

WANTED, PEER ASSON-IN-LAW

J. J. Van Alen, Expatriated Millionaire, is on Lookout.

LITTLE LIKELIHOOD OF MATCH

King Edward Detects Cheating at Bridge at Country House and Cuts Short His Visit There.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special.)—During the recent holidays the duke of Leinster was presented to the Van Alens at a country house in Yorkshire. The story is going the rounds that Van Alen paid handsomely for the introduction which accounts for the fact that I am not permitted to mention the house wherein the meeting took place.

Little Effort to Dress.

Miss Van Alen, who was presented at court last year, is by no means a girl, but like the typical American girl she has charm. She might improve herself if she dressed well, but amazing to relate she is not especially fond of frocks and she has but a poor taste in hats.

Mr. Van Alen is literally shoveling out money on Rushmore hall, his princely seat near Kettering in Northamptonshire. He intends to make it the most sumptuous place in England. The importance of this house may be realized when it is understood that in the early sixties it came near being bought instead of Rushmore for the present king, then prince of Wales.

Notwithstanding all rumors to the contrary, bridge is still the game of the hour. In fact, it is more popular than ever. Cheating at bridge has become a fine art and all sorts of dodges are resorted to for bringing off the spoils.

The night after his loss he refused to play bridge, a practically unheard-of action on his part and much comment was caused by the fact. Next morning he left the house. When he was sent a list of guests of which to approve, before a hostess invites them, it may be taken as a foregone conclusion that the names of the man and woman in question—two very prominent individuals in the best set—will be enthusiastically cut out.

Wherever Winston, Mrs. George West's son, goes his luggage includes half a dozen cases of oxygen, which is administered to him from time to time when his heart gives out. Talk of your American rufflers! Winston Churchill has worked ten times harder than half a dozen of them put together, with the result that he has used up his vitality and the machinery of his body in a manner which is almost tragic in a man of his age.

The income which Winston inherits from his late father is a mere song, and Lady "Handy," his mother, is much too fond of her young husband to put him on short commons for her son's sake. The result is that Winston Churchill has to make his own living and is entirely dependent for his income on his salary as under secretary for the colonies and what he makes by writing. But his is a most strenuous work and he is never happy unless at work. His mother's ambition for him is that he may be prime minister, and if his health holds out that ambition bids fair to be realized some day.

Rev. Everard Digby Takes Up New Role in England



REV. EDWARD DIGBY REFERRING A BOXING MATCH.

COVENTRY, Jan. 25.—(Special.)—Not since Coventry was rent in twain over the burning question of how much or how little clothes "La Milo" should wear when she impersonated Lady Godiva in his historic pageant has this ancient town had such a sensation as has been created by a new curate, Rev. Everard Digby. Some three months ago he was given charge of St. Michael's mission and since then things have been happening, the like of which, declare the "unwed" gals, "was never before witnessed in a place of worship."

Mr. Digby has turned a one-time Baptist chapel into a combined church, gymnasium, smoking hall and pugilistic arena. He has made himself the terror of the conventionally pious and the idol of the shuns. He is all things to all men. He eats, drinks and smokes with publicans and sinners and is ready at any moment to discuss religion with the most learned theologians. He referees a boxing contest or presides over a mothers' meeting with equal ardor and enthusiasm. He has his own ideas about the saving of souls and is as indifferent to criticism as to his own great revivalist and erstwhile hero of the base ball field, Rev. "Billy" Sunday.

It was in January, 1905, that he "got religion" at a mission meeting in a Worcestershire village and decided to become a minister of the gospel, but outstanding contracts prevented him putting himself in training for holy orders until the end of the year. In less than nine months he satisfied his ecclesiastical preceptors that he was a fit and proper person to undertake the saving of souls, but he speedily made it evident that it was from his knowledge of the world, the flesh and the devil, and not from his theological studies, that he obtained his inspiration as to the methods that would prove most effective with the masses.

I called upon him at the Mission House for an interview. I received a welcome that smote me like a powerful nor'wester. can set par excellence the most important political hostess in the liberal cause.

