

BRIDESMAIDS' OPEN REVOLT

They Object to Dresses Planned for Them by Miss Breesse.

THEY ARE GLAD THE BRIDE WON

Novelty of Costumes Worn Make Quite a Hit at the Wedding of Lord Alastair Innesker—Triumph of American Girl.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—(Special.)—There is rarely a wedding in London without a difference of opinion among the bride and bridesmaids as to the burning question of the latter's frocks. The recent marriage of Miss Anne Breesse to Lord Alastair Innesker was no exception only in this case the trouble waxed more serious than usually happens. A week before October 19 two of the bridesmaids threatened to give up their all important duty if the bride-elect did not come round to their way of thinking. But Miss Breesse, that was, proved herself worthy of the occasion and with American spirit emphatically declined to alter her decision in regard to either the color or the style of the beautiful frocks upon which she had set her heart for her attendants.

In the selection the bride proved herself extremely original, for they were decidedly novel. One of the bridesmaids objected especially to the long floating veil from the hair. This was really the most chic addition and gave a most definite and picturesque effect. The Granny muffs instead of bouquets were another bone of contention, but in regard to this, too, the bride carried the day.

The beautiful point d'Alencon lace which the bride's dress was trimmed with was historic. It was said to have belonged to Josephine, the Comtesse de Paris, mother of the Duke of Orleans, one of the pretenders to the French throne, tried to purchase it to trim the gown of her daughter's bridal robe, but Mrs. Higgins offered for it a "fancy" price and secured it. Thus once more American dollars triumphed over royalty.

Lady Orford Much Improved. Lady Orford, who has been in poor health for a long time, has improved greatly during her stay at Margate. She was about the only aristocratic visitor at this resort of the cockney during the holidays, but her doctors insisted that its magic air was the only thing that would benefit her. And it did, despite the fact that she was bored to death, for the place was over-run with excursionists from London.

Her girl, Lady Dorothy Walpole, is a great success socially. She has all her mother's brightness and a good deal of the Walpole talent. Just lately some dull and stately house parties in Scotland have been softened by her wit and vivacity, for she has been paying a series of visits in the north with her father.

The family are now at Wotton Park, Norfolk, where they are to remain until the end of the shooting season. The responsibility of hostess is taken over by Lady Dorothy, as her mother is not yet strong enough to be overtaxed with many duties of the kind. Lady Dorothy is very anxious to accompany Lady Orford to America, but whether she will do so is not yet definitely settled.

Mrs. Mackay is living very quietly at her beautiful flat in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. She intends to make it her headquarters all through the winter. Not only because she is in mourning, but through a natural desire to be quiet she has, for a considerable time, been living in great retirement, practically seeing none but intimate friends and relations. She now considers society with a big "S" a bore and she has intimacies that she never wants to return to it. She was never seen in London during last season, all her time being spent at a beautiful old house at Hawkhurst in Kent, which has a perfect rose garden. Her particular friends visited her there and both Countess Telfener and Princess Colonna stayed for a considerable time with her.

Overtures of Fortune Hunters. Never for a moment has the idea of remarriage entered into the mind of the widow of the "Silver King," but that has not saved her from the overtures of fortune hunters and others. Like Mrs. Potter Palmer she, too, receives proposals by post during breakfast, luncheon and dinner. Such advances amuse Mrs. Potter Palmer, who has a keen sense of humor, while they thoroughly annoy Mrs. Mackay, who regards them as impertinences.

At all times an earnest Catholic, of late Mrs. Mackay has become more devout than ever. She never fails to attend morning mass, while most of her spare time is spent embroidering beautiful handwork for the church. She is one of the few secular people who have the privilege of keeping up a regular correspondence with the present pope.

The talk of society for days has been the snub given by Miss Alice Rothschild, the chaperone of an immense estate in Buckingham, to the king's forces while they were manoeuvring in the country. She refused to allow the troops on her property. The royal command was peculiarly bad grace from her since she is of alien stock and the Rothschilds have accumulated much of their vast wealth in this country.

King Very Sensitive. The king is peculiarly sensitive to a snub, but nevertheless he will never permit a misunderstanding. He is known among his friends for the determination to "have it out," so he wrote to Miss Rothschild for an explanation, which was in no sense derogatory to his dignity, her family having always been on terms of the greatest intimacy with the king.

