resentment welled up within her. For

whom she distrusted despite his plaus-

in the frost with her breath, she peered

ment, for the mild, patient head of a

through the snow to the cutter. There

As her cry brought the others out

detached itself from the rushing white

"He bane freezing!" he cried, and

Brant roused reluctantly and looked

about him, at the faithful Oleson, at

the Pentons, scarcely less concerned

Che NATIONS WEALTHY WIDOWS WALDON FAWCETT have come in recent years to LOGAN AND to play a most important part CLARA several important divisions BARRON

of the world's affairs. It is not, either, merely here in the United States that these moneyed women are making their influence felt. On the contrary, their influence has proven fully as potent in many circles abroad-so much so. indeed, that the good people

of Europe have been compelled to sit up and take notice of the American widows as a class well worthy to rank with any subdivision of society abroad (not even excepting the nobilyi, if the comparison be made on the basis f gowns or millinery or jewelry or any of the other standards by which the feminine world sets such store.

Here in the United States it would be difficult to name a sphere in which the wealthy widows have not been exerting tremendous influence of late years. Even in politics they have not waited upon the victory of the suffrage cause to enable them to take a hand. For the present, to be sure, their influence is indirect, but it is none the less tangible, as witness the power of the salon maintained by that brilliant woman, Mrs. Hitt, widow of the late chairman of the foreign relations committee of the house of representatives and the backing which Scnator Beveridge of Indiana has had through the fact that his wife is the

the Chicago merchant. Socially there is no question as to the tremendous power of the American widow. To realize it one has only to stop to reflect how the polite world is dominated by the hospitali-

kinswoman of Mrs. Marshall Field, widow of



illustrated how great is the latitude of life open to the modern wealthy widow in contrast to the circumscribed existence of the average widow of a prominent official of a century ago, who, upon the death of her husband. was went to retire to his plantation or country seat and live in the utmost quietude if not in actual soclusion. After the death of her husband Mrs. Hanna lived for a time in a fashionable hotel in Washington. Then she built a large house and occupied it for a time, later disposing of it to a prominent army officer. Next she had a special apartment arranged to her order in one of the largest of the new hotels in New York, even providing a special kitchen for "Maggie," her "jewel" of a cook. Then desiring a change, she hit upon the idea of her present program of life, which calls for an extended sojourn in Europe each spring and summer and a winter residence in Washington, where she has two apartments of 14 rooms each in a fashionable apartment house.

Mrs. Hanna's 28-room apartment might seem a pretty pretentious residential establishment for a lone woman to maintain, but it is scarcely a circumstance to the enormous fourstory mansion erected at the national capital built a splendid home since the death of her husband and the wealthy Mrs. Wyeth of Philadelphia had her nephew-architect carry out ner ideas of a distinctive home.

CHERIDAN

In point of achievement, however, unquestionably the greatest of all the house builders in the coterie of wealthy widows is Mrs. Albert Clifford Barney, who inherited one fortune from her father, a Cincinnati pioneer, and married another. Mrs. Barney is of a most artistic temperament and is indeed an artist of no mean ability in both oils and water colors. She spends much time in Paris, where she and two of her daughters, who devote themselves respectively to painting and culnture are much in their element. she is in this country Mrs. Barney divides her time and her boundless energy between the staging of Greek plays and other amateur theatricals of a most ambitious character and the designing and building of houses for love of it. These unique habitations that she creates

Mrs. Barney sells or rents, and be it said to her credit that she is a clever enough business woman to make her art profitable in dollars and cents as well as in personal satisfaction.

In the field of philanthropy American widows have of late years accomplished so much good as to make these bereaved ones as a class the most respected and most admired contingent of American multimillionairedom. The generosity of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst in good works has insured her a place for all time in our real hall of fame and Mrs. Harriman's gift of a splendid park to the state of New York bids fair to be but the first of a series of notable benefactions. Mrs. Russell Sage is another woman who in a comparatively brief widowhood has helped the needy in many ways, and the late Mrs. Gardner Hubbard. widow of the man who reaped the greatest financial rewards from the invention of the telephone, was lavish during her lifetime in good works.

