

# KING GEORGE SEEKS TO PREVENT SCANDAL

## British Ruler Tries to Stifle Libel Suit Among the Social Elect of Realm.

London, Special: A slander suit which is expected to interest all England has been filed by Baron Arnold de Forest against his brother-in-law, Lady Gerard, and his brother-in-law, Henry Miller. The suit owes its inception to the elopement of his wife, about a year ago, with Lieutenant H. C. S. Ashton, of the Second Life Guards, and comments made thereon by Lady Gerard.

No less a personage than King George himself has tried to have the whole story suppressed, but De Forest has insisted upon his suit.

### Woman is Beautiful.

Baron de Forest was wedded in 1904, his wife being the only daughter of the second Baron Gerard and a goddaughter of Lady Rosebery. She was beautiful and had a reputation as an accomplished sportswoman. He was an adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch and received his title from Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria.

When De Forest was 21 he wedded the wealthy widow of Menier, the chocolate millionaire of France, but subsequently their marriage was annulled. Then the Baron settled in England and became a great friend of King Edward, who was a friend of his foster-father, Baron Hirsch.

In English society he met the then Miss Gerard, and after a brief courtship, wedded her, giving her as a present a rope of pearls valued at \$250,000.

Lieutenant Ashton was a friend of both and a frequent visitor to their home. When Lady de Forest vanished and Ashton was found to be missing at the same time no great amount of astonishment was discernible among the friends of all of them.

### Alleged Libelous Remark.

The mother-in-law, Lady Gerard, when she heard all the circumstances, remarked:

"Well, Ashton would have been much more than human had he not run away with my daughter. De Forest was entirely too glib in his association with other women."

It is largely upon this utterance that Baron de Forest is now bringing his suit for slander. Lady Gerard's brother, Henry Miller, is said to have made remarks of the same nature.

Both Lady Gerard and Mr. Miller, according to their attorneys, will plead that they were entirely justified in saying what they did, and will introduce evidence to show that their criticisms were true.



He-I won't take no for an answer. I'll leave no stone unturned to make you love me.

She-Now, you're getting down to cases. If the stone weighs about a karat, and is pure white, bring it around, and we'll talk business.

# KISSED, ASKS \$10,000; 'MUSS' WORTH \$5,000

## Kansas City Manicure Sues Salesman for Four Salutes at Rate of \$2,500 Per.

Kansas City, Special: Miss Nellie Etheridge, who owns a manicure establishment at 116 West Eleventh st., filed suit today against Charles R. Decker, a salesman for the Milwaukee Bag company, in which she asks for \$15,000 damages.

Miss Etheridge claims Decker forcibly kissed her four times and amused her up considerably in the operation.

And Miss Etheridge never gave Mr. Decker the slightest provocation for his actions either, absolutely none. She says so herself.

"On the afternoon of February 15," she said today, "Decker drove up in his motor car with two other men. Mabel was here and saw all that happened.

"He was feeling gay, I could see that, but business is business, and I says to him, polite, like a lady, I says, 'Do you want a manicure, Mr. Decker?' Just like that. And he says: 'No, kid, I want to give you a roughing and I'm going to do it.' Then he grabs me, and you can see how little I am.

"Mr. Decker, I says, 'Behave yourself, sir, this ain't no barber shop.' But he just drags me to a chair and begins to kiss me.

"Mabel was flying around hollering police, but Decker's friends kept her from helping me, and they kept dancing around and laughing like it was a show. But I tell you it wasn't no joke for me, and it won't be no joke for Decker when I get through with him."

### Enlightening a Candidate.

A politician who was making a house-to-house canvass came to a farm house, when he observed an elderly woman standing at the gate, and the candidate gracefully lifted his hat and politely asked: "No doubt, my dear madam, your husband is at home?"

"Yes," responded the woman.

"Might I have the pleasure of seeing him?" inquired the politician.

"He's down in the pasture a-burying the dog," was the reply from the individual at the gate.

"I am very sorry indeed to learn of the death of your dog," came in sympathizing one from the candidate. "What killed him?"

