Some people seem to think that loud (alk makes a sound argument.

When a man claims he won a "moral" victory it means he has had the stuffing licked out of him.

If every newspaper would advise men to vote the way they want to less advice would be wasted.

In spite of the craze for public office, It would take a whole lot to induce any one to become Czar of Russia.

Father Edward may find it necessary to take little Newfoundland across his knee and administer a good spanking. A New York girl typist wrote 2,467

words in half an hour. It goes without saying that another girl did the dictating. Occasionally a woman dyes her hair

red, but if a man was to do a thing like that he would be confined in a padded cell. One nice thing about betting on election is that when you win you can

brag about it, and when you lose you can keep still. Native Italians are angry at their government's purchase of American

in inventing the peanut. As between the king of Anam and the Count de Castellane it will have to be admitted the latter's methods

steel. Alas, they forget our kindness

Inasmuch as all Englishmen are good pedestrians, members of parliament do not mind walking six or eight blocks to avoid meeting a woman suffragist.

were a shade more reflued.

Gorky characterizes New York City as "loathsome." It must be admitted that New York society seemed decidedly loath to open its doors to Mr. Gorky.

If these matrimonial rumors really are so annoying to George Ade he knows what he can do in order to make sure of avoiding future annoyance of

Mrs. Eddy did all that she could be expected to do to correct the report that she was dead. She announced as emphatically as a weak woman could that the story was not true.

An English woman says that women make much better bankers than men. That may be true. Did you ever know a man to borrow money from his wife and escape paying it back less than seven or eight times?

Owing to the general prosperity and for other good and sufficient reasons there is to be a material advance in the wages of railway employes. The sleeping car porters will expect a generous public to see that they get their share of the increased prosperity.

Folk who live along the rural free delivery routes and have seen the carrier trudge over heavy roads through bad weather will approve the recent gift of an automobile to a New Jersey carrier. It will help the postman and at the same time speed the delivery of mail. Nevertheless, one cannot herp asking whether a carrier's modest salary will pay the running expenses of a gasoline gig.

The great British battleship Dreadnought, which was tested at sea the other day, developed a speed, according to unofficial announcement, of nearly twenty-two and a half knots an hour, and maintained for eight hours an average speed of twenty-one and a half knots. This makes it the fastest battleship affoat. The ship is equipped with turbine engines, which now seem to have vindicated themselves beyond any doubt.

Balloons belonging to the military transport department of the German army engaged in a race with automobiles the other day. The balloons were supposed to be carrying dispatches, and the automobiles were supposed to belong to an enemy which desired to get possession of the dispatches. The automobile, to win the contest, had to two sons of Sir William Cavendish. reach the balloon within a few minutes of the time it came to earth. The balloons won in almost every instance. netwithstanding the attempt of an automobile to climb a tree in an effort to reach the balloon.

The unapproachable north pole has been a nuisance about long enough. It has caused innumerable chilbiains. bronchitis and disappointments, much popular boredom and not a few deaths, to say nothing of the financial waste. Nobody gets there, for by the time a fellow comes within something like 200 miles of it the hardship has turned him into another sort of man-the sort that reneges. This may go on indefinitely unless we find a way to cut it short, and that isn't easy. It has recently been suggested that if someone should absent himself for a while and then come back and say he had climbed the pole the agony would abute. Science would overhaul his data and find lacome in it. The search for the pole would be renewed. Besides there's the south pole. Divert attention from the netic quest and you encourage the antarctic quest-which is by far more bothersome and nucomfortable and in-