There is one group of widows in the United States in the members of which-for all that they are most of them living very quietly-the public is bound to take a keen interest. This group is made up of the widows of

former high officials of the nation, including the cracked stove, which was glowing unconfessed anxiety drew the girl to the widows of our military and naval heroes. Conspicuous among the number are the two surviving widows of presidents, Mrs. Mary Lord Harrison and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. up, and little Jim, who usually hung for an enemy to be out. Mrs. Cleveland spends most of her time in the adoringly about Brant's knees, was At eight o'clock there came a muffamily home at Princeton or at her farm in huddled in a corner, though he peered fled knock. Hilda hurried to the door New Hampshire, though she has of late de stealthily at his friend as often as he and threw it open, to recoil in amazevoted no little time to residence in Switzer- dared. land, where her children are being educated. Mrs. Harrison, likewise, spends much time merest monosyllable replies to Brant's was Brant's horse. abroad, though she maintains a home in Indianapolis and indulges in occasional lengthy vacations in a log house in the Adirondacks.

MRS L'ALENTER TALKING TO JOHN BARRETT

Of the widows of the nation's warriors she sat down opposite him, her blue bottom of the vehicle. probably the public hears most frequently of eyes were sparkling, and her voice re-Mrs. Phil Sheridan, widow of the famous cave minded Brant of the crackle of frosty bareheaded into the storm, a shape alry leader, although Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Pickett, the latter the widow of the Confederate chieftain who led the desperate charge at were down at the county seat Friday man. The Swede had been searching Gettysburg, have been more or less in the looking up the title of our quarter sec- afoot, for his master. public eye owing to their literary work and tion their careers on the lecture platform. Mrs. Sheridan, alike to both these other widows, resides at the national capital and an anecdote is told of Mrs. Sheridan to the effect that she silenced some gossip which speculated as to her remarriage by the remark, "I would rather be the widow of Phil Sheridan than the wife of any man alive."

And speaking of the remarriage of widows, it may be added that one of the circumstances that renders these widowed women of wealth interesting to many people is the possibility of remarkage-an ever-present incentive to speculation, even though the object of such public curiosity may have not the slightest intention of again entering the bonds of matrimony. And that this solicitude is by no means restricted to disinterested observers or confined to the United States is eloquently attested by the attentions which eligible members of the nobility of Europe have showered upon Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. "Jack" Gardiner, Mrs. Marshall Field and-most courted of all-Mrs. Nonnie Worthington Stewart Leeds, the dazzlingly wealthy as well as dazzlingly beautiful young widow of a multimillionaire who garnered the golden harvest of the tinplate industry and sundry railroads

Almost all the wealthy American widows seem to have a penchant for spending more or less of their time in Europe and there are others who live there continuously, returning but seldom to their native land, and then only for visits. In this class are the widows of foreign diplomats who receive pensions from the governments served by their late husbands. A conspicuous example is afforded by Baronesa Sternburg-the former Miss Langham, a Kentucky beauty, who as the result of a genuine romance that began as a case of love at first sight on a transatlantic liner, married Baron Speck von Sternburg, a very capable German diplomat, who lost his life as the result of disease contracted while serving his government

In the field of art many American widows, such as Mrs. St. Gaudens, are factors, if not "It Was a Bad Day Even for an by virtue of their own talents at least as custodians of the masterpieces left by their deceased husbands, and the same is true in the said the title was all right. Now we're spheres of literature and public life, where the to have another sample of Dakota collection of the papers of an eminent man or friendship!" the publication of his memoirs has frequently devolved upon the widow. In the financial He rose. "You mean I'd try to get world wealthy widows, by sheer force of their your property on tax-title?" monetary possessions, wield an influence recognized by all men of affairs. The most no by your last two quarter sections." table example, of course, is that afforded by Mrs. Hetty Green, who controls one of the Brant, quietly. "The owners hadn't Mr. Brant came in and said he was wealthiest and most powerful of the New York paid taxes, I'll admit. But I gave fair your agent, pa, an' had the money

Corralling a Quarter Section

By M. J. PHILLIPS

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Arthur Brant was conscious of an | tears were not altogether for the comundercurrent of hostility in the sod ing loss of the farm. cabin of the Pentons. The mental at- Tuesday dawned cloudy, cold; a mosphere was as crisp as the breath- storm was in store. As Hilda looked less cold of the February night-a cold out on the broad plain of undulating which clutched the Dakota prairies in white, treeless and stark, sudden hot iron fingers.