The reply was sharp and bitter and as indiscreet as it is only possible for a

Two Prominent Figures in the Public Eye of Europe



RT. REV. JOHN SHEEPSHANKS, Bishop of Norwich, Who Proposes to Sell Bishops' Palaces and Put the Money Secured in the Fund to Pay Better Salaries to Clergy. PRINCESS LOUISE OF FRANCE, Sister of the Pretender, Whose Impending Wedding Has Again Called Public Attention to the Family.

woman to be who feels she has a slight to avenge. She pointed out that the property belonged to her and that she had the right to prohibit trespass upon it. She objected to war on principle and, therefore, to soldiers. Furthermore, she objected to having her grounds littered with the rubbish which soldiers camping out invariably leave behind them.

The truth was Miss Rothschild was glad of an opportunity of resenting the attitude of the king, then Prince of Wales when, one morning while visiting her late brother at Waddesdon Manor in 1886 he tripped on the polished floor and broke his knee cap, the occasion bringing forth from the sufferer the remark, "Oh, these stupid polished floors. Why will people have them?" It is so silly.

This remark so worried her brother for years afterwards that Miss Alice never forgave the king.

Lord Curzon's Future. The late Lady Curzon's sisters rally round their brother-in-law and fly to his assistance on all points more especially domestic.

They are keenly anxious that he should remain a widower, which is in a way human enough if selfish, for so devoted and proud were they of "Mary" that they dread the thought of a successor to her. Mrs. Letter has been known to say that she believes if "George" were to marry again she would lose her reason. Since the death of Lady Curzon, Lord Curzon has scarcely ever been without some of his wife's mummy residing with him or he with them. It was Lady Suffolk who superintended all the decorations and arranging of his new house. She engaged the housekeeper and servants and saw that the new governess for her little nieces was all that she should be. In every other part of the house she saw that there were photographs of her dead sister, while the tables in Lord Curzon's private rooms she literally covered with them. Lord Curzon worshipped his late wife and by all accounts his memory is very sacred to him, but people who know the Letters best say they are going the wrong way to keep him a widower, their very attitude being considered sufficient to drive him to contemplate matrimony for the second time, if only for the sake of opposition. Lord Curzon is a man with too fine a sense of the fitness of things to remarry soon, but that he will do so when a decent interval has elapsed is pretty generally believed. Even now it is well known he admires "someone," but I hasten to say she is not an American. LADY MARY.

LONDON UNDERGROUND CRASH

First Passenger Killed in History of Road After Installation of New Signals.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—Three persons were killed and a dozen injured this morning in a rear-end collision at the West Hampstead station of the Metropolitan underground railroad. The rear train, it appears, ran past the signals in a fog and crashed into a train standing at the station.

This is the first accident of the kind since the London lines were electrified, when a system of electric signaling was installed, which the company claimed would absolutely preclude the possibility of such a catastrophe. It is also said to be the first accident resulting in the death of a passenger, although 800,000,000 people have been carried since the opening of the road.

GENERAL STRIKE IN HAVANA

Plans Have Been Made to Inaugurate Movement, Beginning on Monday.

HAVANA, Oct. 25.—In labor circles, where great unrest has prevailed for some weeks, the statement is made that plans have been made to inaugurate a general strike on Monday next. The railroad strike shows little change. The officials complain of the police protection and declare that loyal employees are openly intimidated.

SALE OF BISHOPS' PALACES

English Prelate Startles Dignitaries of Established Church.

PROPOSITION TO HELP CURATES

Venerable Churchman Believes that the Present System Works Injustice to Poor Clergymen.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—(Special.)—On the same day that the cables flashed over from America the story of the tennis match between the Bishop of London and President Roosevelt, Dr. Sheepshanks, the bishop of Norwich, started the English Episcopal world by proposing that the bishops' palaces should be sold and the money thus made and saved he suggested should be used for the relief of the poorer clergy.

If you can imagine a member of congress proposing that the salaries of representatives should be cut down if Standard Oil magnate advocating an income tax, or a presidential election campaign manager suggesting that contributions from rich corporations should be rejected, you can form some idea of the sensation created among the prelates of the established church by Dr. Sheepshanks's proposition. For the great majority of the right reverend fathers in God of the English Episcopacy cling to the substantial abodes with quite as much fervor as do the devotees of Mammon to pursuit of wealth.

Gain in Spiritual Power.

And on the next day, at the church congress over which he presided, Dr. Sheepshanks further emphasized how much he differs from most of the spiritual peers by discussing the question of disestablishment, expressing the opinion that the church would really gain in spiritual and moral power if it were separated from the state and made dependent on its own resources. He even dared to view with equanimity the prospects of a House of Lords with no bishops to help them answer the "vox populi" with a defiant "no." All of which shows that Dr. John Sheepshanks is quite an exceptional type of an Anglican bishop.