Two or three weeks ago a stock exchange canard had it that Russia had defaulted upon her bond interest. As the interest was not then due, the story fell flat. It remnins to be seen, however, how long Russia can continue to meet her offications, bonded and other. if the existing conditions continue. Ac cording to reliable observers the situation must soon become impossible. Recently occurred the anniversary of the so-called constitutional manifesto of the Czar and though it was "celebrat-

tions the celebration was conducted under conditions resembling a state of war. Pelice, soldiers and Cosmeks swarmed everywhere and the houses of peaceable citizens were barred and locked. No man west upon the street without the most pressing business. And this has been the condition, practically, during the whole year that has clapsed since the Czar proclaimed the coming of constitutional government. How much longer can it continue without bankrupting the government? In St. Petersburg on the anniversary day there were sixteen executions and 231 deportations. Presumably the same ratio prevailed throughout the empire. The imperial government is killing people and it is sending others to Siberia. The revolutionists are assassinating black hundreds" are slaying the Jews. Murder is in the air, trade is paralyzed, industry at a standstill. How much lector the imperial authorities can for some time wring bloody rubles from an

impoverished nation. But there must come a time, and it is not far off, when the nation will have no more rubles to surrender, even under stress of the knout or the bayonet. Blood may not be had from turnips nor money from people who have not a penny. Then what? The situation presents a menace to civilization. Russia bankrupt would be as bad as Russia in the hands of anarchists and revolutionaries. The effect could hardly fall to be disastrous to finance, trade and commerce everywhere. Is not the time approaching when the other powers will, for their own protection, be compelled to intervene, either for the rehabilitation of the imperial government or for the abolitien of it? The question is not sentimental but strictly practical. The rest of the world will have to deal with Russia or Russia will undo the rest of

the world.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

When "Aunty Hall" died everybody in Shrubville mourned the loss of a friend. Some she bad nursed, many she had comforted, and all, in her own words, she had "neighbored" for years. "I declare, I don't know who'll miss her most, her own folks or those that aren't any real kin, excepting as she's made 'em feel as if they were," said one of the distant cousins whom Aunty Hall had helped over many a hard road. "I reckon Willard Jones and Amandy are going to miss her full as much as anybody."

"Had she done a great deal for them?" asked one of Aunt Hall's younger and later friends, who had known Shrubville only for one summer.

"Cooked flapjacks and doughnuts each twice a week for 'em for more'n two years," said the cousin, briefly. Then, seeing the puzzled face of her questioner, she explained.

"Amandy was born pizen neat," she said, "and she couldn't bear to cook anything that might make a bit of spatter or sizzle top o' the stove. And she and Willard both doted on flapjacks and doughnuts. So soon as Aunty Hall found out how 'twas she began to had it here to show you. Say, I'd kick inke for them twice a week when she did for herself, and they had a reg'lar traffic with covered dishes through the neighbor nath that cuts across lots.

"Oh, no, she never took any pay for it," said the cousin, as if she had detected that question in her listener's face, "She was situated well, and could afford it.

"She often said she pitled Amandy so for being born that way. She enjoyed every minute she was frying, to think her make-up was easier in a world where there's more'n one kind

"I guess you won't find many neighbors like Aunty Hall."-Youth's Com-

panlon. When Schooling Was Cheap.

The head master of the fashionable school, as he sat in his office getting ready for opening day, said:

"At Eton, the famous English public chool, where some boys spend \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year, and where it is hardly possible to get through on less than \$1,500, it only cost, in Queen Elizabeth's time, \$25 annually."

He took down a little book. "This is a copy," he said, "of a manuscript, still preserved in Devonshire, that gives the Eton expenses of the

"Among the Items are: "'Mending a shoe, id; an old woman for sweeping and cleaning the chamber, 2d; a breast of mutton, 5d; a small chicken, 4d; Aesop"s Fables, 4d; sion of entire self-satisfaction in that two bunches of candles, 1d; a week's board, 5 shillings."

"The total minimum expenses of an Eton boy in 1514-board, tuition, everything-were \$25 a year."

Met His Match.

Dr. Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match-in a woman, says the New York Mall. She called at his office in Edinburgh one day and showed a hand, badly inflamed and swellen, when the following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place:

"Burn?" "Hrnise."

"Poultice." The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?" "Worse,"

"More poultice,"

Two days later the woman made another call, and this conversation oc-

"Better?"

