gem, soap and water will soon affect their luster and color, and in time will cause them to peel, or shed an outer coat. This crumbling, however, takes place even when the gems are most carefully treated, and when the tendency is noted the ring or brooch or necklace should be promptly taken to a jeweler. The course of treatment often prescribed by that authority is that of the rest cure. Put it aside in its box, carefully closed from light and air, and a few weeks, or possibly a month or two, of this lying fallow will often entirely restore the original beauty and health of the gem. Why He Was Annoyed. "Sometimes," remarked Methuselah to his favorite great-great-great-great-grandchild, "sometimes I wish I had died young; say, in my sixth or seventh century." "Why, grandpapa?" "Well, it is peculiarly annoying to me to hear my ninety-fourth wife say, 'Is she does every day or two: 'You are certainly old enough to know better.'"—Tit-Bits.

HISTORY OF CRAPS.

ORIGINATED MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Fascinations Peculiarly African Method of Gambling That Is Not Without Its Intricacies Now Prohibited in the Crescent City, and Many Other Places.

IF there is one game to which the Savannah negro is devoted above all others, it is craps, City or country, it is all alike, says the Savannah News. On Sundays the country negroes gather in little groups in the shade of the trees, out of sight of the "big house," and play all day long, or until the wags which they received on Saturday night are gone. In the cities they gather on the wharves, in the corners of warehouses, or any favorable spot out of sight of the "cop" and play for any amount they may possess, from coppers to dollars. The Savannah bootblacks and newsboys, like those of any other city, scamble away their earnings, and many a game is carried on in the lanes, the players often becoming so interested that they lose all thought of the policeman until that worthy appears in their midst and nabs a couple of the players. White boys play the game, too, but negroes of all ages and sizes "shoot" craps. There is only one other game which equals craps in fascination for them, and that is policy, and as policy is more likely to be interfered with by the police, craps has all the advantage. There are fascinations about the game peculiarly African. It is not without its intricacies. The ordinary "come seven, come eleven" plan of the game is simple enough, but if there is a crowd around the players there may be a half-dozen interested in the game and a dozen side bets. How they manage to keep run of the game is a mystery to the ordinary observer, but they do so with unerring accuracy. Fights over craps games are rare. The expressions common to the game are amusing. "New dress for de baby," exclaims one. "See my gal Sunday night," exclaims another. "De little number 2," says one, as that unlucky number shows up. "I eight you," says another, meaning that he bets that that number will not turn up again before the "lucky seven." And so it goes. The city council of New Orleans has just passed a law making the game of craps illegal. It does not matter where it is played, whether in the streets, in the club or at home, craps is especially singled out as the most depraved of gambling games, not to be tolerated anywhere. The game, according to a modern writer, is of New Orleans origin and over 100 years old. Bernard de Marigny who entertained Louis Philippe when he came to Louisiana, and who stood seventy years ago as the head of the creole colony of the state, as its wealthiest and most prominent citizen—he was entitled to call himself Marquis in French—was the inventor or father of craps, and brought it into high favor as the fashionable gambling of the day. When he laid off his plantation, just below the then city of New Orleans—it is now the Third district, but was then the Faubourg Marigny—and divided it into lots, he named one of the principal streets "Craps," and explained that he did so because he had lost the money he received from the lots on that street in this favorite game of his. It remained Craps street until a few years ago, when a protest was raised against such a disreputable name for a very quiet and respectable street, especially given to churches. "The Craps Street Methodist Church" sounded particularly bad. After Bernard Marigny's death craps as a gambling game descended in the social scale and was finally mainly monopolized by negroes and street gamins. Some five or six years ago, however, some Chicagoans who happened to be on the levee in New Orleans were struck by the game as offering novelties to the jaded taste of dice-players and took it home with them. It crept into favor at once in the west, and craps now ranges from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and no well-regulated gambling-house is without a "craps room." But, while it has flourished elsewhere, it has been tabooed in its birthplace. And now, not content with the ordinary laws against all gambling games, the council has declared craps especially prohibited, and not to be played for money even in one's back bedroom with the blinds pulled down in front. A Good Reason. "Can any of you tell me why Lazarus was a beggar?" asked the female teacher. "Why was Lazarus a beggar?" she repeated sternly. "Please, ma'am," replied a small boy whose father was a merchant, "because he didn't advertise."—Chicago Chronicle.