"He wore himself out a-barking at the candidates," said the woman.

### Gentle Preliminaries.

From Life.

Witness—She called me a brute. I slapped her face and called her a liar—then she kicked me and called me Judge—Well, go on.

"Well, then we started to quarrel."

# THE DIAMOND SHIP

## MAX PEMBERTON

Author of "Doctor Xavier," "The Hundred Days," etc.

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CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

"My wife, Lisette—yes, yes—it would be by her. I am an old man and you will have pity—speak and tell me you will have pity—you are Dr. Fabos of London. Oh, not her, for the love of God—I will tell you what you wish, give me time—I am an old man, and the light fades from my eyes—give me time and I will tell. Lisette—yes, yes—I am going to her at Buda, and she is waiting for me. You would not keep me from Lisette—"

I poured some spirits into a glass and put it to his lips.

"Listen," I said. "Your wife is arrested, but I can set her free. Write truly the story of Miss Fordbras, and a cable from me this night shall obtain her liberty. I will listen to no other terms. Joan Fordbras's story—that is the price you must pay—here and now, for I will give you no second chance."

It would be vain to speak of the scene that followed, the muttering, the piteous entreaty, the hysterical outbursts. I had never made so astounding a discovery as that which told me, a week before I left England in my yacht, that this old man had married a young wife in Paris, and that—such are the amazing contrasts of life—he loved her with a devotion as passionate as it was lasting. The knowledge had saved me once already at Santa Maria; to-night it should save my little Joan, and take from her forever the burden of the doubt. Not for an instant did my chances stand in jeopardy. Every word that I spoke to this abject figure brought me one step nearer to my goal. They were as pure as fire burning deep into a doctor's heart.

"Lisette," I continued, seeing him still silent. "Lisette is charged with the possession of certain jewels once the property of Lady Mordant. I am the witness who has identified those jewels. Your duke, Harry Avenhill, who came up to rob my house in Suffolk, is the man who will charge this woman with the crime and establish the case against her. Whether we go to Vienna or persuade Lady Mordant to withdraw the charge, it is for you to say. I will give you just ten minutes for that clock upon your chimney. Use them well, I implore you. Think what you are doing before it is too late to think at all—the liberty this woman craves or the charge and punishment. Which is it to be, old man? Speak quickly, for my time is precious."

For a little while he sat, his hands drumming the table, his eyes half closed. I knew that he was asking himself what would be the gain or the loss should he beckon some one from the shadows to enter the house and kill me. One witness would thus be removed from his path—but who would answer for the other? Was it possible that his old enemy, who had outwitted him so often, would be outwitted to-night? This seemed to me his argument. I watched him rise and go from his chair, peer out to the darkness, and as suddenly sit again. Whether his courage had failed him or this were the chosen moment for the attack, I shall never be able to say with certainty. For me it was an instant of acute suspense, of nervous listening for footsteps, of quick resolution and prompt decision. Let there be an echo of a step, but one sound without, I said, and I would shoot the man where he sat. Thus was I determined. In this dread perplexity did the instant pass.

"I cannot write," he gasped at last. "Put your questions to me, and I will answer them."

"And sign the document I have brought with me. So be it—the questions are here in brief. Let your answer be as brief."

I sat at the head of the table and spread the document before me. The lamp shed a warm aureole of light upon the paper, but left the outer room in darkness. My words were few, but deliberate. His answers often but a mutter of sounds.

"Joan Fordbras, whose daughter is she?"

"The daughter of David Kennard of Illinois."

"His mother?"

"I am not acquainted with her name—a French-Canadian. The records in Illinois will tell you."

"How came she to be this man Fordbras's ward?"

"His cowardice—his conscience as men call it—Kennard was charged with the great safe robberies of the year 1855. He was innocent. They were my planning—my agents executed them. But Kennard—ah, he betrayed me, he would have stood in my path, and I removed him."

"Then he was convicted?"