"Nothing," exclaimed the doctor, 'Most sensible woman I ever met." A Piece of Wisdom,

Mrs. Haymow-What's all this here talk about some kind o' peace conference, Silas?

Silas Haymow-Wall, y' see, Miran dy, some o' these bere dukes an' things finds that it's better t' go t' peace than t' go ter pieces. Tolodo Blade,

To keep a bouse warm in winter have the cellar coaled.



"Send 10,000 rattlesnake sk!ns," telegraphed a German firm of fancy leather workers recently. The order started those who are obnoxious to them. The an immediate boom in the snake-bunting industry, and the queer mortals who make a living-and a good onebunting rattlesnakes in their hiding longer can it last? By the continued places are out early and all day bagemployment of militarism as a tax col- ging the game. Perhaps the most successful snake catcher in the country is Griffith Jones, a Weishman, who lives at Tobyhanna, Pa. He has not only ncceeded in bagging bundreds of rat tlers, but has formed a sort of company of snake cutchers, and has some times as many as thirty men and women out eatching every variety of snake to be found in the Pennsylvania rocks and woods. He rarely returns without as many living and dead snakes in his canvas bags as he can conveniently while snake hunting.

od of tanning retains the beautiful markings. Among the numerous artiles made of snake skin are pocketbooks, necktles, card cases, ladies' purses, belts, but bands and money bugs. The worst part of the work, accord-

ing to Jones, is not the danger of being bitten, but the disappointment attending the attempt to capture the snakes. Out of 300 attacked he says he is averaging well if he captures a hundred. The snake can wriggle out of very close quarters and seldom stops to argue with his enemy or protest against capture. He is off for the smallest hole he can find and unless the hunter is as quick as a lightning flash with his long pole he will lose the quarry.

The snake bunter strikes oil, so to speak, when he lights upon a nest of snakes comfortably ensconced in some cranny for the winter. These snakes will probably be bunched together for earry. He has never been bitten, and the sake of warmth, and can be capsays he never need be nuless he faints, tured en masse with little hillenity, as they are sleepy and sluggish. Some-The snake skins net 50 cents and 75 times there are as many as a hundred cents up to \$1 each, according to size snakes in one of these bunches, but and quality. Jones has a process of such a find is not often recorded.



"Did you ever feel the hot blush of looked, and the things he said, and the man with the grizzied mustache.

friend, promptly. nustached veteran, thoughtfully;

some never do." son that it doesn't is that my youth was exemplary. It may seem a little entirely satisfied?" like boasting, but I suppose you want he plain, unvarnished truth when you ask. But why?"

"I was looking at a photograph of nyself at the age of 20 or thereabouts Daily News. last night," explained the man with the grizzled mustache. "My wife dug it out of a batch of family pictures she had stowed away somewhere and she handed it over to me and asked me if I recognized it. Honest, I didn't, I wouldn't sort of came back to me. I wish I Ginger, says Outing. any boy now that came around me look ing like that, but I suppose I was rather proud of it then or I'd have suppressed the prints and broken the plate."

"What was the matter with it?"

"Everything. The collar principally, perhaps. I was wearing a very low turned-down collar, with a very wide and flowing bow. I suppose I thought it a rather picturesque and romantic sort of an arrangement, but, great guns! it made me sick at heart to look at it. When I got to thinking it over I remembered that very tie and the suit of clothes I was wearing. I remembered my shoes. They were patent-leather shoes, low cut, with elastic sides and dove-colored uppers, decorated with very small pearl buttons. Yes, sir, 1 were shoes like those, and a size and

half too small for me at that." The man with the grizzled mustache elevated his foot with some slight difficulty and regarded the roomy, square toed shoe of unadorned black calf that he was wearing. "I remember the girl I was chasing at that time, too," he cou-

tinued.