Footed. First Student—"What makes you look so melancholy?" Second Student—"I have been footed. I asked my father to send me 60 marks to pay my tailor and a few days later I received the receipted tailor's bill!"—Fliegende Blaetter. Unless. "Hubly, what in the deuce did you mean by letting that note I inclosed for you go to protest?" "Why, man, there was no other way unless I paid the thing!"—Detroit Free Press.

THE "BLUE PETER" IN WHIST.

Meca of All Players of the New School.

There is a house in London which should be the mecca of all whist players who believe in the new school and the "information" game, a shrine before which they should bow respectfully as the fountain head of all that is modern in the game, says the Monthly Illustrator. This is 87 St. James street, and it is within sight of Marlborough house. Its fame rests chiefly on the fact that it was at one time known as Graham's club, and that within its walls Lord Henry Bentinck first introduced the "blue peter," or signal for trumps, which consists of playing a higher card before a lower when no attempt is made to win the trick. That signal has been to the whist players of the world like the pillar of fire to the children of Israel. For more than forty years it has led them up and down in the wilderness of arbitrary convention, but it has never brought them to the promised land of better whist. The blue peter was the introduction to whist of a purely arbitrary signal or convention, and its seed has spread like a thistle, until it has entirely overrun the old game of "calculation, observation, position and tenace," leaving in its place long suits, American leads, plain-suit echoes, four signals and directive discards. These seem to have choked up all the dash, brilliancy, and individuality in our whist players, reducing them all to the same level—not by increasing the abilities of the tyro, but by curtailing the skill of the expert.

MATCH BOXES FOR GIRLS. Another of Man's Prerogatives Seized Upon by the New Woman. Until this year the match box has been the unquestioned, exclusive property of man, says the New York Journal. Never once did he think of such a thing as the fairer sex borrowing it. He may have had a presentment of her laying claim to his necktie, but his matchbox—never. But the bicycle girl, who makes whatever she wants possible, has now laid siege to man's matchbox. If she contemplates riding at night she needs matches to light her lamp, and necessarily she must carry them in a matchbox. That is the reason that there are any number of new match boxes this year which are smaller and more dainty than anything in this line seen before. "Do girls buy them?" a prominent jeweler was asked. To which question he answered: "Yes, indeed. The smaller sizes are made particularly for their special use." The prettiest of the new match boxes for girls are of gold with an enameled decoration. The enameling either takes the form of a college or yacht club flag or it resembles a hand-painted miniature showing a girl on a wheel or the head of a dog. Many of these matchboxes are made with a concealed recess for a photograph. It is only when a certain spring is touched that the picture can be seen so skillfully is it hidden away. The silver matchboxes, decorated with the outline of a tiny bicycle in enamel, are also new and much less expensive.

Numbers Do Not Count in a War for Independence. All history teaches that in a war for independence superiority in numbers does not count. For instance, the little republic of Switzerland, surrounded by kingdoms and empires in arms, won its independence upward of six hundred years ago, and is independent today, yet it has, and has always had, only an army of militia. The little principality of Montenegro has been fighting the Turks since the fall of Constantinople, even before the discovery of America. The Dutch republic, and Scotland under Wallace and Bruce, and Prussia under Frederick II, in the Seven Years' War, and America in the Revolution, all succeeded with greater odds of numbers against them than were opposed to the seceding states. And today Cuba, with only a million and a half of population, seems to be successfully fighting Spain with nearly twenty millions. No; in a war for independence numbers do not count, and it has not often happened in the history of the world that a people who have fought with such desperate valor as the Confederates displayed have failed to win independence.—"Why the Confederacy failed," by Duncan Rice in the November Century.

She Was Not Silly. The just-engaged girl was telling the other girls all about "it," or more properly, "him." "Yes," she said, "I'm very much in love, I know, but not in the blind, silly, illogical way that most girls are. I'm not so far gone but what I can see that he has defects—oh, lots of them—both in looks and character. I'm able to regard him, thank goodness! from a perfectly impartial and dispassionate standpoint." After which the just-engaged girl proceeded to go into detail. According to her "impartial, dispassionate" state-

s, lines, g boards, Clothes bar, mercus to mention. BROS. ↵