He looks it, too. He is 72 years old, tall and straight, with a long white beard and a face that might serve as a model for that of an apostle. He is the only bishop in the church who was ever a missionary, a fact which in itself indicates that a life of hardship and self-denial is not one which is apt to lead to an episcopal palace. As a missionary Dr. Sheepshanks led both the simple and the strenuous life. His campaigns of conversion have taken him among gold miners and Red Indians, to the sacred cities of Mongolia, and the innermost haunts of the Mormons in Salt Lake City.

Referring to these arduous times at a practical gathering he once said: "If any lady here wants a lesson in simple cookery—how to make flapjacks or cook bacon—let her come to me and I will teach her. It was said of a certain king that he was fit to be a king because he had blacked his own boots, and taking that reasoning I am more fit to be a bishop than anyone here. I will tell you why—because I have cobbled my own boots and mended my own breeches, and I have known, when a missionary, what it is to sleep on the ground for months at a stretch without even a blanket to lie upon."

Missionary Labors.

It was in 1859 he began his missionary labors in British Columbia, where he remained for several years. A small boy was once sent to his house there to deliver

a message. He found a man sweeping out the house and hidden in a cloud of dust. "Can I see the parson?" he asked. "Yes," said the sweeper, sweeping harder than ever, "I am the parson."

While a missionary to the Caribou Indians he went among the miners—a claim not usually susceptible to appeals from "sky-pilots"—to seek funds to build a church. He got enough good dust from them to erect a substantial structure, but they always boasted that no other man could have got it out of them.

On another occasion a smallpox epidemic broke out in an Indian settlement and the future bishop turned public vaccinator with such beneficial results that his fame was forever established among them as a powerful "medicine man." A lanceet which was broken on the arm of an Indian chief is among the treasures of the Episcopal palace at Norwich.

When traveling through the United States he visited Salt Lake City. There he naturally ran across Brigham Young. So great an impression did he make on the Mormon leader that he was actually invited to deliver a sermon to the latter day saints. "If you want me to be one of several speakers merely," said the bishop, "I must decline." Then Brigham Young made another appeal. He says that if the church would permit him to give up the palace and live in a smaller residence he would willingly submit to a reduction of \$5,000 or even \$7,500 in his pay. The money thus saved, he suggests, might go to the relief of the multitudes of impecunious clerical laborers.

For \$20 a year or less he could get a house in Norwich that would be quite big enough to satisfy the needs of a man whose sacred office demands that he should wage war against worldly pomp and vanity. Then if \$7,500 a year were sliced off his salary he would still be better off than before, though nobody who knows Dr. Sheepshanks would venture to suggest that his object in advocating the reform is to put money in his own pocket.

Palace Has Been Expensive.

Dr. Sheepshanks gets \$22,500 a year. When he was appointed to his see in 1883 he had to spend \$15,000 in fixing up his palace, and it has since cost him \$12,500 a year to maintain. He says that if the church would permit him to give up the palace and live in a smaller residence he would willingly submit to a reduction of \$5,000 or even \$7,500 in his pay. The money thus saved, he suggests, might go to the relief of the multitudes of impecunious clerical laborers.

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But it is significant that the English newspapers gave much more prominence to the Bishop of London's game of tennis with the president of the United States than to the bishop of Norwich's proposal that the prelates of the Established church should be deprived of their sumptuous dwellings and housed like ordinary folk. Because Dr. Ingram's tennis match represents "something attempted, something done," and there is no likelihood that Dr. Sheepshanks' reform will ever be attempted for years to come and then, it is sure to be opposed by a majority of the lords spiritual.

None of the other thirty-two palace-housed bishops have arisen to second Dr. Sheepshanks's motion. The archbishop of Canterbury, who gets \$75,000 a year, lives in the stately old palace at Lambeth, and when he visited the United States, toured the country in a luxurious Pullman car under the guidance of that great apostle of wealth, J. Pierpont Morgan, preserves a discreet silence on the subject. If Dr. Ingram were here he might champion Dr. Sheepshank's proposition, for Dr. Ingram has said that he would rather live in an unpretentious flat than in his own lordly episcopal residence, Fulham Palace.

FRENCH PRETENDER'S SISTER

Great Preparations Are Being Made for Her Marriage.