"Yes?" said his fat friend. "My goodness, but I had taste! What kind providence prevented me from marrying I don't know, but I do recollect that I was madly, passionately in love with her and that I thought her a paragen of feminine charm and beauty. But what got me was the expres face. I won't say in my face, because that complacent young idiot wasn't me. I have had to stand for his foelishness, of course. I'm still carrying the corns he left me, for instance, and I feel the effect of his carrying on in college. I've got a broken finger that he acquired in cane rush. See that?"

"That's nothing. You can be thankful that it wasn't a broken neck.' "It would have been if I could have

got hold of him at about that time," said the veteran, savagely, "Staying as to all hours and undermining my constitution, too! That's what he did. there's no question about it. I'd have been in my prime to-day physically if it hadn't been for the way be conducted himself. But it was never any use to talk to him. He knew it all. It was just a matter of form and convention sending him to any educational institu tion. Why didn't he store my mind with useful knowledge, or the beauties of the classies, at least?"

"Not that I can remember. I couldn't epeat the Greek alphabet without a break if it would save me from a murderer's doom. And if he couldn't do that why didn't he earn some money or save it when he did got to earni - it; No, sir, by thunder! he was having a good time, the selfish, concelted young suppy, and he never thought of making my sort of provision for me. I'd have seen ten times better off than I am today if he'd been decently frugal, I tell

ou, sir, that boy hadn't any sense, and

shame mantle your cheek for something things he did. When I thought of him you had done in your youth?" asked the last night, I blushed for him-actually blushed for him." "Never," answered his corpulent

"Don't be too hard on him," said the corpulent man. "He probably had a "Perhaps you wouldn't," said the few good streaks before the harsh, cruel world rubbed them off. Most likely he had high ideals of some sort and am-"Oh, it would mantle all right if there bitions and that kind of thing. A good was any eccasion for it," said the man many young idiots do. I wonder if he of comfortable proportions, "The rea- would have blushed if he could have seen you. Do you reckon he'd have been

> "I wouldn't care a hang whether he was or not," said the man with the grizzled mustache. "I'm better than ae had any right to expect."-Chicago

FISHING A-HORSEBACK.

Animal Was a Worthy Follower of Sir Izank.

A somewhat novel method of fishing believe her at first when she said it They did their fishing on horseback, was employed by the "Pudding Sisters." was me, but it grew on me by degrees using two mounts, known as Grace and

> of a training in trout fishing, and fishing was good in the south fork of the Snake, the tront ranging from one to two pounds. Grace would work across the riffle, up to her sides in the swift running water, while her rider east a gray palmer with a yellow body up, down and across.

It was laughable to watch the horse when a fish was hooked. Slowly, patiently, cautiously, Grace would ambie toward the shore, watching the frantic attempts of the fish to escape, stepping sideways in an effort to give her rider better chance to play it, and always sighing in apparent relief and satisfaction when the fish was finally landed.

That horse keenly enjoyed the sport. Ginger did fairly well, but had a bored air through the whole performance. The other horses would have none of it. The deep water, the whipping of the rod, the swishing of the line, seemed to get on their nerves, and they would plunge and snort and make for the shore just as a two-pound beauty was rising to the fly. The deep water and swift current made fishing on foot al-

INDIANS NEED NO DENTIST.

most impossible.

Eating No Sweets and Living Outdoor Life, Their Teeth Are Sound. 'Nobody ever saw an Indian with bad teeth," remarked J. S. Miller of the One Hundred and One Ranch just after he had completed arrangements Tor the Indian camp which is to be a part of the One Hundred and One Ranch show.

"Do you know why?" he continued. "Just this: because they eat no sweets of any kind, they restrict themselves to simple food and they live out of doors. When we first started out with these wild west shows every fall I thought, inasmuch as the trip was intended as a sort of an outing, to give my Indians a touch of high life by putting them up at hotels. They were thoroughly unhappy and nearly starved on the small portions of various dishes. They could not touch the sweets nor eat anything fried. So now we let them do their own cooking, which is very simple. They boil great quantitles of meat and a blg helping of this with bread and coffee is all that an Indian wants. They take no cream or sugar in their coffee and, in fact, never use sugar in as v article of food.