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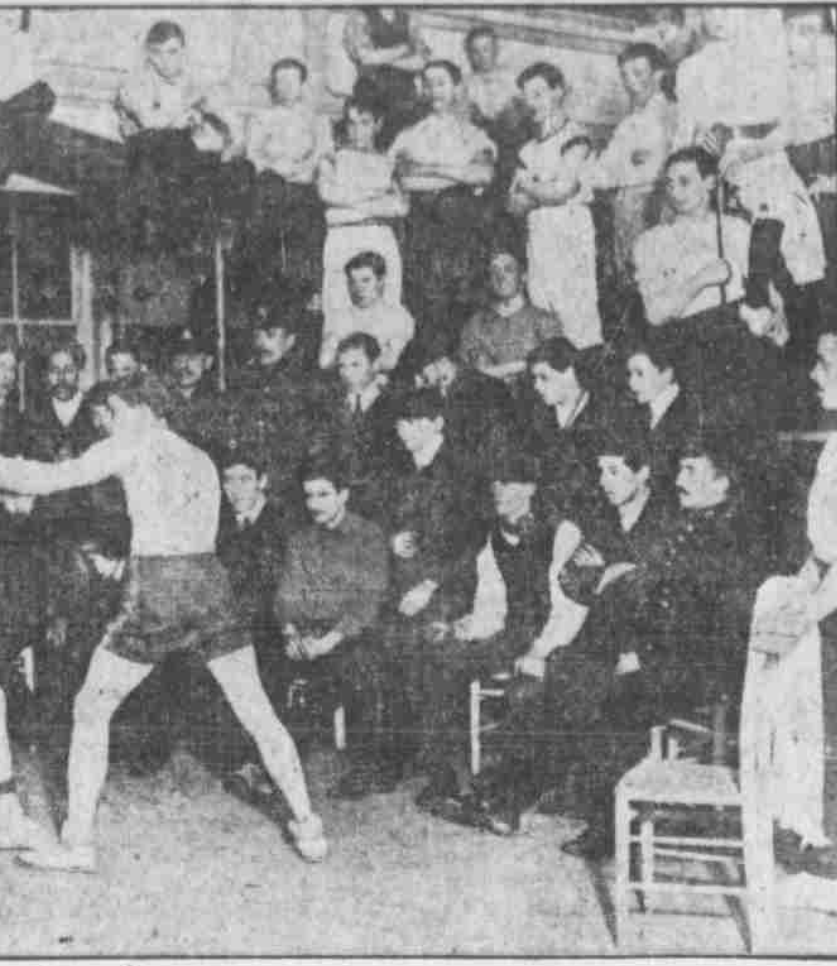
Chinese Suppress Piracy. English Admiral Satisfied Native Government Will Take Due Precautions.

PEKING, Jan. 25.—(Special.)—The revolution has been suppressed. Jean Jureaux, the leader of the movement, was captured at Deshaimes a little harder than at Gonaves, and was at once shot to death by the government troops that made him prisoner. Gonaves has been occupied by a government force.

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I was whisked into a sitting room, hustled into a study and plumped into a chair to the accompaniment of a loud, cheerful voice that boomed at me in lusty cadence. When I recovered from the vigor of my reception I looked upon my host and saw a stalwart, muscular figure surmounted by a healthy, smiling face beaming with enthusiasm and good nature. He dropped into a chair with a vigor that threatened its stability and swinging round said: "What do you want to know? Boxing in church? Smoking at service? Shocking? That is what they say about us, isn't it?"

"What I want to know is what you say about it," I fenced. "What is your scheme?" "My scheme is based on the fact that all men are brothers, and ought to know each other as such, and my aim is to bring my people together under congenial and sociable surroundings."

He conducted me over the mission, to see the alterations that had been made by the "new management." The whole body of the large meeting room, with the exception of a screened recess at one end, behind which stood the altar, had been turned into a gymnasium, with trapezes vaulting horses, Indian clubs, boxing gloves and the rest of the usual outfit for muscular culture.

On Sundays we clear out all the paraphernalia, he said, "and have the church. On week days it is the gymnasium and we have some rattling good boxing contests, too, to fill in with. I am a bit handy with the gloves myself, but refereeing is my principal role now when the manly art gets all lining."

He pointed out a billiard table to me. "There used to be a billiard table where it stands," he said. "But," he added regretfully, "it was not big enough to be turned into a swimming bath and I could make no use of it."

At Mr. Digby's invitation I accompanied him to a dinner he was giving "at a jolly old pub" to the working men who had crossed such a striking transformation in the Baptist chapel. Flung open the door of the public house smoke room, he burst upon a company. "Now then, you boozers," he called out, "who says dinner?"

"What'll you have, old man?" (This to me.) "I'm having a whisky and bitters."

No Stint on Appetite. I joined him in a drink and then we adjourned upstairs. From the very beginning he was the life and soul of the party.