PRINCESS LOUISE VERY PRETTY

Her Prospective Husband, Prince Charles of Bourbon, is a Sensible Man—Royal Game.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—(Special.)—Great preparations are making at Wood Norton, the duke of Orleans' country seat in Worcestershire, for the marriage of his sister, Princess Louise, to Prince Charles of Bourbon, early in November. The ceremony is to be carried out in royal style, without the omission of a single trill, for the duke is a great stickler for fictitious dignity. He, as everybody knows, one of the pretenders to the throne of France. In his own estimation, he is King Louis Philippe VIII of France, "by divine right." The fact that the French people decline to seek their political salvation by summoning him to the throne is a mere detail, which does not count. He assumes all the airs of a reigning monarch.

Prince Charles, or "Carig," as he is called in Spain, has been a widower for three years. His first wife, whom he married in 1901, was the Infanta Maria, a sister of the present King Alfonso of Spain, and at that time the heiress presumptive to the throne. Had anything happened to Alfonso she stood "next" for the crown. The marriage caused a deuce of a shindy. The Spanish folk were dead set against it, because Prince Charles was a prominent member of the opposition royal house of Don Carlos. His father, Count Caserta, was at the time under sentence of imprisonment and barred from Spanish territory. But the lovers won the queen round to their side and by pluck and persistence she carried the business through despite the opposition of people and Parliament. The marriage was celebrated on the accomplishment of martial law in Madrid and street rioting. Despite

its stormy beginning, it turned out a happy marriage for the three brief years that it lasted.

Prince Charles Sensible. There will be no rows or rioting over this second wedding of his, for English folk take only a sentimental interest in royal marriages. Prince Charles might be something in the pretender line himself if he were not too sensible a fellow to take a hand in that game. He is said by some to be the grandson of Louis XVII, whom vulgar historians made to die in his prison of the temple at the age of 11. That was obviously too young for the purpose of succession, and upholders of the dynasty declare that he did not really die until 1845, and that the boy who died in prison was a weak and sickly youth who had been substituted for the young prince. Prince Charles is a good looking fellow and his features certainly bear a strong resemblance to the portraits of the sixteenth Louis.

His father, the count of Caserta, has a better claim to consider himself a king by divine right than has the duke of Orleans. There would be no quibble about his title of king of the Two Sicilies and of Jerusalem but for the accident that the states over which his forefathers ruled were annexed and included in United Italy. Among legitimists he ranks as one of the European monarchs out of a job.

Princess Louise is the fourth sister of the duke of Orleans, his other sisters being Queen Amelie of Portugal, the duchess of Aosta and the duchess of Guise. In society papers she is usually described as a fine type of patrician beauty. That may be so, but as a matter of fact she would stand no show in a beauty contest in which plebeians were not barred. However, one hears none but good reports about her, and she has kept aloof from all the plots and intrigues with which her brother is associated. At one time she was persistently spoken of as the future bride of King Alfonso. If there was ever anything in that rumor it has not prevented her from becoming quite chummy with the woman who cut her out. She and Queen Eugenie were much together in Madrid last year and made many excursions together.

Architecturally, Wood Norton, the duke of Orleans' residence, does not amount to much. It is just a large modern country

house of ordinary type, built of red brick with stone dressings. But here the duke surrounds himself with all the etiquette and ceremony of a reigning monarch. The duchess never stirs without a maid of honor in attendance upon her, and the duke's gentleman-in-waiting is usually a French weaver of the strawberry leaves.

The estate is some 10,000 acres in extent. It is as zealously guarded as William Waldorf Astor's domain at Hever Castle in Kent. It is surrounded by a specially made wire netting of so fine a mesh that not even a weasel could crawl through. The netting is further fortified by a barbed wire fence. At every coil of vantage where views of the estate might be obtained, tall corrugated iron sheets have been erected. All this does not tend to make the duke popular in the country round about, but it conveys an instructive object lesson as to the sort of ruler the duke would make if he should ever succeed in getting himself crowned king of France.

He was born in England in 1869 and has passed most of his life in this country—his parents, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, having found an asylum here when France fled them—and the royal family were very nice to him. Therefore English people regarded it as an act of black ingratitude when in 1906 he wrote a letter to the notorious cartoonist, Willette, congratulating him on a vile caricature of Queen Victoria. France at that time being afflicted with a fit of Angliophobia. The king, then prince of Wales, demanded an explanation of him. He wrote denying the whole affair. Willette thereupon published the facsimile of the duke's congratulatory letter to himself. That proved the duke to be a liar as well as an ingrate. He was expelled from all the London clubs of which he was a member and cut by everybody in society.