"There are Indians on the One Hun dred and One ranch so old that nobody can tell their age. They may show every mark of extreme age, but every one of them has all his teeth and they are sound and firm."-Kansas City Journal.

Quick Repartee. Miss Elsa-You are certainly polite, baron. You pass me and never look

Baron-Ab, mademoiselie, if I had looked at you I never could have pass-I'm ashamed of him. I'm ashamed of ee by .- Translated for Transatlantic the clothes he wore and the way he Tales from Fliegende Blatter,



THE HONOR OF THE UNIFORM.

several occasions soldiers and sailors of the United States have been excluded from public places for no other apparent reason than that they were in uniform. In several cases the War Department or the Navy Department has come to the support of the offended seldler or sallor.

In one instance a warrant officer could not get accommodations in a hotel. The Secretary of the Navy took the matter up, and the hotel-keeper was censured. A more recent case is that of a sallar to whom was refused admittance to a place of amusement, "solely on account of being in the uniform of the United States navy." He brought suit against the proprietor. Rear-Admiral Thomas encouraged the suit, and the President approved it in a published letter. The President said that he wished to make it plain that the uniform of the United States is to be respected, and that the wearing of it is a presumption in favor of the character of the wearer.

The President also suggested the other side of the matter when he said, "If a man misbehaves, then, no matter what uniform he wears, he should be dealt with accordingly." There is a duty upon every citizen to respect the uniform, and there is also a duty on every man in the service to maintain the dignity of the service. It may happen that in towns frequented by sailors or soldiers the act of some man in uniform disgraces his suit of honor. The next man who appears wearing the same sign of honor suffers for the sin of his fellow.

The President is surely right in saying that our enlisted men are a fine class, and that the wearer of the uniform is entitled to respect "so long as he behaves himself decently." There is a double responsibility on every one in the service to behave as becomes a man, for his own sake and for the sake of the sign he bears .-Youth's Companion.

WIFE DESERTERS AND THEIR GOOD EXCUSE. FE desertion is a serious offense and it is increasing in Chicago at a tremendous rate There are thousands of deserted wives in this city to-day who are barely able to keep

week. In many cases, of course, the bushand only is at fault Hasty marriages, weak characters, lazluess and brutality are all to blame and when they are proved to be responsible the wife deserter should be sent to the penitentlary for a lesson to other men. If there were any way to set him to work to support his family that would be still better.

themselves and their children from starving.

and their number is being added to every

But four hundred women who last year appealed to the Bureau of Charities for assistance because they had been deserted by their husbands confessed that they could not cook or keep house. In their cases there is something to be said on the side of the husbands, however weak

and vicious they may be.

How can a woman expect to keep a hsuband's love and devotion if she is unable to keep her husband's house or provide him his food and drink? These four hundred women may have been as attractive to the men they married as a pretty girl in his harem is to a Turk. but no man can long pursue the delights of love-making on an empty stomach. Sooner or later his interest will fade and he will go out to look for something to soothe

If these four hundred marriages should come up for

adjustment before a jury the wandering husbands would no doubt be exonerated and sympathized with, no matter what their own faults might prove to be. The first essential to happy and successful marriage is a wife that knows how to cook and to keep house. Without it there

can be no home, -Chicago Journal,



CHURCH OR CIRCUS? HE trustees of a large church in Chicago have requested the resignation of the pastor because he is too old to be of further use. He is sixty years old. Furthermore, they say: "What we need is a hustling business man who can raise money and a man who can preach sermons that will attract, a man

not afraid of notoriety." The conception of the church held by these trustees is the conception of too many churchmen-that of material prosperity, influence and power in the community. In the carrying out of this idea many churches have entered the contest for expensive plants, artistic music and sensational preaching. They require a pastor who has bustness capacity, social leadership, who is capable of mak-

ing an impression. In all this miserable program there is not one idea or iota of real Christianity. If the church is anything more than an ethic society it is a divine institution, which is set for the cultivation of spiritual life. All else is lucidental to the main purpose—the engaging and saving of the souls of men.