"He was convicted and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Fordbras—his real name—is a cousin of that Changarnier who in France much mischief in the year 1870—Fordbras was then governor of the Sing Sing prison on the Hudson River. He was in my pay, but David Kennard had been his friend, and he took the daughter and brought her up as his own child. He did not forbid it—why should he? A woman, if she is pretty, is useful to my purposes. I wished to humble this man of iron and I have done so. Pshaw, what a figure he cuts to-day! Skulking in Paris like a pouter, out-crying the world of his brass, my friend—proud, proud, as one of your great nobles. That is Hubert Fordbras. Speak a word to the police and you may arrest him. Hush—I will send you evidence. He is proud, and there is heart in him. Tear it out for he is a traitor. He has shut his eyes and held out his hands, and I have put money into them. Tear the heart out of him, for he will kill the woman you love."

"I ignored the savage treachery of this, his brutality and plain-spoken hatred. The general's pride must have been a bitter burden to this creeping scoundrel with his insufferable vanities and his intense desire to abuse all men before him. The quarrel was nothing to me—I could well wish that Hubert Fordbras might never cross my path again."

"Traitor or not—it is your concern," I said. "There is another question here

of candy, and she fed it all to her pet terrier. So he tried to be still more kind and thoughtful, and sent her a box of dog biscuit."

And Quicker, the man who burns the midnight oil may rise to heights of fame; But the man who sells that midnight oil still gets there just the same.—Puck.

Mr. Lohrow goes his best to be agreeable, said the sympathetic young woman. It's too bad he has a little tact. I understand that Miss Coddleap refuses to speak to him. He sent her a box

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From the Boston Transcript.

Norah—Oh sorry to say, sorry, that Miss Giddy isn't in.

The Caller (facetiously)—Why are you sorry, Norah?

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When Joan Fordbras wore my stolen pearls in London, was the general aware that they were stolen?"

A smile, revoltingly sardonic, crossed his ashen face.

"Would he have the brains? She wore them at my dictation. I had long watched you—you did not know it, but knowledge was coming to you. I said that you must be removed from my path. Why were you not struck dead before Harry Ross lay dead on Palling beach?"

"The young seaman who was found with the Red Diamond of Ford Valley in his possession. The brother of John Ross who took your place upon the Ellida? I begin to understand—he was carrying those jewels to London, and an accident overtook him? That was a grave misfortune for me."

He clenched his hands and looked me full in the face.

"Had he lived I would have torn him limb from limb. He stole the jewels from my dispatch boat and was drowned escaping to shore. My friend, the good God was merciful to him that he let him die."

I could not but smile at pety so amazing. In truth a new excitement had seized upon me and my desire to escape the house had now become a desire of impatience. What if an accident befell me, or an agent of evil stood suddenly between Joan and my tidings! How if the cup were dashed from my lips at the last moment! What an agony, even in imagination!

"Mr. Imroth," I said, rising upon the impulse. "I will cable at once to Vienna, saying I have no objection to offer, and the girl Lisette will be discharged. Go where you will, but leave England. To-night I spare you. But should you cross my path again, I will hang you as surely as there is an almighty God for justice your deeds and punish you for the wrong that is my last word to you. I pray with all my soul that I shall never see your face again."

He did not move, uttered no sound, sat like a figure of stone in his chair, and so I left him and went out into the night.

For I was going to Joan, to bear to her the supreme tidings of my message, to lay this gift of knowledge at her feet, and in those eyes so dear to read the truths which, beyond all else on earth, were my desire.

The Epilogue of Timothy McShanus, Journalist.

My friend Mulock, in his "Magnus and Morna," has written that ye should drink at a wedding with discerning, lest ye lose the way upon a straight road afterwards. 'Tis no man I am to quarrel with a precept so honest or a reflection upon matrimony so prudent.

We shall drink at the Goldsmith Club this night to the last liberty of my dear comrade Ean Fabos, and would that it could be more than a year for years she went about praying that the Lord would give her more grace. In prayer meeting I have known her publicly confess her tendency to irritability and ask all the people to pray that she might have the needed grace. Now, it wasn't grace she needed, it was sleep and plenty of it, and one day the minister's wife, who was a fearless young woman, told her so. At first the dear sister was inclined to be insulted, but after a few moments' thought she then took to her own bed, and she was correct, so she took to an occasional afternoon nap and longer hours of sleep, and thus she was made the "amen" to her own prayer.