Brant was a shy young man where there, muffled to his eyes in a fur coat women were concerned, and though behind a swiftly jogging horse, was he felt acutely that for some reason Arthur Brant. He was headed for the Hilda Penton, her parents and her county seat, 22 miles away. ten-year-old brother had turned against She had nourished a secret hope him, he could not bring himself to ask that Peter Snyder lied; that Brant why, or to worm the reason out of would not seize their land. But Peter, them by indirection.

They had moved onto the quarter lible tongue, had told the truth. Brant section adjoining his own fine farm a cared more for their land than for few weeks before. He had not learned their-for her-regard. Her lips tremto know them well, though he had bled pitifully as she turned from the formed the habit of dropping in on window. them during the evening. But now he The storm came apace. There was a was unwelcome. Jim Penton, usually wind that flew with the speed of a bulaffable and garrulous, smoked tonight let. in grave silence. He kept his gaze on A score of times during the day an red with its efforts to beat back the the window. There, melting a hole searching cold.

Mrs. Penton knitted without looking into the storm. It was a bad day even

As for Hilda herself, beyond the horse projected into the cabin. It efforts to make conversation, she was | With an exclamation she waded ominously quiet.

When her work was completed and was a huddled, fur-clad heap in the snow under foot. "I understand, Mr. Brant, that you gloom-Frank Oleson, Brant's hired

"Yes," replied Brant; "that's one fell upon Brant like a bear, cuffing,

reason I came over. The land's been shaking and worrying him back from advertised for unpaid taxes. It's to the verge of the dreaded sleep which be sold Tuesday."

"And you're going to buy it in?" The contemptuous tone cut like lash. "No," replied Brant, simply. "Well, we can't redeem it. We had

Enemy to Be Out."

Anger swept away Brant's shyness.

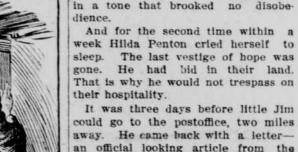
value for every acre, just the same."

of the land-poor.

sure.

"I don't wonder you want it."

at the cabin beyond, warm and light barely enough to get it. And that misand cozy. His face changed as at an erable Sim Brockway cheated us. He unpleasant memory "Take me home, Frank," he said,



has no waking.

county seat, and a budget of news that kept him jumping up and down in excitement. The envelope was addressed to her father, but Hilda tore it open, caught the sense at a glance, and dropped

weakly into a chair. "Mother-father!" she gasped: "it's all right. We won't lose our farm. Mr. Brant has loaned us the money."

Mr. and Mrs. Penton, graying heads bent together, laboriously gathered that James Penton, by his agent, Arthur Brant, had paid the sum of \$142.79, being the full amount due for back taxes and penalties on the southeast one-quarter of section-Oh, it was all there, to the last letter

and figure of the description! Meanwhile, little Jim, by the expedient of whooping at regular intervals, at last attracted the family's attention.

"Listen to me, listen to me!" he yelled. "Lemme tell you about the fight over to Carlin Tuesday, Bill Samuelson, he saw it."

"Hey?" said his father, raising his eves at last from the magic paper "A fight-who?"

"Arthur Brand and Peter Snyder." chattered little Jim. "That mean old "We were told that's how you came Pete was there to get our land, and Whoever told you that lied," said he had a check all made out. But ready. An' Pete called him a liar. He knew who told the falsehood- and Mr. Brant told him he was s

Pete, who had elected himself first him. niture store, and when the wife saw friend to shiftless Jim Penton and "And then they fought and knocked pretty, blue-eyed Hilda. And Peter over chairs, an' the clerk climbed up was notorious as a tax-title shark. He onto the desk, and Mr. Brant blacked was getting rich by taking advantage Pete's eyes and bloodied his nose.

> "Our hundred and sixty would com-Little Jim stopped, the breath plete your section," drawled old Jim; squeezed out of his body. For his sister, her eyes shining like twin stars. Brant turned on him. "I don't want was hugging him to her breast and your land," he said. "But if you don't laughing and crying at the same raise a hundred and forty dollars by time.

> Tuesday some one'll get it; that's "Jim," she said, "you go and tell Arthur to come over here. I-we-we He strode out and closed the door want to thank him, and beg his parbehind him. Perhaps his musings don."