It is well enough to have expensive churches-if they reach the people and minister to their spirits. And music -if it does not degenerate into mere entertainment. And good preaching-if it is gospel. But the church that is looking for a combined orator, social leader, canvassing agent and financier to be its pastor-regardless of the depth and sweetness of his spirituality-ought to go out of the church business and go into the show business .-Indianapolis Sun.

DON'T WORRY.



ERY man, it has been said, is either a fool or a physician at 40. Some people manage to be both. Among these Dr. A. T. Schofield, who lectured on the preservation of health at Gresham College, is certainly not to be counted. Dr. Schofield lifted up his voice

in what we cannot but think a necessary protest against the amount of encouragement given nowadays to people whose main interest in life is their own health. In the course of his remarks Dr. Schofield, while strongly insisting that our national life is not as healthy as it ought to be, argued to the effect, unless we misinterpret him, that a perpetual worrying about individual health is as unhealthy as most of the morbid agencies that surround us. We incline to think that our health ought to be treated on the same principle as our clothes, which we should (it is submitted) not think about very much once we have got them good and put them on with a sue amount of care. After all, as Mephistopheles pointed out to a famous member of Dr. Schofield's profession, there is only one way of keeping in perfect ph, ical condition all one's life, and that is to work at boundy tasks in the open air every day, and never think at all. As to that we say what Chancer said to St. Augustine's somewhat similar advice: "Let Austin have his swink to him reserved." Most of us prefer to keep on with the great voyage of discovery that we call civilization.-London

DEATH-DEALING RAILROAD.

母で中かららかからくらからからからかってからかか Chinese Line Proves Patal to Many

Who Bullt 14. A recent report concerning rallways in China says, according to the New York Herald: "The construction of the (the great enterprise to which all well wishers of Yuannan look torward as one of the means of permitting this province to take her proper place in the markets of the world) has been perseveringly pushed forward in the face of great difficulties, both climatic and economic. The vile elimate of the Namati valley has levied a beavy toll on those who have dared to open up its primeval jungles and gullies. The death rate among the coolies imported from various parts of the empire and put to work in this dreaded valley may, without exaggeration, be estimated at 5,000, or 70 per cent of the total number employed on that particular section of the line. The company has made praiseworthy efforts to counteract the

cyils of the climate in this valley. "Instead of attempting to carry on the work in the Namati valley all the year through, the work is suspended almost entirely during the summer rains, and the coolles are moved up to the works on the high and healthler plateau. This measure, wai'e it economizes the life of that most important Individual in the building of any railway-namely, the coolie-ioust conerably delay the completion of the line. and we must, therefore, walt until 1910 at least for that great desideratum, the linking up of Yunnanfu with

Hallphong. "The year under review marks an important epoch in the history of French railway enterprise in Indo-China. On Christmas day the first locomotive reached Laokat, on the Tonking-Yunnan border, and it is hoped that the coming spring will see the commencement of a through railway service between Hallphong and Lao-

Unchanged.

After making a tour of the tewn : local beggar arrayed himself in the garments that had been given him. His toilet made, he looked at his reflection in the pool in the wood and shook his head.

"Here I am," he said to his compan ion, who was donning his east-off clothes, "wearing the boots of a bank president, the tronsers of a shop-keeper, the shirt and coat and vest of a doctor, and a minister's eat. Yet in spite of it all I look like a tramp!"

Bettered Herself.

Nell-The last time I saw Miss Kutely she had a job as collector, runnuing down old accounts for a wealthy manufacturer.

Belle-She's got a better job now

stores. She married her employer .-

Philadelphia Ledger. "I have been abused so much by Reform papers," said a millionaire today, "that I am tempted to slap my

own face."