He found it convenient to leave England for some years after that. The king declined to invite him to his coronation. But King Edward is an uncommonly good-natured man and never bears malice. So in response to urgent appeals from the duke's wife and relatives he pardoned the ingrate and last year received him at Buckingham palace. It is said that he may even attend the wedding.

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Mineral Waters

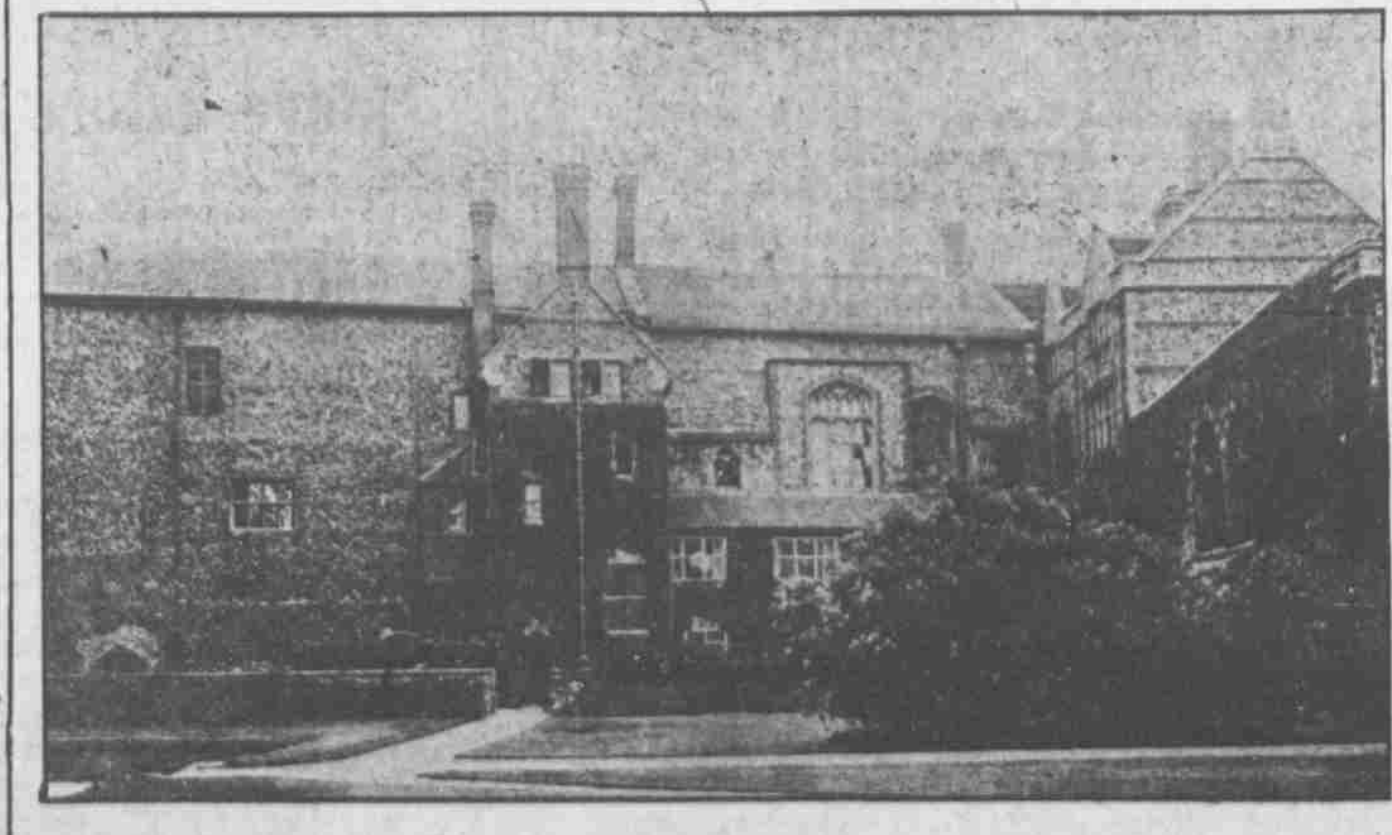
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BISHOP OF NORWICH'S PALACE. It Costs the Bishop \$18,000 a Year to Maintain His State Here and He is Willing to Take Less and Give Half His Salary to the Poorer Clergy.