> would have been less bitter had he "'Tain't ne'ssary," replied Jim. known that Hilda had cried silently for wriggling free. "I asked him myself. an hour after going to bed-and her An' he said he'd come."

What Folksongs Are

Peter Snyder, fat-faced, shifty-eyed tax-title shark, so Pete struck at

One of the finest pleasures in the | we may all know them. This kind of queer drums and dance around their heart and memory.—St Nicholas war fires. In ancient times before there were any planos, people sang sometimes to the clapping of their bands, and often to the accompaniment have no chance at all to stalk its of crude instruments which looked prey, especially seals. The only black harps. Their songs told of battles, Sailors who first landed on the unexlove, harvest time, hunting and other plored arctic shores stated that the events in their lives. Before men bears used to take them for seals and knew how to write and print music, begin to stalk them at a considerable songs were preserved by being treas- distance, lying down flat on their belured in the memory of the people. lies and wriggling along in that posi-Every country had its own peculiar tion until they came to an ice humfather to son, sometimes through hun- over to see if the "seals" dreds of years. In more modern times, alarmed, and wriggle on again. of the different nations, and nowadays bear got near, but vowed that the ani-

world is derived from singing. Even music is called folksongs. These insavages make an effort to sing by ut- clude the songs which the "folk," or tering weird notes as they beat on people, sing and treasure in their

The Telltale Nose.

It has been pointed out that, were a polar bear of a darker color, if would spot about it is the tip of its nose. songs which were passed down from mock, when they would get up, peer

interested people have from time to The sailors said that they could altime printed collections of these songs ways see the black nose when the there are many enthusiastic collectors mal put his paw over his muzzle to who are printing these songs so that hide it.-Harper's Weekly,

Twenty-Seven Big Timbers Are Cut Through in One Day by Aid of Electricity.

One of the most ingenious uses to which electricity was ever put was in the wrecking of a bridge over the Wa-

This bridge had been purchased by the county authorities, who intended to replace it by a steel structure erected on the old piers and abutments. The owner agreed to remove the

The structure might be blown up little one great joy, is a large edition more will pass. Cut it and tie it be-

posal was gladly accepted.

days expired, and an extension of one Instead of making the circles an case may be, and to this ribbon

tiest presents, which will give the through over the cardboard until no

The cut made by the hot wire was

The ball should be sewn on to narrow satin ribbon, blue or pink, as the inch or two in diameter, make them should be attached a quantity of little

Long Islander Sells Piece of Furniture for Fifty Cents and Buys It Back for \$20.

An elderly Long Islander once attended an auction of old furniture. sharp and clean, and the wood was Among the articles for which bids loops of iron resistance made red-hot not charred more than an inch from were asked was a heavy marbletopped washstand. The Long Island-The current was first turned on at er bid ten cents for it, and as he was heated to wreck each span, and the about five o'clock in the morning, and the only one who spoke the washspans were wrecked one at a time, at two in the afternoon the last span stand was knocked down to himrather to his dismay, as he had to have it conveyed to his distant home. For several years this ten-cent antique was an occupant of the barn, its marble ton being removed and the interior of the stand serving as a receptacle for cans of paint.

store in the neighborhood called at the Long Islander's and accidentally caught sight of the unappreciated washstand. He made some inquiries concerning it, and eventually purchased it for 50 cents. The clerk took his purchase to the store, gave it a thorough renovating and it became a handsome piece of hardwood furniishing touch. Not long after this

that beautifully polished antique washstand she fell in love with it. for it just filled her ideal. Her husband seemed to have a suspicion of the truth, and endeavored to distract her attention. But the affair ended by the woman purchasing the stand for \$20, and it is now one of her most highly prized possessions.

Bell Must Be Tuned.

The general impression is that the tone of a bell is largely a matter of accident, but this is not so. A bell must be tuned the same as a piano or any other musical instrument. Every bell has five sounds, which must blend together in perfect harmony. and this is accommplished by shaving down certain parts until the destred harmony is secured. In the event of shaving too deep the bell is not injured, but the tuning operation is prolonged, as other parts must be operated on and cut away to a corresponding degree.

Just the Thing. Figg-What are you having carved on the photographer's tombstone? Fogg-Taken from life. - Boston

Six-year-old David had been told not to play in the oiled road. Coming into the house with suspiciously black

"You've been playing in the road." she said. "No, mother, I haven't. That's pitch

know it's oil from the road." "Well, God knows it's pitch," said David, "for he saw me climb the tree."