A LITTLE LESSON

Dally News.

IN ADVERSITY.

There may be differences of opinion meerning the philosophy preached by Voltaire, but there can exist none concerning the influence that the man exerted upon his own generation and succeeding on e s. H i s personality was peculiar. He was embittered and cynical, yet there was an intensity, a magnetism about him that would win for him a

hearing where men of more agreeable VOLTAIRE. natures utterly failed. Voltaire reached summits that no philosopher of his time even aspired to attain to. It was an age where friendship of royalty and the patronage of nobility counted for everything in the line of material success. Voltaire, without fawning; in fact, on the contrary, openly disregarding this

class, was nevertheless treated by them with most remarkable consideration. The great Frederick of Prussia sent for Voltaire to come from France to be his guest, and treated him with the consideration he would have extended to royal guests, And yet while Voltaire had reached his high position, his youth had been

almost every occupation and had falled most miserably at every one he After each failure he began again ith undaunted courage. Even his imprisonment did not deter him. He started life anew after his years in the Bastlle with an assurance worthy of

one of constant trial. He had tried

Got Him Going. Beneuth a tree sat Her and Him. And quite alone the two, Save for an owl perched on a limb.

Which said: "To wait, to woo."

its reward.

Now for an hour or more sat he Nor any nearer drew. Although the owl with owlish glee Remarked: "To wit, to woo."

Whereat he took the hint, this man For he had caught a clue, And to warm up at length began To spoon, to wil, to woo, Houston Chronicle.

Strong Denint. New Minister-I am glad you enjoyed your trip. Foreign travel always running up new accounts at all the broadens one so.

Mrs. Crump (portly (- Why. Mr. Sotup; how can you say that? I don't weigh an-ounce heavier that I did when

1 started.-Toledo Blade. A savage dog is the wayside cross of the hungry hobo.

PALACE NOW A CONVENT.

Woman Renounces Society

and Will Live with Nuns. Having decided her life was a disappointment, Mrs. Alice O'Day, a wealthy Missouri woman, has turned her elegant country mansion near Springfield into a convent and proposes to spend the remainder of her life as a guest of the twenty-four black-robed nuns, who now own the \$250,000 estate. Mrs. O'Day, who has been twice married, says that no man shall ever enter her life again. She says she expects to

the foundress of a colony. Her gift is indeed a princely one. The magnificent residence, which not many months ago echoed with the gniety of balls and euchres, is in the midst of a 20-acre park. It was called

find peace of mind in the solemn round

of religious duties in which she will

take part to some extent. Having been-

once divorced, she cannot be a nun-

but is allowed to reside with them as



THE O'DAY MANSION

"Elfindale," suggesting the haunt of mischlevous sprites. Now it is "St. de Chantel Monastery of the Visitation." The nuns conduct a school for girls, and the building is to be used exclusively for this after Mrs. O'Day builds them a new convent, which she has promised to do.

Mrs. O'Day was Mrs. Alice Williams, of St. Louis, when she married a wealthy railroad magnate. Six years ago she had a violent quarrel with him, following which she secured a divorce and a heavy allmony settlement.

Haunted by the Lost. Weedon Grossmith used to tell a good

story about a play by Robert Ganthony, which that gentleman asked him to read. Mr. Grossmith took the comedy, but lost it on his way home. "Night after night," he says, "I would meet Ganthony, and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful; the perspiration used to come out on my forehead as I'd say sometimes, 'I haven't had time to look at it yet!' or again, The first act was good, but I can't stop to explain, etc., must catch a train." That play was the bane of my existence, and haunted me even in my dreams." Some months passed, and Ganthony, who is a merry wag, still pursued him without mercy. At last it occurred to Mr. Grossmith that he might have left the comedy in the cab on the night it was given to him. He multred at Scotland Yard. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Play marked with Mr. Ganthony's name, sent back to owner four months ago, as soon as found."-Kansas City Independent.

A king may do no wrong and still come within an ace of it.