If you tie the knot in the end of the thread just broken from the spool and run the other end through the eye of the needle, the thread will never kink in sewing.

A darned idea is to paint half of your darning ball white, so as to use it under black-footed stockings. Oil paint mixed with a little turpentine will do the work.

Hemstitched tablecloths and napkins can be nicely mended when the hemstitching breaks by first turning the edges together with strong thread. This will wear as long as the article.

Instead of using the "wooden egg" darning, try utilizing your old shoe trees. The entire form of the foot is then taken on by the stocking and you can see exactly where your darn ought to go.

In darning a shirtwaist or other garment where it is important that the place should be noticed as little as possible the work should be done without putting a piece under the hole. If the darning is well done, the spot will be as strong as the fabric around it, and when starched and ironed will be scarcely noticeable. The edges of the material, of course, must be drawn together in their original position and the direction of the thread follow as closely as possible the lines of the warp and woof. Sometimes when silk is used it is advisable to split it in two, taken on by the stocking and you can see exactly where your darn ought to go.

Glue a tape measure firmly across the front edge of your sewing machine. It saves so much time when sewing.

Sewing machine needles may be used much longer if when the points begin to get dull they are rubbed on a piece of emery board.

A good patent ripper is a steel crocheting hook which will catch under threads, pull out bastings, etc., in double-quick time.

When you are tired of making embroidery correct covers with embroidered straps over the shoulders, and having them wear out every few weeks, try this scheme: Take a wide rickrack and sew the points together and draw ribbon through. Or take narrow embroidery or linen lace and stitch it to rickrack on each edge. This makes a far stronger shoulder strap, just as pretty and less expensive.

The touch of black which has been so popular throughout the winter is seen again in the lingerie frocks.

Deep hemstitched borders of black chiffon, or the yoke and lower part of the sleeves of this material, are some of the novel forms this touch takes.

Then there are undervellings of chiffon, that is, a slip of black is worn under the lingerie dress and over its white, frequently the dress and the undervelling is black, with the chiffon interweaving of black.

As a further touch, white lingerie dresses are often trimmed with bands of black chiffon, embroidered in white, or of black net, worked in white venetian stitch.

The beauty of these new black and white costumes lies in the transparency of the black, so that it seems not so much a trimming as a shadow.

PROTECTION FOR MATTRESSES

The careful housekeeper covers her mattresses and other tickings with unbleached muslin to keep them clean. This should be fastened on, or better yet, should be provided with buttons and buttonholes.

Roller skating has recently become popular in Hong-Kong.

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Winds of March, blow high, blow low; Blow the cadence that you know— Puff your cheeks and shrink your sides— Call up a year's sickening tides Of the air, until the day Seals along a windy way. Till the withered leaves that cling Leosen hold and take to wing— Winds of March, through mystic ways, Blow us back the summer days.

Come by east or come by west, Drop upon us; blow your best; Smite us on the cheek and brow Till against your strength we bow; Catch the wind and take to wing— Till we know the might of you. Send the crumpled, withered leaves— Dancing high above the eaves— Call up a year's sickening ways Blow us back the summer days.

Come by south or come by north Send your trumpet call along In a thrilling, vibrant song Till the hills shout back your call No more the forest echo! The mild melody you make, And the sturdy house walls shake Winds of March, with rugged rhyme Blow us back the summer time.

Blow us tang of salt sea spume, Blow us scent of apple bloom, Blow us all the April mirth; Of the smell of the warm earth; Blow us every breath of spring In the mad song that you fling In our faces, and the croon Of the long, long August moon. Winds of March, down mystic ways Blow us back the summer days. —Chicago Evening Post.