A BALL FOR BABY If ever love is stitched into a gift | through the perforation in the cardthat it would be impossible within 30 it goes into the one that celebrates board and then proceed to fill up the days to pull down the old bridge with. baby's first birthday. One of the pret- hole by drawing the wool through and

Sufficient current was used to heat the crashed down to the river, bed .--

each. The 27 sills were to be cut of timbers fell into the water well in-

simultaneously, so that the span would side the piers, so that they were unin-

drop between the plers into the river jured.

The cutting was to be accomplished

by burning through the wood with

Fifty-four resistance loops were

BARONESS

VON STERNBURG

by Mrs. Slater, another wealthy widow, who is

the sole occupant of this palace save for the

18 servants who minister to her needs.

Wealthy widows, it may be added, have not

shirked the responsibilities of house building.

Indeed, on the contrary, it seems to be one of

their fads. Mrs. Leiter, in addition to her

town houses, has lately been building a sum-

mer "cottage" costing hundreds of thousands

of dollars on the North Shore of Massachu-

setts near the summer home of President Taft.

Mrs. Hay, widow of the late secretary of

state, has built a magnificent mansion in Cleve-

land; Mrs. Pullman and Mrs. Marshall Field

have ordered new homes from plans which

they had a hand in making; Mrs. Hitt has

by the passage of the electric current. the place of fracture.

iron wires cherry red. The result was Scientific American.

The owner was at his wits' end, full six inches in size, and use pink gold or silver bells, which will jingle ture, the marble top adding the finwhen he chanced upon an electrician and white or pale blue and white wool | merrily when the ball is swung to and who proposed, not to blow up the of a very fleecy type. Tie the wool fro by the ribbons.

TALE OF TWO POOR NEPHEWS uncle with the great affection he bore neat but tasty Christmas card, which So the rich old uncle received the two remembrances and said of the

"Humph! A man who will spend all he has for a gold watch to give to a man who already has all the watches he ever will need hasn't got enough The second poor nephew figured judgment to be trusted with money.

I will leave him my blessing and a few

"There's a man after my own heart. He knew I would not care for an expensive gift and he knew that I would value his good wishes, so he very wisely sent them to me in this inexpensive manner. He shows a marked economical trait and I am sure he will get along in the world without

So he made a new will and left all his money to found an institution for the study of prehistoric manifestations of microbic diseases in fossilized animalculae.

His Witness.

mother.

CURRENT WRECKS A BRIDGE bridge, but to burn it apart. His pro- exactly the same with every span. Be RENEWS ANTIQUE WASHSTAND Islander and his wife visited the furtween the turning on of the current Each span of the bridge was com- and the fall of the span an hour and posed of time chords of three timbers 40 minutes elapsed. Then the mass

One day a clerk from a furniture

transformation the elderly Long Transcript.

hands, he was reprimanded by his

from the tree.'

bush in Indiana.

bridge in 30 days. The chief difficulty lay in the short time agreed upon for the removal of the bridge. Several wreckers to whom the matter was submitted declared out intury to the piers.

with dynamite, but the explosion of those balls which the happy tween the two circles and remove would also destroy the piers. Were it mothers of today delighted to fashion these by tearing them away. fired, the heat would crack and injure as children with two circles of cardthe masonry of the bridge. The 30 board perforated in the center. week was granted.

Each Tried to Please the Rich Old Uncle, Who Then Made a New Will.

There once was a rich old uncle who had two poor nephews. And when Christmas came the two poor nephews were auxious to show rich old uncle how much they

Now the first poor nephew reasoned

him by some tangible means. So he he mailed to the rich old uncle. drew out his savings and purchased for his rich old uncle a magnificent gold watch, and had it neatly en- first nephew: graved. To it he attached a gorgeous chain, put the whole affair in a lavishly decorated box and sent it to his rich old uncle with his best wishes.

that any extreme financial outlay would convince his rich old uncle that | words of good advice." he was trying to jolly him a bit too | When he looked at the card he nodthat he should impress his rich old much, so he invested a nickel in a ded his head approvingly and said:

any aid from me."

"Don't tell me a story, David.