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POLAND'S VERSATILE GENIUS

Stanislas Wyspianski Keeps Death at Bay to Finish Work.

BRILLIANT PLAYS PRODUCED. Attacked by Fatal Disease, He Managed to Accomplish Much in Short Time He Lived.

WARSAW, Jan. 25.—(Special.)—Death has just laid its hand upon a remarkable man whom competent critics have declared to be the most versatile genius Poland has produced in a century. He died at the age of 35, before his work was half done. Poet, painter, dramatist and sculptor, Stanislas Wyspianski painted a masterpiece at 25, wrote another at 26 and gave more literature to the world in the last decade of his life than the author of "Quo Vadis" in a life-time.

His life history is as strange as his talents were great and varied. Born in the old world town of Cracow, where Poland's history is written on every stone and Italian architects have laid their mark on every house, he grew up amongst traditions and things beautiful. The son of a sculptor, he began to work with his chisel. But he worked with his brain as well as his hands and the thought of the foreign yoke under which his people groaned weighed heavily upon him.

His health began to fail him. Then in Cracow began a movement amongst the Bohemians to get away from the hysterical women of their class. Artists, poets and sculptors married peasant women—healthy, serene, ignorant. The new race which sprang from these unions they believe is destined to liberate Poland. Wyspianski was sufficiently attracted by the movement to have his peasant woman. Her coarse ideas and shrewish tongue grated against his delicate nature, but before he was 35 she bore him a son. Other children followed and finally he married her.

A fatal disease, his enemies say the result of desipation, now made its appearance. The doctors said he could not live long, especially as his lungs were also attacked. He said he had much to do before he died and began to write his first masterpiece, a play called "The Warsaw Woman."

He was very poor, and painted pictures, glass windows, madonnas, pastels, altars, and restored medieval work as few people nowadays know how, for a mere pittance. But in 1901 his three-act drama, "The Wedding," placed him high in public esteem and caused him to be acknowledged as the greatest writer of Poland during the last century. Beauty of language, Dantean strength, immense dramatic effect, a portrayal of the events of every-day life, blended with an exhibition of the supernatural, he worked into a play which only a master hand could save from melodrama, and, in saving it, produce an effect that keeps its audience spellbound and breathless. Many other pieces followed this "Wedding," including "Deliverance," "Holestas the Bold," "Casmir the Great," "Leivel," "The Rock" and several plays and poems built after the Greek model.

Many times he was at the point of death and many times his strong spirit, which said he must work, triumphed over the pain-wracked, diseased body. His great grief, some months before his death, was that he lost the power over the fingers of his right hand and could no longer paint. But he made a doctor fix a pencil to his bandages and wrote. The proofs of his last drama, "Judges," were corrected in this way for publication in book form, a couple of weeks before his death.

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MYSTERY OF IRISH REGALIA

Investigation Again Brings Disappearance into Prominence.

PROMINENT OFFICIAL IMPLICATED. Police Satisfied Jewels Are in Safe Keeping—Parliamentary Party Funds Are Low in Treasury.

DUBLIN, Jan. 25.—(Special.)—The sensation caused by the disappearance of the Irish crown jewels from a safe in the office of Sir Arthur Vicars, the Ulster king at arms, in Dublin castle, on the eve of the king's visit to Ireland last July has been revived by the appointment of a commission consisting of two Irish and one English magistrates to inquire into the circumstances of the disappearance, and the appointment has given rise to a fresh crop of rumors concerning what has long ceased to be a mystery to those "in the know."

It is an open secret in Dublin that the jewels, which are worth £200,000, have been found in the shop of a London pawnbroker, and that they had found their way on more than one occasion previously to the same place, returning each time when a certain official has succeeded in "raising the wind."

When the facts became known to the authorities the resignation of the official in question was demanded, with the promise that nothing more would be said about the matter. The official refused to resign on the ground that to do so would be an admission of guilt and he was then informed that he would be dismissed. He replied that if he was dismissed he would at once publish all the correspondence on the subject of the crown jewels and other matters concerning the castle policy, which was in his possession. He has not yet been dismissed and one theory of the appointment of the commission is that it is designed to force his hand, and that if he resigns in time the matter may still be conveniently forgotten.

The Sinn Fein organization has devised an excellent plan for raising funds, which are to be devoted to the publication of a daily newspaper to advocate Sinn Fein principles. The idea is credited to Sir Thomas Gratton Remond, who was deposed by the parliamentarians from the position of chairman of the National Council of County Councils, because of his advocacy of the new movement.

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