## LOSS OF SLEEP CAUSES BAD TEMPER AND IRRITABILITY

Many a person who is commonly said to have a bad temper is simply suffering from lack of sleep, and many times a whole household has begun the day with a family jar simply because some members have not given themselves the required amount of sleep the night before. The quiet in the kitchen may have entertained her best young man until midnight, and the next morning she slams the doors and rattles the kettles. The daughter of the house may have entertained her caller in the parlour and a gentle hint from father or mother started the young man home-ward. At any rate, daughter lost some of her beauty sleep and some of her good temper with it, so she comes down to breakfast with a good sized frown, and there is nothing more infectious than a frown.

Often a family of eight or 10 people may have their whole day spoiled simply by the frown of one girl who can be most entrancingly fascinating later in the day when she puts on her company manners. Father may have been out to his club the night before, and he grows over the coffee, not because he is really ill tempered, but because he has lost his sleep. I knew a good woman once who never gave herself the proper amount of rest any of her years she went about praying that the Lord would give her more grace. In prayer meeting I have known her publicly confess her tendency to irritability and ask all the people to pray that she might have the needed grace. Now, it wasn't grace she needed, it was sleep and plenty of it, and one day the minister's wife, who was a fearless young woman, told her so. At first the dear sister was inclined to be insulted, but after a few moments' thought she then took to her own bed, and she was correct, so she took to an occasional afternoon nap and longer hours of sleep, and thus she was made the "amen" to her own prayer.

Explained.

"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur."

"In what amount?"

"Oh, in varying quantities."

"Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."

Cheerful Anticipation.

"Have you seen my 'Descent Into Hell'?" asked a poet.

"No," said Curran, warmly; "I should be delighted to see it."—From Clark's "Eminent Lawyers."

Try Murline Eye Remedy for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting—Just Easy Comfort. Murline Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes New Size 25c. Murline Eye Remedy Liquid 25c and 50c.

True to Her Nature.

Maud—Did you hear the news? Madge has eloped.

Jack—Madge always was a flighty sort of a girl.

How easy it is for the people who are down on excitement in religion to fire all their gasoline at a baseball game.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day.

No woman can be happy who has too much time to think of things that are none of her business.

The vacant room at the top is due to the fact that there is no elevator service to help the lazy man.

Garfield Tea stimulates the liver, corrects constipation, cleanses the system and rids the blood of impurities. All druggists.

Here's a tip, young man. Convince a girl that she shouldn't love you, and she will.

BLACK ON LINGERIE.

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If you find any substance in your baking injurious to health made from baking powder in this can there is



\$1000 In it for you

Calumet has been backed for years by an offer of \$1,000 for any substance injurious to health found in the baking prepared with it.

Does not this and the fact that it complies with all pure food laws, both State and National, prove that Calumet is absolutely pure?

With the purity question settled—then Calumet is undoubtedly the best Baking Powder. It contains more leavening power; it is more uniform—every can is the same. It assures better results—and is moderate in price.

Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition

## CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Pure in the Can—Pure in the Baking.

### Shillalah Still Useful.

The shillalah, which showed at Louth that it has not entirely lost its old importance as a factor in deciding elections, is no raw limb of a tree. It is almost as much a work of art as a well balanced cricket bat. The old shillalahs were as carefully looked after by their loving owners as is a rifle in the wilds. Cut from the sturdiest of young blackthorns, and showing as little taper as an ebony ruler, it was weighted with lead or iron at the end nearest the grip, so that its center of gravity was about four-fifths of the way from the hitting end. When properly seasoned by being kept in the neighborhood of the farm oven for a few months, it became a thing of supple steel. And the proper pronunciation of the name of this fearsome weapon is the melodious one of "shill-ally," with the accent on the "all"—London Chronicle.

### Willing to Tell It.

The check which the comely young German handed in at the window of a Walnut street savings fund bank the other day was made payable to Gretchen Schmidt, and she had endorsed it simply Gretchen Smith. The man at the receiving teller's window called her back just as she was turning away to rectify the mistake.

"You don't deposit this quite this way," he explained. "See, you have forgotten the h."

The young woman looked at her check and blushed a rosy red.

"Ach, so I haf," she murmured, and wrote hurriedly: "Age 23."

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